

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLIX

May, 1913

Number II

## THE NEW CABINET

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

PRESIDENT WILSON, in choosing an official household, adopted a strategy which served one purpose that he probably didn't have in mind. He gave the country a chance to find out how rich it is in men of "Cabinet size."

As soon as he discovered that he was the President-elect, Mr. Wilson suddenly became as mum as all the oyster-beds of Chesapeake Bay on the subject of his Cabinet. He listened to everybody, he read letters by the bushel—but he said nothing.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA, AT HIS DESK IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

*From a copyrighted photograph by the American Press Association, New York*



LINDLEY MURRAY GARRISON, OF NEW JERSEY, AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT

*From a copyrighted photograph by Brown, New York*

He determined that he and nobody else was to name that Cabinet; and that is just what happened. When the Cabinet was finally announced, it represented everybody else's conversation during a period of near four months, but Mr. Wilson's deliberation and decision.

Of course there were several surprises in it. One man, much longer in public life than the President-elect himself, had never met Mr. Wilson till the day of the inauguration; but none the less he had been selected for one of the most difficult posts in the official household, had been duly investigated and approved, had had the place offered to him, and had accepted it.

The story of how he came to be chosen is worth telling right here, because it illustrates so well the procedure of President Wilson in picking out the men who make up his government.

Franklin Knight Lane, of California, had represented the far West on the Interstate Commerce Commission for seven years. A Democrat of the strictly liberal persuasion, and familiar with the problems

of the public land of the West, he became interested in the candidacy of another Californian, former Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, for Secretary of the Interior. So, in behalf of his friend Phelan, and in the earnestness of his purpose to advise well the first Democrat to become President in twenty years, Mr. Lane sat himself down and indited a long and zealous letter setting forth the reasons why Phelan ought to be appointed.

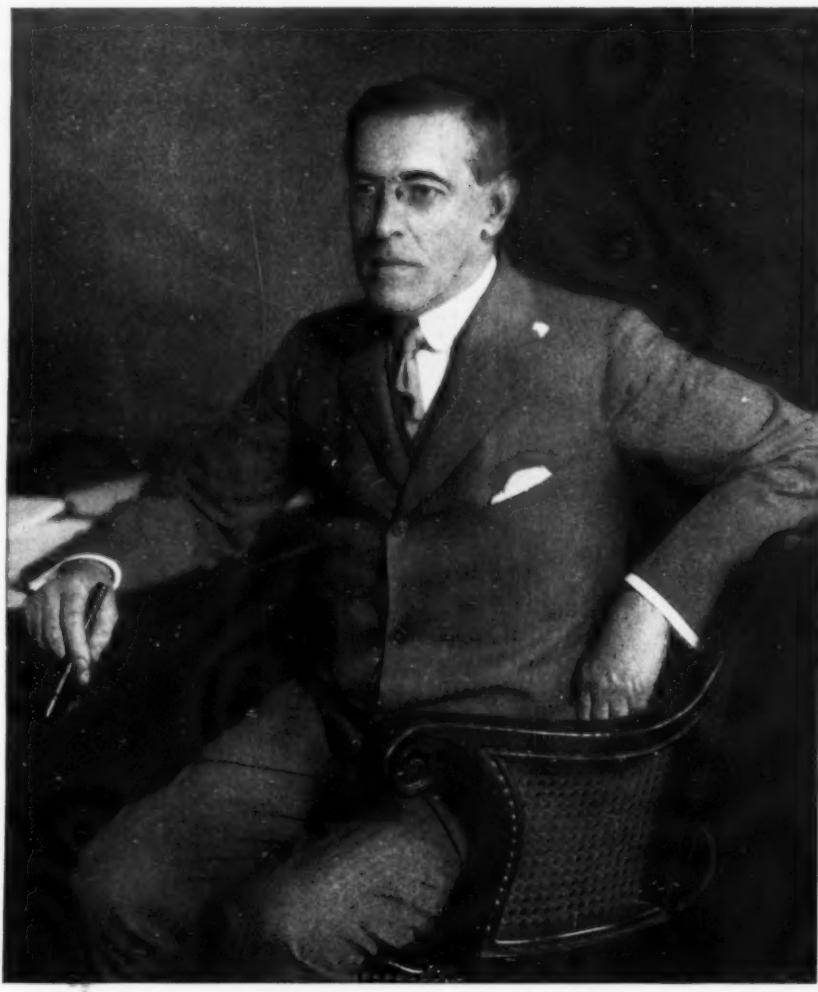
When President Wilson had read this long letter through, he turned back and read it through again. Then he filed it away, and in the next few days skilfully permitted various callers to talk to him about Franklin Knight Lane. They told him what a good and useful Interstate Commerce Commissioner Mr. Lane had been, how devoted and self-sacrificing a Democrat he used to be in the old days when Democracy in California was supposed to be a hopeless proposition, how persistent a progressive he had been at all times, in and out of office.

Then the President-elect went back to

his file, dug up that letter of indorsement for Mayor Phelan, and reread it in the light of what he had been learning about Lane. It was a good deal of a letter. It presented a broad and comprehensive state-

at every convenient point bore down with emphasis on the conclusion that, in the circumstances, Phelan was precisely the right man to administer the office.

When the President-elect had finished his



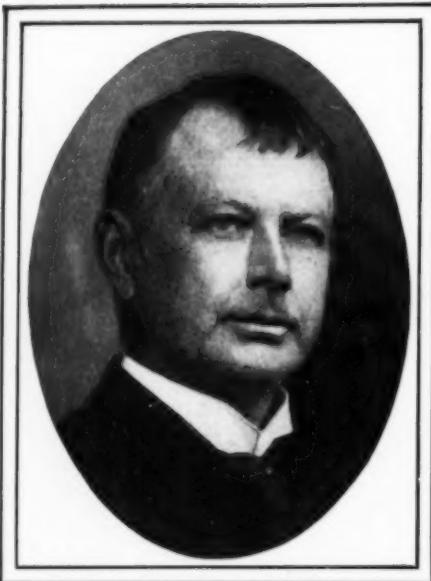
PRESIDENT WILSON AT HIS DESK IN THE WHITE HOUSE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington*

ment of the reasons why the headship of the Interior Department was certain to be specially important. It discussed the relation of the Federal government and the States to the public land question, considered the problems of conservation, and

second reading of the letter, he had decided that the man who wrote it, rather than the man about whom it was written, was the one he was seeking for Secretary of the Interior.

Thus it fell out that, in due process of



ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON, OF TEXAS, WHO LEFT CONGRESS TO BECOME POSTMASTER-GENERAL

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

time and mail-trains, Commissioner Lane received a letter from Trenton. He opened it, assuming that it was a formal acknowledgment of his indorsement of Phelan. Instead, it was the offer of the Interior portfolio to himself! The surprise with which he received the offer was no whit greater than that with which the public, a few days later, received the formal announcement that Mr. Lane would be at the head of the Interior Department.

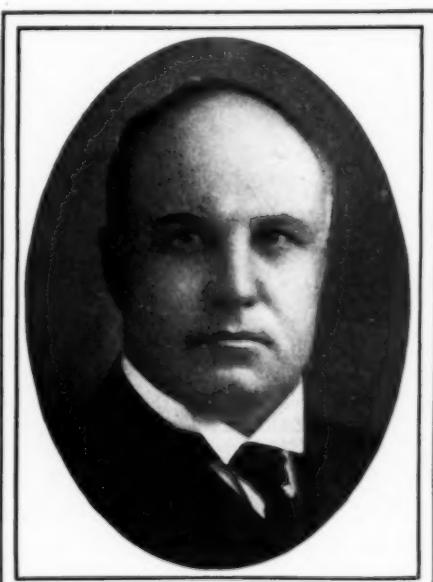
Having thought the matter over, Mr. Lane forwarded his acceptance, and went back to work at his commissioner's desk. It did not seem necessary for him to make a personal call on the President-elect, so he made none. On inauguration day, the President-elect and the chosen Secretary faced each other on the great stand at the east front of the Capitol, and shook hands for the first time a few minutes before Mr. Wilson took the oath that made him President.

A Cabinet-making procedure of that sort naturally had interesting and unique aspects. Public men, office-holders and office-seekers, journalists, and all manner of interests having peculiar reasons for wanting to know, speculated industriously for nearly four months about the probable per-

sonnel of the Cabinet. It was a glorious season for the aspiring Democrat. He had to be very unimportant not to get his name into some of the "positively authentic" Cabinet lists. If anybody was missed, it was his own fault, or else the penalty of a fate which had denied him the privilege of even a single friend thoughtful enough to do the trick.

The result was that this cooperation of the political prophets resulted in such a canvass of the nation's available Cabinet material as had never been made before. But a few short months agone, there were those so innocent as to wonder whether the Democratic party contained enough men of the right caliber and quality to make up a Cabinet. Within those four months of postulation all such misgivings were cleared up. Precisely the right man was found in such tremendous numbers that complete statistics would look like a consideration of the potential military strength of Germany on a war basis.

The new census avers that in a pinch this nation could put into the field—let's see, was it ten, fifteen, or eighteen millions of fighting men? Immaterial; our natural resources in Cabinet material have the rest

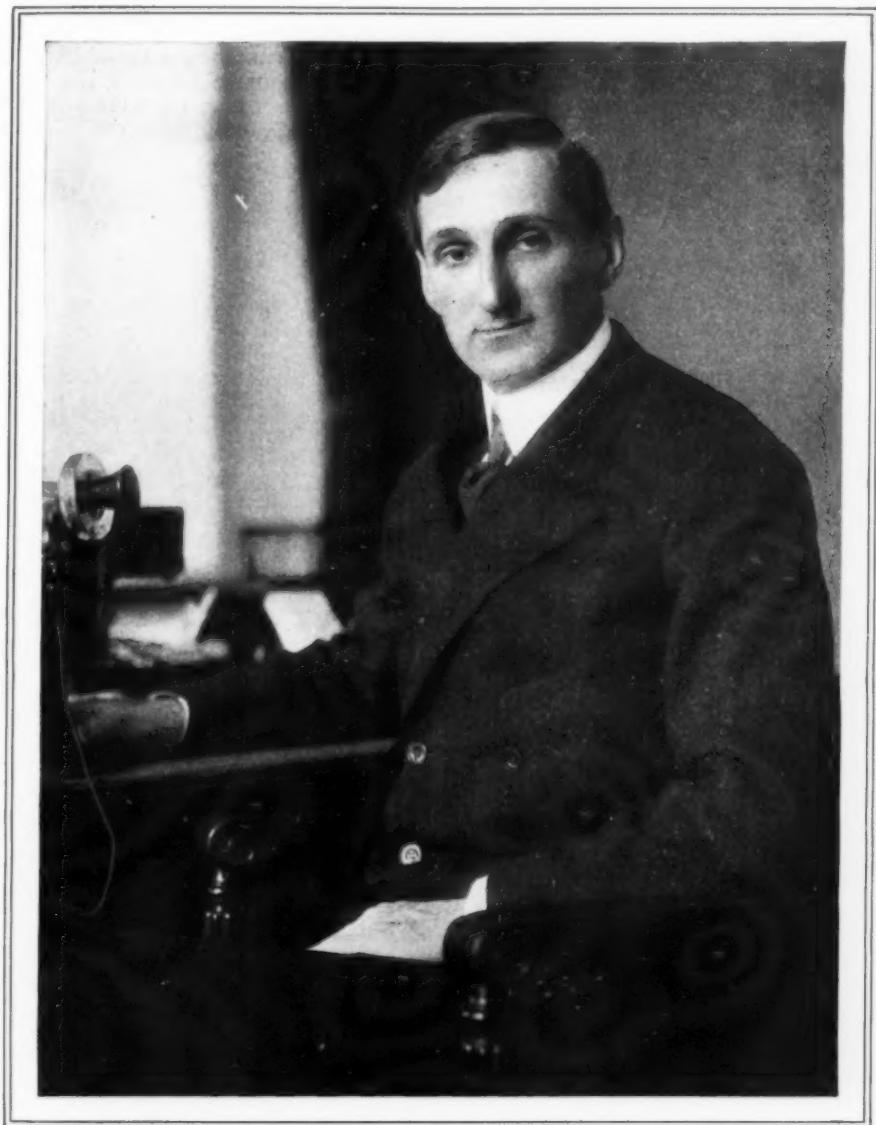


FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE, OF CALIFORNIA, FORMERLY INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER, AND NOW SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

*From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

of the world beaten by a bigger majority than the American cotton yield can possibly claim over the rest of creation. Never again need we concern ourselves over the

If any other Cabinet than this particular one were under discussion, it would be necessary at this point to decide whether the appropriate literary allusion would be



WILLIAM GIBBS M'ADOO, OF NEW YORK, AT HIS DESK IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

*From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington*

inadequacy of our standing army. We can call out the Cabinet possibilities, with full assurance that no foreign foe would dare face that overwhelming array!

to Warwick or to MacGregor. In the present instance we are fortunately saved from the embarrassing necessity of choosing between two perfectly good allusions,



JOSEPHUS DANIELS, OF NORTH  
CAROLINA, SECRETARY OF  
THE NAVY

*From a copyrighted photograph by  
Buck, Washington*

in virtue of the auspicious and obvious circumstance that Mr. Bryan is both Warwick and MacGregor.

For nearly twenty years the dominant leader of militant Democratic radicalism, it was Mr. Bryan's part to dictate his party's nomination last year. There have been several cases in our history of Presidents dictating the nomination and bringing about the election of their successors, but never has a plain private citizen paralleled the performance that Mr. Bryan put on at Baltimore last year. But for him, Woodrow Wilson would not have been nominated; but for the part he



WILLIAM BAUCHOP WILSON, OF PENNSYLVANIA, SECRETARY  
OF LABOR

*From a copyrighted photograph by Brown, New York*

played, that convention might very possibly have nominated a losing rather than a winning candidate.

In such circumstances, President Wilson would have had to be a good deal smaller man than the Presidency has commonly drafted, if he did less than offer the premiership to the man who made him chief magistrate. And the premiership being offered, Mr. Bryan could not have declined it without confessing lack of confidence in the man whom he had himself given to the country as its leader.

These two leaders of the new administration, thus brought into conjunction at the head of the government, have traveled strangely

different routes to get there. Each has been a democrat to the core, the word being used in its broad social sense, not its narrow political significance. Each knows what it means to fight the battles of his faith, though one waged them for the cause of truly democratized education, within the walls of a university, while the

from the national political forum. Latterly they have come largely with the testimonial of distinguished service in their States. This change has taken place in a period in which the importance of the States, as compared with the national government, has been constantly declining.

It seems that as the national political



JAMES CLARK M'REYNOLDS, OF TENNESSEE,  
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

*From a photograph by the American Press Association,  
New York*



WILLIAM COX REDFIELD, OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY  
OF COMMERCE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing,  
Washington*

other carried his conflict to the more spectacular field of national politics.

Each has been willing to risk defeat in order to make his fight; each has been a fertile projector of new stratagems with which to attain his ends; and each has laid the foundation of his political method in the appeal to the people. Coming at last, by such methods, to leadership and power, the responsibility is theirs to prove that instruments thus vested with authority can accomplish their promised ends. It is a test of more than party; it is a new phase of our experiment in popular government.

#### STATE LEADERS TO THE FRONT

A generation and two generations ago, our first-class national figures came largely

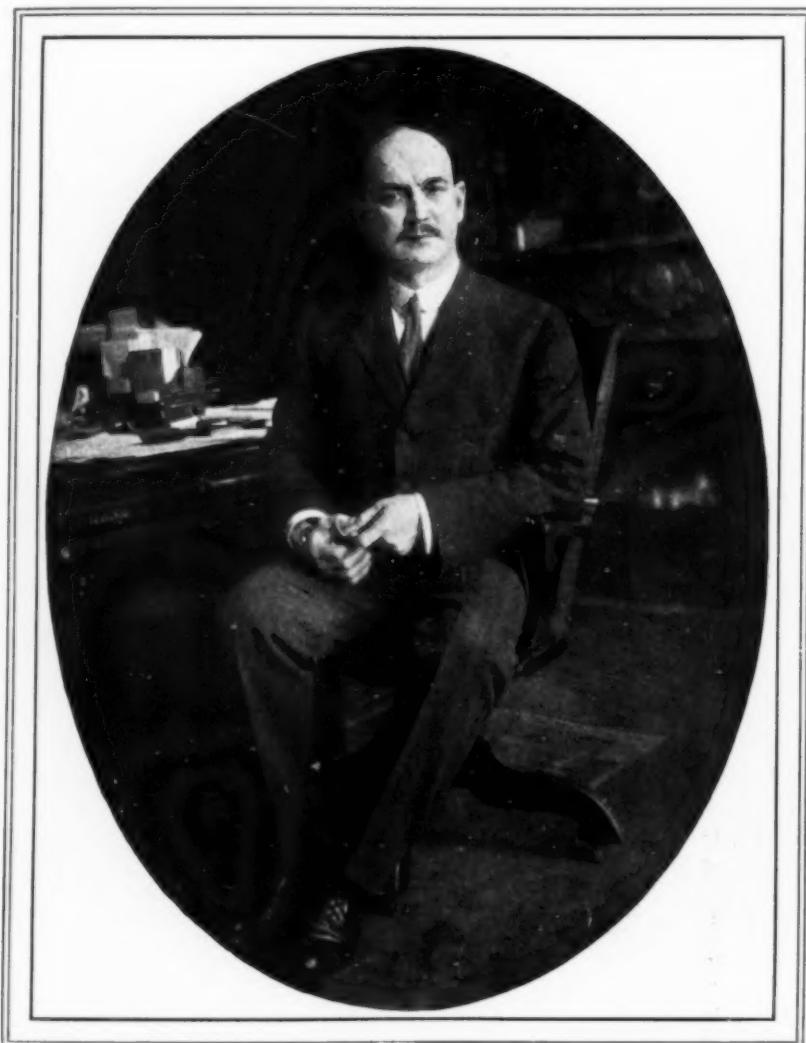
establishment has more and more overshadowed the States, the country has turned back to the State governments to find its national leaders. Roosevelt and Taft never served in Congress; nor did Cleveland, nor Alton B. Parker. In the last campaign, the three leading tickets contained only one man who had ever served in the national legislature. Neither Wilson, nor Marshall, nor Roosevelt, nor Johnson, nor Taft had seen that service; Sherman alone had sat in the House of Representatives.

So it doesn't seem necessary to worry about the fact that President Wilson has had no participation in Washington affairs, and that Mr. Bryan has to his credit only two terms in the House twenty years ago. Congress isn't furnishing our Presidents as

it used to do. Perhaps it's only a matter of chance; perhaps—and this seems a very likely explanation—the national House has grown too cumbrous and mechanical to give men a chance at developing their personal

when we are looking for Presidential availables.

Mr. Wilson's Cabinet is further illustration of the tendency to go outside the national field for national administrators.



DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON, OF MISSOURI, AT HIS DESK IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Brown, New York*

qualities, while the Senate has fallen into more or less disrepute as the residence of special interest. Anyhow, we seem more and more to pass over the big men of the national arena and to turn to those who have achieved distinction in their States

Take the twelve men in the group of President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, and only four of them ever served in the House; none in the Senate. Secretary of State Bryan had two terms, Secretary of Commerce Redfield only one, Secretary of Labor

Wilson three; and the only member of the group who had sat long enough to get out of the swaddling-clothes of service is Mr. Burleson, the Postmaster-General, with seven terms to his credit.

In view of the tendency to let men of State experience run the national machine, it seems needless to worry about how Mr. Bryan will manage the State Department, having had no diplomatic experience. We have all seen enough of Bryan methods to feel pretty certain that when he has something to say to a foreign government, he will make himself understood. Likewise, to suspect that his régime will give no back-set to the shirt-sleeve idea in diplomacy. Further, to impress the probability that "dollar diplomacy"—whatever may be the precise meaning of the term—will get short shrift at his hands.

Mr. Bryan is a man of peace, and, like most effective adherents of that policy, he is always ready to fight for it if necessary. It chances that he has had more fighting than peace thus far, owing, of course, to the inexplicable stubbornness of opponents, who could readily have had peace by the simple expedient of agreeing with him. He is strong for international arbitration and smaller armaments, and quite sure not to let his adhesion to these general principles weaken his stand for any interest of this nation.

Any old monarchy with an unemployed and costly army on its hands, that thinks this is going to be a good time to start something with the U. S. A. can learn further details to its advantage by diligently perusing contemporaneous descriptions of how the peace-loving Bryan rough-housed the Baltimore convention.

#### A DIPLOMAT OF FINANCE

If there's a man in the United States skilful enough to make the people enjoy having their taxes raised, he ought obviously to be Secretary of the Treasury; and that, perchance, is why William Gibbs McAdoo is now occupying the post.

A versatile person is Mr. McAdoo. Born in Georgia, he was educated and became a lawyer in Tennessee—a railroad lawyer, too. Having removed to New York to practise, he discovered the Hudson Tunnels, which several good engineers had tried unsuccessfully to bore under the North River, so that trains could be run from Manhattan Island to New Jersey.

McAdoo was amused over the notion that the engineers couldn't build those tubes, and decided, not being an engineer, to do it himself. He did, too, which was rather a rough joke on the engineers.

The various flukes had frightened capital about the investment; but the confident and persuasive McAdoo talked Wall Street into staking him. It was only going to take a few millions, when he started. It took about seventy of them before he was done, but he raised the money and did the job.

When the tubes were built, McAdoo adopted a brand-new policy, for New York—he proceeded to operate them with the idea of keeping their patrons amiable. "The public be pleased" was his motto. Buncombe? Not a bit of it. When he had been running the plant a reasonable while, and found that it was piling up a deficit in the place where the profits ought to be, he decided to raise fares. It would have caused the life-insurance companies to cancel all policies on any other public-service president in the town; but by the time McAdoo had taken the people into his confidence, they agreed that it was only right to contribute for such a nice, obliging man. They have since acted almost as if they liked it!

Being an old friend of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. McAdoo early boarded the through-service, electric-lighted, fast-schedule, no-extra-fare Wilson band-wagon for the great Democratic seeing-Washington excursion. He made the most of his experience in underground operations, and had a large part in rounding up the delegates who nominated Wilson when Bryan gave the order.

Then McAdoo tunneled his way into the vice-chairmanship of the national committee, where he had a very big part in the direction of the campaign. Now he has established a new tube terminal at the Treasury, and "the Street" is offering long odds that if the government has to sell bonds while McAdoo is in charge, it will get the very best price that can possibly be extracted from investors.

#### A JURIST IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Lindley Murray (let the split infinitive beware!) Garrison is Secretary of War under President Wilson. It is barely possible that by calling out the last man and the bottom dollar of the nation's military

power, he might cow this people into living up to his front names in their conversational processes. Contemplate, please, the menace of having a regiment turned out to suppress you when you indulge in any of the popular solecisms of speech, or a khaki-clad grammatical sharp fixing a bayonet when your subjects and predicates get their wires crossed! Might as well look the situation in the face, for Lindley Murray at last has had the army brought to his rescue.

Seriously, Lindley Murray Garrison lives up to his name, they say. He is some writer, as witness that he is credited with the authorship of the "seven sister" anti-trust bills that Governor Wilson had passed by the New Jersey Legislature, by way of a parting shot at the octopus in his favorite lair. Mr. Garrison is also supposed to have been the chief legislative draftsman of the Wilson administration throughout; he wrote more worrisome little laws putting hobbles on corporations than anybody else had produced in decades. Further, it is related to his credit that the laws he writes hold water when they get up to the courts; which may have some relationship to the fact that he is a mighty good lawyer, and has been for a number of years vice-chancellor in New Jersey.

There is a quiet but confident tip out among people who know how he stood with Wilson in his home State, that Secretary Garrison is going to be one of the most important personages in these United States for the next four years; an adviser who will sit in the final councils on matters of constructive policy. He is forty-eight years old, a Jerseyman by nativity, a product of the University of Pennsylvania law-school, and a close personal friend of the President.

#### AN EDITOR WHO IS A NAVAL EXPERT

It seems good to see an editor extract from politics something better than a private secretaryship or a place as assistant to some real official functionary; which is why the newspaper trade at large was pleased when Josephus Daniels (age, fifty-one; born and educated in North Carolina; admitted to the bar, but too honest ever to practise) was made Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Daniels really felt that his talents fitted him better for the post-office portfolio, but it couldn't be given to more than one man at once—a limitation which the new administration regrets to find apper-

taining unto all the other jobs—and so he took the navy instead.

Just how it happened that he became a "bug" on naval matters, a good many years ago, is not fully explained; but it is a fact that he has been a close student of navy problems, navy history, and all that stuff. He can tell offhand about any sea-fight from Salamis to Tsushima, knows just how much tonnage there is in every navy, and believes in the big navy program for the United States. He'll be for two battle-ships unless somebody puts snuffers on him; and there has always been difficulty in snuffing Josephus.

His newspaper is the *Raleigh News and Observer*, whose independence, radicalism, and animation have caused its name to be locally corrupted into *Views and Disturber*. He has always been an ardent Bryanite; has served for a good many years as North Carolina member of the Democratic national committee; was once public printer of his State, and at another period of his early career acted as chief clerk of the Interior Department in Washington.

The second day Mr. Daniels was Secretary of the Navy he was busy on a problem in trajectories—or maybe it was patronage—and hadn't time to go out for lunch. So he had a ham sandwich brought in, and was eating it at his desk when Admiral Somebody was announced.

"Show him in," said the Secretary, to the horror of the inherited underlings.

The admiral entered, to pay his call of ceremony; in full uniform, including seven pounds of gold things; handsomer than a circus horse. He couldn't have been more flabbergasted if Jules Verne's original submarine had torpedoed him; and Josephus couldn't possibly have been less so. He walked over, offered the sandwichless hand, exchanged the compliments of the occasion like a perfectly sane American citizen, and bowed the admiral out.

#### AN ENEMY OF THE TRUSTS

There are two Cabinet members who may be called inheritances from the Taft administration, though both are lifelong Democrats. Franklin Lane is one, and James Clark McReynolds, Attorney General, is the other.

Mr. McReynolds is as expert at busting trusts as Secretary Garrison is at cooking up laws to keep 'em from burning, and Mr. Bryan at conversing about their un-

desirability. He was first assistant buster under both Roosevelt and Taft, handling the anthracite, tobacco, and other big cases. When he had won from the Supreme Court a decision against the tobacco combination, and his superior, Mr. Wicker-sham, accepted without appeal a decree of the lower court that McReynolds didn't like, he was probably the most profoundly disgusted man in the country. But he didn't tell anybody about it. He left the government service and went to practising in New York, whence he was summoned to be head of the Department of Justice in the new administration. His denunciation of the Tobacco Trust decree branded it as a plain subterfuge; which declaration will give a notion of his attitude toward the big combinations and a suggestion of the course he may pursue.

*Society Note*—Mr. McReynolds is forty-eight years old, and, being the Cabinet bachelor, in succession to Frank Hitchcock, is entitled to have it interpolated in his behalf that he doesn't look his years. He is regarded as highly eligible and peculiarly—well, say unattainable.

#### THE GENTLEMAN FROM TEXAS

The bigger end of patronage that the administration will have to give away is in the Post-Office Department. Wherefore it may possibly be discouraging to office-seekers to know that Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster-General, is the Cabinet scrapper by heredity. His grandfather was one of Sam Houston's lieutenants in the business of driving Santa Anna and the Mexicans out of Texas.

Grandfather Burleson barely missed being elected president of the new republic of Texas, but they beat him because he favored annexation to the United States—and then they annexed themselves by unanimous consent. His son, Captain Ed Burleson, was head of a company of rangers on the old Southwestern frontier, and hunted down bad Indians and worse white men till the Civil War broke out. Then Captain Ed, who didn't believe in secession, stood, like Lee, with his State, and became a cavalry officer in the Confederate army—a good one, too.

His son, the Postmaster-General of today, is fifty years old, born in Texas, of course, educated there, and for a long time past Representative from the Austin district. When the Democrats came into con-

trol of the House, he became chairman of their caucus, and was a very real possibility for Speaker during the possibility stage of that contest.

Burleson saw Woodrow Wilson very early, and never questioned the correctness of his vision. He didn't consult any oculists or permit any doubts. He just naturally knew that Wilson was the man who could be elected, who ought to be nominated, and who was going to be nominated.

He promptly got busy, and was a leading factor in lining up those smashing "forty votes for Wilson" that were plumped by the Lone Star State on every ballot at Baltimore. Then he managed the speakers' bureau during the campaign; and when it was all over, and Wilson was elected, there were just two names that every sane prognosticator—if there was such a person—placed on his Cabinet slate. Bryan was one, Burleson the other.

#### LANE, WHO CAN NEVER BE PRESIDENT

Two members of the Cabinet were born abroad, both under the British flag. Franklin Knight Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is a native of Prince Edward Island. When he was a small child he was brought to the United States by his parents, and is now generally regarded as perfectly loyal—except, perhaps, by people whose toes he has trodden on during a political career marked by a good deal of treading.

He started in life as a San Francisco newspaper reporter; handled the New York end of the San Francisco *Chronicle's* wire for a year; became a lawyer, and served as corporation counsel of San Francisco, in which place he fought corporation control of city and State, and presently made such desirable enemies that his party nominated him for Governor. Though a Democrat, he was barely defeated.

The Southern Pacific fought him so bitterly that Theodore Roosevelt heard of it clear across the country, and in 1905 named Lane for the reorganized Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition to his confirmation on the ground that he was too radically antirailroad in his views; but he was confirmed, and has been one of the greatest figures in the reconstruction of the commission and the application of the policy of government regulation of transportation.

He is a calm, mild-mannered, blue-eyed,

cherub-faced, bald-headed man who can write more trouble into a few judicial observations, and get farther with it, than almost anybody now in public life. He is the man whom the Interstate Commission sent to investigate the Harriman merger. Lane reported the facts, and said that it was a violation of the Sherman Act. Being prosecuted, the railroad won a complete victory in the circuit court. Lane, as a lawyer, was completely repudiated. It was plain that he didn't know a thing about it; likewise, that he was animated by an ignorant, vicious, violent, and very reprehensible hatred of railroads.

Until, that is, the case got up to the Supreme Court, which sweepingly reversed the lower tribunal and held with Lane all the way through!

Picked to be one of the first-class figures in this administration, Lane has one huge advantage. He isn't eligible to be President. Therefore he can say and do whatever he wishes, without being suspected of ambition or demagoguery. That's an almost inestimable advantage in public life. Everybody with an honest ambition to be useful in a public way ought to wish he could have been born abroad.

#### THE STATESMAN FROM BROOKLYN

It is difficult to decide what distinction, among several that he possesses, ought first to be catalogued in a casual description of William Cox Redfield, Secretary of Commerce. Without desire to prejudice, it must be said that he possesses the administration's entire stock of whiskers. They're a smug-mugged lot, to a man, save for Redfield; but, to do him justice, the whisker average is well sustained by the glowing decorations that adorn the countenance of the statesman from Brooklyn.

If Redfield had been discovered earlier, the Jim Ham Lewis whisker would never have emerged from the obscurity which, in contrast with the coruscating and iridescent glory of the Redfield lambrequins, it amply deserved. The Redfield whisker is a work of art; its reddish cast makes the exterior of his head as luminous as a large deposit of animate gray matter makes the inside. For Redfield has fully as much brain inside as he has whisker outside.

He became a Cabinet member in a rather unusual way. One night, long before Woodrow Wilson was indicated as a future President, Wilson and Redfield sat side by

side at a banquet. Redfield had been a manufacturer almost all his life, and he confided to Professor Wilson that, though his line was highly protected, he didn't need the protection any more than a toad needs two tails. That interested the professor. He wanted to know; and Redfield told him.

The professor got the notion that Redfield knew more practical tariff than almost anybody he had ever seen, and he filed away in his mind a minute of that fact for future reference. Some little space afterward, having been incidentally nominated and elected President of the United States, he sent for Redfield and asked him to be Secretary of Commerce.

Mr. Redfield was born in New York, and besides being a highly successful manufacturer has been Brooklyn's commissioner of public works, a director in the Equitable Life, and, for just one term, a member of the House of Representatives.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S NAMESAKE

This country seems to run to Wilsons of late. After having "Tama Jim" Wilson, a Scot, in the Cabinet for a generation or so, it elects another Wilson to the Presidency, and for good measure drafts William Bauchop Wilson, another Scot, for Secretary of Labor.

The new department head was born fifty years ago, and was brought to this country at eight years of age. At nine he was working in the Pennsylvania mines. He dug out a modest education while he was also digging coal; became prominent in the miners' union, and a member of the national executive committee that organized the United Mine Workers; later, general master workman, Independent Knights of Labor; then secretary-treasurer United Mine Workers; and six years ago he was elected to the House of Representatives.

In Congress, Mr. Wilson presently came to be the acknowledged spokesman of organized labor, and a troublesome person. Last year his activities in behalf of labor brought a crystallization of the opposition in his district, and a tremendous fight was made against his reelection by people who didn't believe in organized labor; and he was beaten by a scratch.

On March 1 he was just a pathetic lame duck, going out of the House without a job, and with no prospect ahead save to go back to mining coal. Within the next four days the bill to create the new Department

of Labor passed, President Taft signed it in the last hours of his administration, and President Wilson handed to his Pennsylvania namesake the portfolio of the new department! Whereof the moral seems to be—as the matter is viewed by the liberal gentlemen who spent a big swag beating Wilson for reelection last fall—that in politics you never can tell whether you're going to get your money's worth or not.

#### THE PROFESSOR FROM MISSOURI

On the afternoon of March 1 last a modest, scholarly looking gentleman climbed upon a train at St. Louis with a ticket to Washington in his pocket. Presently David R. Francis, former Governor, Cabinet member, and ultraeminent Democratic leader of Missouri, came along. He happened to recognize the scholarly gentleman and sat down with him.

Some other Missouri statesmen came in, and they talked a good deal about politics. There was special interest in speculation about the make-up of the Cabinet at that time; much erudition was expended in the discourse, in which the scholarly man didn't take a prominent part, not being a politician. Nobody expected him to know about such abstruse things; that was for politicians.

Professor Houston—David Franklin Houston, chancellor of the Washington University of St. Louis—was the quiet, scholarly man whose opinion on the Cabi-

net's personnel was not supposed to be worth while.

Again, however, you can't tell, in politics. When the train got to Washington the party started for cabs. A newsboy rushed at them.

"Here's your evening paper with the Cabinet list!" he screamed.

They all bought. The first thing they saw was:

For Secretary of Agriculture, David Franklin Houston, of Missouri.

Then the quiet, scholarly man admitted that he had in his pocket an invitation to enter the Cabinet, and that he had written his acceptance.

Mr. Houston is a North Carolinian by birth; was educated at various colleges, winding up at the University of Wisconsin; has been faculty member or president of two or three colleges in Texas, and finally chancellor of the Washington University. He was one of the men considered seriously for the presidency of Harvard a few years ago, and has a degree from that institution, among others. He was head of the Texas College of Agriculture from 1894 to 1902, and in that post made a record of practical as well as scientific accomplishment for agriculture that commended him to President Wilson.

He is the youngest member of the Cabinet, having only lately passed his forty-seventh birthday.

#### THE HAUNTED HOUSE

THOU art a haunted house, my heart,  
Where joys have lived and died,  
And, stealing back to oiden scenes,  
Like pallid specters glide.

There haggard wraiths of ancient griefs  
Pace the old ivied walls,  
And ghostly triumphs and defeats  
Stalk through the ruined halls.

At twilight round the lonesome hearths  
Gather dead hopes and fears,  
And there repentance and regret  
Sit bathed in fantom tears.

Old hates are there; and sweet lost loves,  
After youth's days depart,  
Wander with white, unresting feet  
That haunted house, my heart!

*Walter Malone*

# THE LIGHT AT THE WINDOW

BY EDITH RICHMOND BLANCHARD

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO MARYS," "THE SISTERS," ETC.

IT was an autumn afternoon, and growing late. In the open they had called it Indian summer—that season of magic whose mysteries are spelled out in characters of purple haze and golden suns; purple haze that floats on an air charged with the scent of far bonfires, and shot through with the tang of a new season stirring out of the dregs of the old; golden suns that set in pale seas of vapor, and seem to rise again at dusk in moons as melon-round as palpitatingly glowing.

In the city, brick-walled, chimney-pillared, smoke-barred, there is no room for spreading traceries of haze. The breath of burning leaves cannot seep through a myriad urban odors. Swaying arc-lamps quench the luminous half lights, forestall the tawny moons.

To Katherine Desmond, sitting on the steps of the lodging-house where she had a room, the dark advanced with no diminishing of western glory. It was curiously announced by the snapping into radiance of a big electric sign half a block distant on the limited vista of city street down which she had been idly staring.

As she blinked at the sudden brightness, instinctively jerking her head aside, the man who leaned on the iron step-rail near her laughed at her quick movement.

"It caught you good that time, kid," he said. "Wait now till I see if I can stop its bothering."

He took off his hat, and made an effort to find the proper shading angle at which to hold it, but the girl flung out her hand protestingly.

"Don't, Dave! You can't help it."

There was an undercurrent of impatience in Katherine's voice; and David Kiernan looked down at her sharply, his brows contracting.

"What's the matter, Kate?" he demanded abruptly. "There's something

wrong with you—I know that. Tell me, can't you? You've been this way for a week now, but I haven't put it up to you, thinking maybe you was just tired."

"Tired!" The girl's tone had a shrill note as she caught up the word, and the speaking of it seemed to release some bridle of restraint within her. She leaned forward, locking her fingers tensely about her knees. "Tired! Yes, that's what I am—tired! Not in my body, for I'm healthier than most. It'll take some time to break that. It's the mind and heart of me that's tired; tired and sick of—of everything, of the whole miserable way we have to live, we poor!"

The troubled perplexity in the man's eyes deepened.

"Haven't they been treating you right at the mill?" he questioned anxiously.

Katherine shrugged her shoulders.

"They haven't docked my pay, if you mean that. Good reason why, too. Do you know how many pieces I've wrapped to-day? Four hundred and twelve. Four hundred and twelve times I've folded, and wrapped, and tied, and pasted a label; folded, and wrapped, and tied, and pasted a label; folded, and wrapped, and tied, and pasted a label, like a machine. That's what I have to act like—a machine. Well, but I'm *not* a machine. I'm flesh and blood. I'm a girl like the ones who'll wear the stuff I worked on. Chiffon it was—white, with pink roses trailing over it. They'll wear it to dances, dances where the air ain't all smothering with dust, and they don't stop you in the middle of a waltz to get your nickel. They'll trail it after them as careless as if it were nothing to them, as if it were cheap as—as this dress that it took me months to save for!"

The man reached forward and caught the girl's hand, which plucked contemptuously at the black skirt she wore.

"Don't you mind, kid," he soothed with gruff gentleness. "You don't need to work much longer, anyway. You mind they've promised me a raise soon at the works, but we won't wait for that. I've got enough to keep the two of us, and by and by maybe there'll be something to spare for a few of the pretty things you're craving. I don't want you should be unhappy!"

The girl lifted her eyes. For the first time she let them meet those that sought hers eagerly.

"Dave!" she began softly. Then suddenly the responsive note died from her voice, as from a window somewhere above her head there broke in upon her the wailing of a fretful child. At the sound, she dragged her hand free and set her chin in her palm. "I saw Mame Kennedy to-day," she said irrelevantly.

"Do you mean Dan's wife?"

"Yes. A year ago it was—he married her, and she the prettiest girl in the mill. Hearing the child just now made me think of her. She's got a baby two months old, but they don't know will it live."

"Poor little kid!"

The girl shook her head.

"I don't know as I'm sorry for the baby. It's a sickly little thing; like enough it would be better off not to grow up. It's Mame I'm sorry for. She's taking it awful hard. You wouldn't know her, she's so pale, and her eyes all red from crying. Dan's been laid up with a sprained shoulder for three weeks, and what with doing for him, and being broken of her rest nights, and worrying about the doctor's bills, Mame's pretty near all in. To-day, when I went there, I found her walking up and down in her bit of a kitchen with an old red-calico wrapper on, and the baby moaning in her arms. Dan Kennedy'd better have left her in the mill. She was glad enough to leave it, but I'm thinking she'd have done wiser to stay!"

David Kiernan flashed a sharp glance at the speaker's averted face.

"You've no right to think that, Katherine," he answered quickly. "Dan's down on his luck now, but he'll be all right when he gets on his feet again. It's no worse for Mame than it is for him."

Katherine turned upon him swiftly.

"Yes, but it is!" she cried. "It is worse for her. It's always worse for the woman. Look at the two of them! I ain't saying Dan don't worry and fret to be tied

up helpless, but *he* ain't changed from the day he was married so you'd scarce know him for the same. He feels bad about the baby, but losing it wouldn't mean to him what it would to Mame. It ain't old enough to really belong to him yet; to Mame it's like a part of herself. If it goes, he'll have his work to take up his mind, but Mame—she'll bide home with her trouble. She'll be sitting by herself all the long day, remembering how empty are the two arms of her. Oh, but it hurts, it hurts to think of her so!" The girl caught her breath. "I'd rather die, I'd rather die than be like Mame Kennedy!"

## II

DAVID KIERNAN stared down at her. The hand on his knee clenched so that the knuckles showed white.

"You mean more than that," he said hoarsely.

Katherine did not move.

"You mean you've no mind to marry me. You mean that. Say it out plain, why don't you?"

The girl started. She looked up with a word of protest on her lips, but the man forestalled it roughly.

"You've no need to deny it. It's true! You don't want to marry me, and you don't want to work in the mill. Well, what do you want then?"

Katherine did not answer for the moment. A strange brightness kindled and flared in her eyes as they followed the maze of cracks on the sidewalk below her. Presently she spoke, very low.

"I want my chance," she said; "my chance to have the things a girl is born craving, to have them without needing to starve myself to pay for them, without needing to think of the pain and trouble to come. Oh, it ain't that I mind working, but I can't stand there being nothing ahead of me—nothing but work and worry and trouble, until the heart and spirit of me is broken and I get past caring. I want my chance! I want it now! I want it so that sometimes I think it don't make much difference how I get it!"

The girl's voice dropped to a whisper. She seemed to have forgotten the man beside her, and the latter's anger and resentment fed on her aloofness.

"I know what's the matter!" he broke out sharply. "It's that artist guy. He'll have been round again!"

Katherine roused suddenly.

"What are you saying?" she demanded. The man laughed unpleasantly.

"You know what I'm saying. You know who I mean—the fellow that came round drawing pictures of mill-girls for a magazine article, the one that made you all that fine talk about your looks, that offered you money if you'd sit for him again, that asked you to come up to his studio up-town. Yes, and if you went, a lot he'd paint your picture, the hound!"

The color rushed into the girl's face.

"Well, suppose he did ask me! I didn't go, did I?"

"How do I know?"

"Dave!"

The girl sprang to her feet. As the man came toward her, she leaned back against the rail of the step, warding him off with outstretched hand.

"No! Don't you touch me, after that! Don't you touch me!"

David Kiernan swept aside her defense. He drew her into his arms and strained her against him, regardless of her resistance.

"Katherine," he cried, "do you wonder that I said it? Can't you see how you're tormenting me, letting me think you're tired of me, that you've no wish to marry me—me that have had but the one thought since you gave me your word?"

The girl pushed back from his broad shoulders.

"Dave, you hurt me. Let me go!"

"No! Not till I've said my say. I'm not like some. I've got no pretty speeches to make about your eyes and your hair and all that. I don't think so much about your looks, anyway. I'm just thinking you're the woman that I love—that I want. I want you, even if I can't give you the things you're longing for. They're not for such as us, and you know that. You'll never get them—not honestly. If you've got no care for your name, you might get them, maybe. Maybe that artist that you let touch you with those soft, white hands of his, that you let stare at you with those cursed smiling eyes—maybe he would—"

The man broke off suddenly. With a cry, the girl had wrenched herself free, and before he could stay her she had sprung up the steps to the door above.

As he made a movement to follow her, she flung herself about, to face him. She was almost sobbing with passion.

"Keep away from me, Dave Kiernan! You keep away! It's lies, *lies* that you've told, and I'll not take them from you. Don't you ever dare to come near me—don't you ever dare speak to me again!"

She pushed open the door, and before he could stir from his place it crashed shut behind her. If she had heard him following, she could not have fled in greater panic of haste, stumbling on the long flights in the dark.

In the narrow, dingy little room which she reached at last she had need to lean panting against the wall for a moment. Then, with fingers that trembled, she shot the lock, and, by the faint gleam of a neighboring arc-light, fumbled her way to a table with a lamp. The latter being lit, it showed a blurred square of mirror that hung above it. Katherine Desmond peered half fearfully into the dark, dilated eyes that looked back at her.

"He'd no right," she began hotly, "no right!"

Then, strangely, her fierce accusation died. She sank into a chair by the table.

"Yes, but he had!" she whispered. "He had more right than he knew!"

Her cowering glance fell to a letter on the table beside her, and instinctively her fingers crushed it close.

"Dave would kill that man if he knew what he has written. Yes, and he'd kill me, too! He'd have killed me with those two great hands of his, if he'd known what I was thinking down there on the steps!"

### III

THE girl rose to her feet and paced restlessly up and down the little room. Once she stopped by the window, staring blankly down into the tenement court below, which by day was woven across with a web of laden clothes-lines. These showed at night as files of fantastic, fluttering shapes straining at an unseen leash; but the girl took no note of them.

She winced as the sound of a child's crying came to her again, louder now than before, because nearer. It flashed into her mind a drooping, weary figure that never lifted its swollen eyes from the tiny head on its breast, whose hand never ceased its slow, soothing patting of the troubled little shape in its sagging arm. Katherine's own hands caught together as she thought of that tired, unavailing one with the broad gold band.

"I couldn't stand it, being like Mame! I couldn't stand it!" she breathed. "That's what I'd come to. They all get to be like that—all the women here. It's children coming and sickness and struggling for just the chance to live. Oh, I'm not wicked not to want any part in that! I'm not wicked because I want to be different. I've a right to want it!"

Turning back to the little mirror, she lifted her face to the one reflected there, as to an accuser. She did not realize how delicate were the lines of oval cheek and chin, how ripely perfect the small red mouth. She saw only burning desire in the wide, eager eyes—burning desire and a fear that contended with it. The fear grew as she looked. The hands on which she leaned trembled.

"I'm afraid!" she whispered. "It's here—my chance. Why can't I take it without being afraid?"

Instinctively she turned to the wall beside her bed, where there hung a little figure of the Virgin. An old vender had given it to Katherine because the scallop-shell for holy water had been broken. It was of some bright Italian ware, and the girl loved it for its soft coloring—the crimson glimpse of robe, the sweeping blue cloak that was caught up about the Baby in the Virgin's cradling arm, the yellow hair that streamed over the shoulders.

She had loved the rosy, smiling face, too, and the gesture of the hand outstretched to bless; but to-night, as she looked up at the figure, she found no comfort in it. The abundant, flowing robes, the peaceful benignity, stirred a strange resentment.

"I can't pray to her," Katherine told herself. "She's safe up there out of the reach of the things that come to me. She couldn't understand. It's no use my trying to be like her. Why do they put the clothes of the rich on her, if they expect us to copy her—us that are poor? She'd have to dress different if she was working all day in a mill, like me, and she couldn't smile so easy if her baby was ailing and crying, like Mame Kennedy's. Oh, it's not fair! Mame's lived like a saint. She's always done for others, and she ought to have some happiness. Happiness!" The girl laughed mirthlessly. "And she with the tears running down the pale cheeks of her, and the bit of a baby like it was reproaching her for giving it life! Oh, Dave, it ain't that I don't care for you! I do,

I do—but I couldn't bear to hear my baby cry like Mame's!"

Quivering, the girl put up her hands to her ears, as if to shut out an actual sound. Her swift movement sent the letter to the floor. Its flutter of white caught her glance, and she stared down at it where it lay. It was as if the crumpled thing held some hidden power which drew her, resisting, and yet yielding, down to itself.

For long she stared, and then, half furtively, she bent until her fingers closed over the letter once more. Still stooping, she lifted to the little pink-cheeked Madonna eyes that bore passionate witness to the struggle out of which had grown defiant decision.

"If it counted for anything—being good," she said, in a low voice, "if it meant anything beside trouble and suffering, if the mother of a baby down in the tenements here could look like you, I'd not be going—where I'm going now!"

Katherine rose to her feet, and went back to the blurred mirror. She loosened the smooth braids of her hair and rolled it up so that its dark softness shadowed her forehead. Turning away her gown's collar, around her throat she fastened a bit of lace and clasped a thin gilt chain from which an imitation jewel hung warmly red. From a box beneath the table she drew a wide black hat with a slender, drooping feather.

It was so that she had dressed many an evening when she had gone out with Dave; but now, for some reason, she stood gazing at herself half fearfully. Unreasonably, the glint of the stone brought to mind what the artist had told her:

"It's your color—scarlet. I'd paint you in it as *Fiametta*, as *Carmen*, as a dancer, with a red rose caught between your teeth!"

The color came hotly to Katherine's cheeks with the memory, and involuntarily she put up her hand to the trinket. Then, suddenly, her fingers relaxed. Turning swiftly where she stood, in another moment she had left the room.

#### IV

DOWN-STAIRS at the lower door she hesitated, pushing it open with slow caution, as if she expected to find, still waiting, the tall figure she had left there an hour before. She even cast a glance to left and right as she came down the steps; and the sight of a man lounging against the rail-

ing of the house opposite brought her up with a smothered cry.

She laughed angrily the next instant, as the man lurched erect, and, with muttered complaining, essayed to trust himself once more to the perverse weaving of his irresponsible feet.

"I'm a fool!" she told herself. "Why should Dave be hanging about here?"

She was out in the street now, and she moved forward, choosing her way almost unconsciously. Her breath came quickly between her parted lips, but it was not because of fear of the dusky intervals between the circles of electric light, nor of the shadows of dark doorways, from which once or twice a rough voice hailed her.

Turning at a street corner, she nearly collided with a man running across her path, but she stepped aside to let him pass without a second glance. She did not notice that, as he saw her, he drew himself up hastily.

"Katherine! Is it you, Katherine?" he called hoarsely.

She started at the sound of her name and shrank back as the man came close to her. Then she saw his face, and at its pale misery her voice rose in a low crescendo of concern.

"Dan! Why, Dan, what is it? Is the baby—"

He shook his head.

"No, it ain't the kid—it's Mame. She fell on the stairs just now. I got her up somehow, but she's unconscious, and I'm going for the doctor. Could you stay with her until I can get back? There's only one of the neighbors with her now."

Katherine nodded.

"Yes," she gasped.

Her own face had gone as white as Dan Kennedy's. He had left her at the word, not waiting for more; and with a sudden mist before her eyes she ran stumbling in the direction from which he had come.

"Mame! Mame!" she repeated over and over. "Oh, God, didn't she have enough, poor Mame?"

A fierce impatience against a power which could let such trouble be swept over her, as once before that evening. Presently, when she stood in the disordered little bedroom, a strange exultation mingled with the terror which gripped her at sight of the pale face on the pillow.

"Mame's past all hurting now!" was the thought that came to her.

The next moment it was denied by the faint lifting of the other's breast. Katherine looked down for a moment at the slender, pitifully relaxed figure; then she flung herself on her knees beside it. She caught one small, listless hand in her own warm one.

"Mame!" she cried. "Oh, it's cruel, it's cruel!"

The old woman who sat at the farther side of the bed looked over at her.

"She's not gone, dearie," she said encouragingly. "She's just stunned like, with the fall. The doctor'll soon bring her round all right. You'll see!"

Katherine nodded absently. In her heart she wondered if Mame would be glad to be called back from the quiet that held her; but she did not speak her mind. With the old woman's help she did the little that could be done, and then sat down to wait through an endless interval for the sound of feet on the stairs.

The two spoke in whispers, for the baby in the crib against the wall had stirred uneasily in its sleep. It woke with a cry when Dan Kennedy and the doctor came at last. Katherine crossed quickly to it, lifting it in her arms.

"I'll take it in the other room, so it won't disturb Mame," she told Dan, and the latter assented gratefully.

In her heart she knew that she went because she could not bear to see the look in Mary Kennedy's opening eyes.

She carried the baby into the kitchen, and shut the door. She had never held so little a baby for long, and at first she did it awkwardly. Presently, wondering at her own dexterity, she dared to shift it on her arm, to smooth its tumbled wrappings, to lift it as she had seen its mother do, so that the small head lay in the curve of her neck, her cheek resting against the downy hair.

To and fro, to and fro she walked, low, crooning notes coming unconsciously to her lips. An odd amazement possessed her that this whimpering little bundle, for which she had felt only pity a few hours before, should stir her so strangely now that its slight weight lay warm against her own breast. She smiled contentedly when at last the soft complaining died away, and with her lips she touched the tiny, groping hand that reached upward. Then the hand caught at the red pendant at her throat—and Katherine remembered.

Her cheeks flushed suddenly to burning,

and almost roughly she released the clinging fingers. The child cried out again; but this time it was mechanically that she soothed it. When, after an interval, it dropped to sleep in her arms, she did not put it down, but still walked with it up and down the narrow room, the torturing struggle of her thoughts renewed.

Afresh they swarmed upon her—the reasons why she should do that on which her mind was set an hour since, when she met Dan Kennedy. Only now she was strangely fighting against them, and she had need to force herself into recognition of their existence.

"It would be sweet—oh, it would be sweet at first," she told herself; "Dave, and I, and—and the other that might come; but I mustn't think it would be that way always. I mustn't forget I couldn't stay like that—like the statue of Our Lady—her that can stand there so glad, and so smiling, with her baby sleeping safe in her arm. More chances are I'd be like Mame here; and Mame's not glad and smiling. If she were, it would be all different. If I could see just one thing that makes living worth the price she pays for it—just one thing!"

The sound of a creaking hinge interrupted her. It was the old woman entering softly. Her head bobbed encouragingly.

"Mame's coming around fine," she whispered. "The doctor says she's not bad hurt, and now she's asking for the child. Maybe you'll take it in to her yourself."

Katherine drew back, an odd reluctance possessing her. She slipped the sleeping baby into the other's arm.

"You take it," she said. "Perhaps in a minute I'll come."

She waited outside the closed door.

"It's in there," she said to herself softly, "the life I'd have a part in. There's the man, and the woman, and the baby—oh, the baby with its little clinging hands! They're there, but it's as if they were shut in a house that's dark—a house where there isn't any light at the window to make one want to go in; and I'm afraid, I'm afraid of that dark!"

Yielding to a childish instinct, she hid her face in the curve of her arm. It was so that she stood when, the next moment, the sound of a man's voice broke in upon her thoughts. Dan Kennedy's voice it was, and it reached her vibrantly through the thin partition.

"Mary, Mary, can you look at me and care for me still? What have I done for you? What have you had with me but worry and trouble? God knows you'd better never have married me! I'd ought to have thought of more than just that I wanted you, that I loved you, that—"

Katherine pressed her hands over her ears. The man's relentless self-accusation was for only one to hear. She could not get out of hearing without crossing the room beyond; but it came to her that if she went swiftly, Dan and Mary Kennedy might not notice her as she passed. Moving toward the door, very gently she pulled it open; then, when she would have carried out her intent, that which she saw held her transfixed.

Close at hand, in the room beyond, a small lamp was burning. Its light, like the taper before a shrine, wrapped the figures on the farther side of it in a warm, shadow-rimmed glow. The man was kneeling, his broad shoulders bent, his face hidden in his hands. Close beside him, her fingers outstretched and resting on the dark mat of his hair, stood a slender shape, at first glimpse of whom Katherine caught her breath, instinctively touching forehead and breast with the sign of the cross.

It seemed that the Madonna—that same Madonna before whom Katherine had prayed each morning and night, that gentle, benignant Mother of Mercy against whose aloofness she had made reproach—had come in gracious reality to bring consolation to him who was bowed before her. The pale, streaming hair, the crimson robe, the blue cloak, the drowsing Child—these were all there to prove the miracle. Only the face, less roundly modeled, showed marvelously more tender, the smile upon the lips more radiantly compassionate.

## V

As Katherine's eyes narrowed to the light, something of the vision passed. The robe betrayed itself faded calico, the cloak changed to the sagging folds of a heavy shawl, the Holy Child was the sickly baby the girl had hus'ed to sleep a few minutes before. It was no heavenly mother, after all, but Mary Kennedy, with her hair slipping about her shoulders as her fall had left it.

Nevertheless, the mystery persisted in her eyes—in her eyes, and in her strange, joyous smile. She was speaking to the man

with the low, soothing note that she might have used to a troubled child. As one comforts a child, too, she stooped suddenly, drawing his bent head down upon her shoulder.

The two did not hear Katherine as she stole softly past them and let herself out into the hall. There, through the dusk, the old woman was shuffling slowly back to her room. She saw the girl and called out to her with shrill satisfaction.

"You mind I told you she'd come round fine!"

Katherine smiled. She was impatient to be gone, and wished that the old woman would not keep her; but the latter came to lean against the stair-rail.

"Dearie, do you mind how late it do be getting? You're never going home alone the night?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes—I'll be all right, and I must go," she called over her shoulder.

She had a feverish longing to be alone, to shut herself into her room, to go down on her knees before the figure of the Madonna that her heart had mocked.

As she came to the foot of the stairs, the beat of hurried footsteps sounded in the street without. She waited in the entrance hall, dimly lit by a feeble flame of gas, for them to pass. Then, suddenly, the door was flung open, and a man entered.

He stopped at sight of her, moving slowly forward as she shrank back against the wall. She recognized his white, strained face only an instant before she felt her arms caught in two hands that gripped them almost cruelly.

"Katherine! Thank God you're here, Katherine!"

The girl trembled in his grasp. It was something beside the mere phrase that brought the red flaming to her cheek.

"Dave, where did you think I was?" she demanded.

He released her abruptly.

"I don't know. Don't ask me, Kate!" he answered.

"Tell me—for my punishment," she persisted, touching his arm.

Then David Kiernan raised his eyes. He did not altogether understand her words, but he yielded to her pleading.

"I went back to see you again, Kate. I couldn't bear to let you leave me the way you did. I went to the lodging-house, and got the woman there to go up and tell you

to come down; but she said you weren't in your room. Some one told her they'd heard you go out. They said you were headed up-town. Kate, if the thought of that man came to me then, it's because I've been mad with jealousy since the first day he met you! I know that to a woman a man like me don't count for much alongside of one like him. I remembered, too, what you'd said to me out on the steps, and it didn't seem to leave a chance for doubt about what you'd done. You're not like ever to forgive me this, but it's the truth I'm telling you. I thought you'd gone to that man, and I hadn't but the one wish—to kill him with my two hands!"

Katherine drew a shuddering breath.

"But you stopped here!"

"Yes. At the street corner, a block back, it came to me that this was where Dan Kennedy lived, and that there was just a chance the baby was worse and Mame had sent for you. I made up my mind if there was a light in the window I'd stop and ask. I hadn't much hope of seeing one; the house looked black as night first off—and then I saw the light. You'll never know what it meant for me to see it there!"

Katherine nodded.

"Yes, yes, but I *do* know," she broke in eagerly. "I know, because it was like that to me—the look I saw just now in Mame Kennedy's eyes. No, there's nothing wrong with her." The serious tensity of Katherine's voice had brought an awed inquiry to the man's glance. "It's all right with Mame. I've thought it wasn't. It seemed like she was shut into a place she couldn't get out of—a place I'd hate to be in—but it's not that way. Things may look black outside, but inside there's something that makes it all worth while. I saw it to-night, and—oh, I can't explain it! You wouldn't understand. No man could; but, Dave, I'm not afraid any more. I want to go in!"

The man stared down at her in bewilderment—a bewilderment out of which a joyous hope was born and grew miraculously.

"Kate!" he cried. "You mean—"

Katherine crept close to him. Her hand slipped up the rough cloth of his sleeve, and she laid her cheek against it with a little tired sigh.

"I mean I want to go home, Dave," she answered; "to our home—yours and mine—as soon as you've a mind to take me!"

# WHY ARE WOMEN LESS TRUTHFUL THAN MEN?

THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES  
BY KARIN MICHAËLIS

AUTHOR OF "THE DANGEROUS AGE"

**O**N the day when there is no more lying in the world, Paradise will be realized upon earth. But that day is a long way off.

All men lie more or less—more or less consciously, more or less harmfully. As modern society is constituted, it is impossible to live without lying, just as it is impossible to trade without deception. Our very existence carries lies in its train; our fellow men demand them.

But even those who are outside the pale of society lie. Not even the captive in his cell, nor the hermit in his wilderness, can always speak the truth, although their speech is a silent monologue with only conscience for witness. They lie, therefore, to themselves. It is natural to the mind of man to do so.

There has lived only one man "in whose mouth there was found no deceit."

Therefore it is foolish talk when people slap their breasts and cry:

"I speak the truth! I speak only the truth! I have never told a lie!"

Does woman really lie more than man? Yes, unquestionably yes, if lies are reckoned by their number; but should they be weighed in the balance according to their nature and importance, and with regard to the motive that inspired them, then certainly man's lies would turn the scale. For whereas his will often weigh pounds and even hundredweights, hers most frequently weigh only ounces, pennyweights, and scruples. Woman's lies are of a more innocent kind, but on the other hand they appear in vast numbers, like weeds along the roadside.

What is the reason of this? Is woman born with a greater tendency to lying?

No, only in exceptional cases is it a question of congenital or hereditary disposition. The child lies from fear, or under certain influences, not from any innate or inherent inclination.

Yet here again there are exceptions. The very imaginative child lies without being able to distinguish between reality and fantasy. There are women who do the same, but only when their imaginations have gone astray through sickness or trouble.

Does woman, then, enjoy lying more than man? Does she derive greater benefit from it?

No, not at all. Woman seldom lies for her own advantage, and it is only the depraved nature—that is to say, the exceptional nature—which finds any pleasure in doing so.

Then what is the reason of it?

There are so many reasons that it will be difficult, within a limited space, to enumerate them all. Let us begin with one of the most common.

## LIES TOLD IN KINDNESS OF HEART

More than half the lies that woman tells are undoubtedly due to her gentleness, her consideration, her sympathy—in short, to the goodness of her heart.

Where her own physical sufferings are concerned, a woman is infinitely harder than a man. At the same time her sympathy surpasses his to such a degree that there can be no comparison. She has the deep understanding of instinct, which

pierces everything, and is of far greater value than that of reflection.

The power of woman's instinct to force its way into other minds, and to comprehend thoughts and feelings foreign to her own nature, and even repugnant to it, causes her to share the sufferings of others, and to desire to heal those sufferings. To effect this, she will often pay any price; and the price may be a lie.

For instance, when *Nora*, in "A Doll's House," forges the document, she does it neither from ignorance nor stupidity, but because her husband's health is to her of far greater importance than all the written laws in the world.

The consciousness of her good intention relieves woman from all feeling of guilt; for her comprehension of right has its root in conscience, which is independent of laws enacted to support social order. She is exactly the opposite of man. She judges from the motive, not from the deed. "The motive consecrates the means" is, perhaps unconsciously, the motto of her heart, and upon this she forms her life.

The wife lies to her husband in many small things to save him annoyance and trouble. She conceals bad news, because she reads in his face that he is depressed. She keeps bills until a favorable moment. She accustoms herself to study his face like a barometer, but he does not know it.

If she has something unpleasant to tell him, she tries first to cheer him, and thus prepares him to receive the unwelcome news. She wears the dresses he likes best; she speaks of things that please or flatter him. This is the merciful little craft of woman.

#### THE LIES OF THE UNWISE MOTHER

Furthermore, she hides the faults of the children from her husband. She lies to shield the one from the wrath of the other; often she advises the children to lie, that peace may be preserved. She bears the sorrow and the fear alone, deep in her heart, that the tranquillity of others may not be disturbed.

In homes where there are children there is usually a secret league between them and the mother—an agreement to hide this or that from the father. Often there is an actual plot against him, which makes him half a stranger in his own home. The mother is gentle and forbearing, and the children dare to confide in her when they

are in trouble, knowing that she will find some way out. The way out generally lies through untruths and concealment.

The prisons contain many a man who might trace his downfall to his mother's loving intervention. When she allowed him to escape punishment, as a child, by entering into a plot with him against his father, she did not reflect that the day would come when her son must take upon himself the responsibility of his actions, and when it would no longer be of any avail for his mother to stand in front of him and say:

"Let him go! Punish me!"

In order to spare husband and child a momentary pang, she risks bringing upon the whole family the despair and shame of years.

Is it not the mother who steals from the housekeeping money, makes up false accounts, and bears the accusation of extravagance, in order to pay her son's debts behind her husband's back?

Is it not the wife who helps her young daughter in a love-affair against the father's knowledge and consent? She does not consider that she thereby exposes the daughter to a life of unhappiness. She thinks more deeply than man, but not so far.

#### MAN'S EXACTNESS, WOMAN'S LACK OF IT

A man's nature is more robust, less considerate, but likewise more logical and reasonable. He cannot understand the little deviating ways of a woman. He knows exactly what is truth and what is falsehood, and does not allow himself to be led astray by sympathy or kindness. When he lies, it is because he needs to do so for his own advantage.

Man's work habituates him from the start to thoroughness, exactness, trustworthiness. He must set the same standard for himself as for his subordinates, for his work is like a great machine; if the tiniest wheel is out of order, the whole thing comes to a standstill. His accounts are correct to the smallest details; the least little mistake in the books might throw the whole year's calculations out of balance.

The woman's occupation at home is no less important than the man's outside, but while his work, like the machine, goes on automatically when once set in motion, a housewife's is composed of a thousand small voluntary actions. She must take

many uncertainties into consideration—the capability and willingness of the servants, an accident to the kitchen-range or the furnace, a child's cold, an unexpected visit, a headache—things which prevent the household from ever running as smoothly as a well-conducted business.

What has this to do with lying? It is the indirect explanation of certain feminine untruths.

A housewife may conduct her home capably, but her accounts are likely to be in wild disorder. She finds it almost impossible to remember and enter up every car fare she pays, every ribbon or veil she buys. But when the husband, "for regularity's sake," wishes to "look over the accounts," she arranges them for him in accordance with the total of the week's or month's expenditure.

Hence arise the falsifications which have their root in man's erroneous ideas as to a fair division of property—ideas that lead him to give her only a housekeeping allowance, and "the clothes she may need," instead of permitting her to decide the disposition of half the joint income.

American women are far more fortunately situated in regard to pecuniary matters than their European sisters. The American husband likes to see his wife a little too elegantly dressed, if anything. In spite of this, many an American woman, knowing that there are certain things in the domain of clothes which men cannot easily understand, will "cook" her dress-accounts before she presents them to her husband.

She knows, for instance, that he can better understand a hat costing twenty dollars, and a walking-dress seventy, than *vice versa*. It may therefore happen that he receives the accounts with the actual figures shifted.

#### WOMEN WHOSE LIFE IS A LIE

Woman lies in many little things simply because she is woman. She lies with the whole of her person. She transforms herself in accordance with the changes of fashion, as if she were a piece of soft metal that is put over and over again into the melting-pot and recast. She puffs out her hair with pads and artificial braids, and uses dye to conceal the fading of its color. She improves her complexion with powder and paint. One year she wears shoes almost as sharp-pointed as rapiers; the next,

shoes so short that she appears to have hacked off both heels and toes. All these things are harmless lies that hurt no one else, but chiefly her own body.

Yet the worst of them is that they easily blur a woman's comprehension of truth and untruth, and bring other lies following in their train. Sometimes they deceive all the world except the husband, who knows that his beautifully coifed and colored and fashion-modeled lady is in reality a fraud. Sometimes she racks her brains to devise a means of keeping this knowledge from him.

I know a very pretty and fascinating lady in New York, one of the best wives and mothers—indeed, one of the best people—that I have ever encountered on my road through life. Her husband, after twenty odd years of wedlock, is as much in love with her as when they were married, and she with him. She once confided to me the price she had paid for his still youthful passion:

"He has never seen me cross, or even depressed. He has never seen me with my hair out of order or carelessly dressed. Even when I have the most fearful headache, I pretend that nothing is wrong. No matter how ill and tired I may be, or what worries I may have, if he wishes me to go with him to the theater, or to a party, I dress at once, and do everything I can to look radiant. Even during the years when the children came, I never for a single day failed to wear my corsets, and I let my maids dress me in full toilet every evening for dinner, although I sometimes fainted while they were doing so."

This wife, perhaps, has never told her husband a falsehood, but is not her conduct a continual lie? Is it not keeping the man in ignorance of something which legitimately concerns him? Is it not his right and duty to share his wife's sorrows and pains, or at least to be aware of them? What would such a man think of himself if one fine day he discovered what mental and bodily anguish his wife had endured for years, merely to provide him constantly with "a charming picture!"

I am not sure whether a wife is not better advised to take her husband with her when she chooses new curls, and to let him help her powder her neck when they are going to the theater. Indeed, I am not sure whether she is not more honest if she goes about the house, when it suits her with

down-trodden slippers, shabby dressing-gown, and dusty hair, to appear elegant and shining as a Parisian doll when strangers are announced.

There are both orderly and disorderly men and women. When a man is orderly, he is systematic and thorough in his orderliness, whereas even the tidiest woman cannot exist without having at least one hiding-place where all is in chaos. With some it may be only a work-basket, with others a drawer, with others again a cupboard or a chest in the garret. It is necessary to woman's happiness to have a place where everything is lying about anyhow. If she once gets so far as to tidy up this place also, she is never happy until she has again turned it upside down.

This corresponds with something in a woman's inner life. She can never get her thoughts and feelings quite into order. And however honest she may be in money matters, and where the good name and reputation of others are concerned, she must always keep a little garret where lies and truth are tangled together like unwound yarn in a work-basket.

#### HOW MOTHERS TEACH DAUGHTERS TO LIE

She may have told her little daughter that it is a sin to lie, a horrible sin, that a person who tells lies "will have a black mark on her forehead," and that she could never be happy any more if her little Daisy told an untruth. Then the telephone-bell rings, the child takes her doll, and the mother goes to the telephone. Daisy knows who is speaking; it is one of her mother's friends. Her mother answers:

"I should so love to go with you, but I have such a headache to-day that I must lie down!"

Daisy says nothing, but she thinks while she plays with her doll. Then the maid announces a caller:

"Say that I'm not at home." The maid is about to go away, but the mother adds: "And when Mrs. Robinson comes, bring in the tea-table!"

Daisy continues to play with her doll, and the mother asks her:

"Aren't you glad that Mrs. Robinson, whom you like so much, is coming?"

"Yes!" Daisy answers.

Now the dressmaker is announced, and the mother calls Daisy in to watch while a new dress is being tried on. The dressmaker has a very large hat with many ribbons and feathers and flowers. The mother says:

"What a nice hat!"

The dressmaker blushes with pride, and Daisy does not take her eyes from the hat.

"Now you really must have the dress ready by Thursday morning," says the mother. "I am going to wear it to a ball on Thursday night."

The dressmaker promises and goes away. Daisy looks at her mother's forehead to see if it shows any signs of a black mark. "Mama," she says, "I thought that hat much too big!"

Her mother smiles.

"Yes; what do you think papa would say if I went about in a mill-wheel like that?"

The child hesitates an instant, then bursts out:

"Then why did you say it was such a nice hat?"

Her mother replies:

"Why, she was so pleased with it; and then one must never say things that will hurt other people."

Daisy reflects.

"Mama," she presently inquires, "why did you say the ball was on Thursday when it isn't till Saturday?"

Now her mother laughs out:

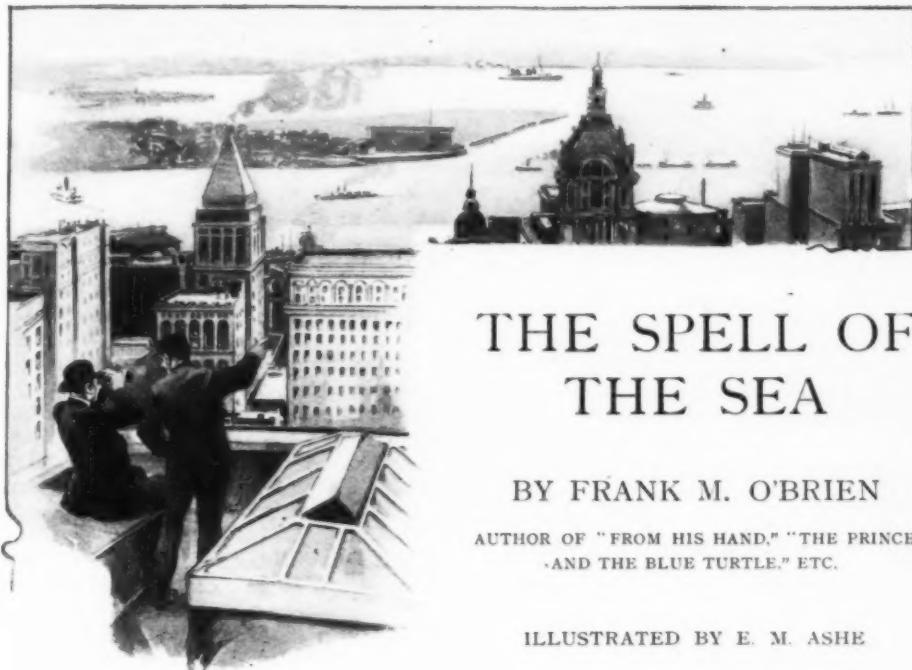
"You little rogue, that's how you catch your mama telling fibs! Dressmakers are so unreliable! If I had said the ball was on Saturday, I should not have had the dress till Sunday, and that wouldn't do, would it?"

Thus it is that a young girl learns that woman's life, too often, is a fabric of little untruths.

#### WHAT IS TRUTH?

TRUTH is a well of water clear and pure;  
Truth is a diamond—like the Kohinoor;  
Truth is the clarity of morning skies;  
Truth the fair depths of little children's eyes!

*Clinton Scollard*



## THE SPELL OF THE SEA

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN

AUTHOR OF "FROM HIS HAND," "THE PRINCE  
. AND THE BLUE TURTLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

I SAT on the roof of a nineteen-story building not far from the Battery with a man who had realized the ambition of his life. His name was—and is—Hodman. As boys, we had been friends in Ohio; and now, while in New York getting ideas to improve my five-and-ten-cent store in Sandusky, I called on him, to admire and envy his exalted prosperity.

Hodman had been a hero, so far as our little home town in Ohio was concerned. Of all the town boys, he was the only one who had the courage to run away to sea. The rest of us dreamed of doing it, but stayed at home, and later gained our most intimate knowledge of life on the wave from two-dollar excursions on the Cleveland and Buffalo steamers. Out there "C. and B." means as much to us as "P. and O." means to the real wanderers of the wide world.

Hodman, to tell the bare truth, had never reefed a jib-topsail while the ship, tortured by the storm, writhed in the Straits of Magellan. Never had he struck a last, desperate, and victorious blow as Chinese pirates reeled back to their junks from an attack on a merchantman full of spices and treasure. He did not even pretend that the

Spanish main was his cozy corner, or that he knew the mazes of the Sargasso Sea as well as I know Sandusky.

All he had ever achieved was a pursership on a coastwise steamer, and he seemed proud to have gone so far as that. If 'twere not the highest of the high seas, 'twas high enough for Hodman. He had saved money, had made friends with rich passengers, and now, as I have said, he held his life's ambition on his knee and patted it. He was the janitor of the great building on which we sat.

Janus presided over the beginning of human life, but the janitor is the overlord of its bottled water, its towel service, its steam heat, and its coming and going; and takes tithe of it, going and coming.

Hodman, as an old friend, explained the business methods pursued by him and all other human janitors. After he told me how he had become a silent and uninvesting partner of the Sicilian boy who peddled oranges in the lobby, there came a lull.

"Why," I asked him, "did you not start this sort of work earlier in life? Why did you never scuttle your ship, or rob the mail-sacks, or cut the passengers' throats?"

Hodman waved his perfecto in the gen-

eral direction of the ocean. The gesture seemed to pass over the islands of the bay, even over the head of the tireless woman with the lamp, and to go away out beyond vision.

"It's the sea," he said. "You feel its influence. Environment is everything, as you have undoubtedly heard your minister say. The good become wicked two days out, while the righteous sea-rover reserves his piracies for the shore. Tragedy stands beside you on deck, and mystery lurks under every hatch."

Hodman made me a little tired.

"I guess," I said, "that your most thrilling tragedy would have been getting short change, and your deepest mystery squeezing cigars through the customs lines. I've heard of those things!"

Hodman regarded me sadly.

"Did you ever hear," he asked, "of the time when tragedy came aboard the San Rentino?"

I admitted that I never had, and expressed a hope that the San Rentino was a ship, and not a sleeping-car or an apartment-house. Hodman was bad enough as a self-confessed robber of small industrial princes, but now I dreaded the stereotyped story which always ends with the doomed vessel disappearing in a vortex of foam just as the last life-boat wins away from her cruelly crushed sides. Lucky are the captains who go down with their ships; they do not have to read the survivors' stories!

"I was purser of the San Rentino," began Hodman, in tones which told me that he was determined to inform me in detail. "We were on the regular run between New York and Havana. Before we sailed from New York I knew that I would have old friends to talk with, for I saw on the passenger-list the names of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ebnar and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hillen. Ebnar and Hillen both came from the middle West, and I knew Ebnar before I knew you. I had played poker with them both in Cincinnati during my vacations.

"I figured, as I came upon the names in the list, that I was forty per cent a better card-player than I had been, and I looked forward to spending my leisure hours at a secluded table with Herbert and Joe. I knew they were both well fixed with money, and I thought they had been married so long that they would be certain to leave their wives to the business of gossiping and walking the deck."

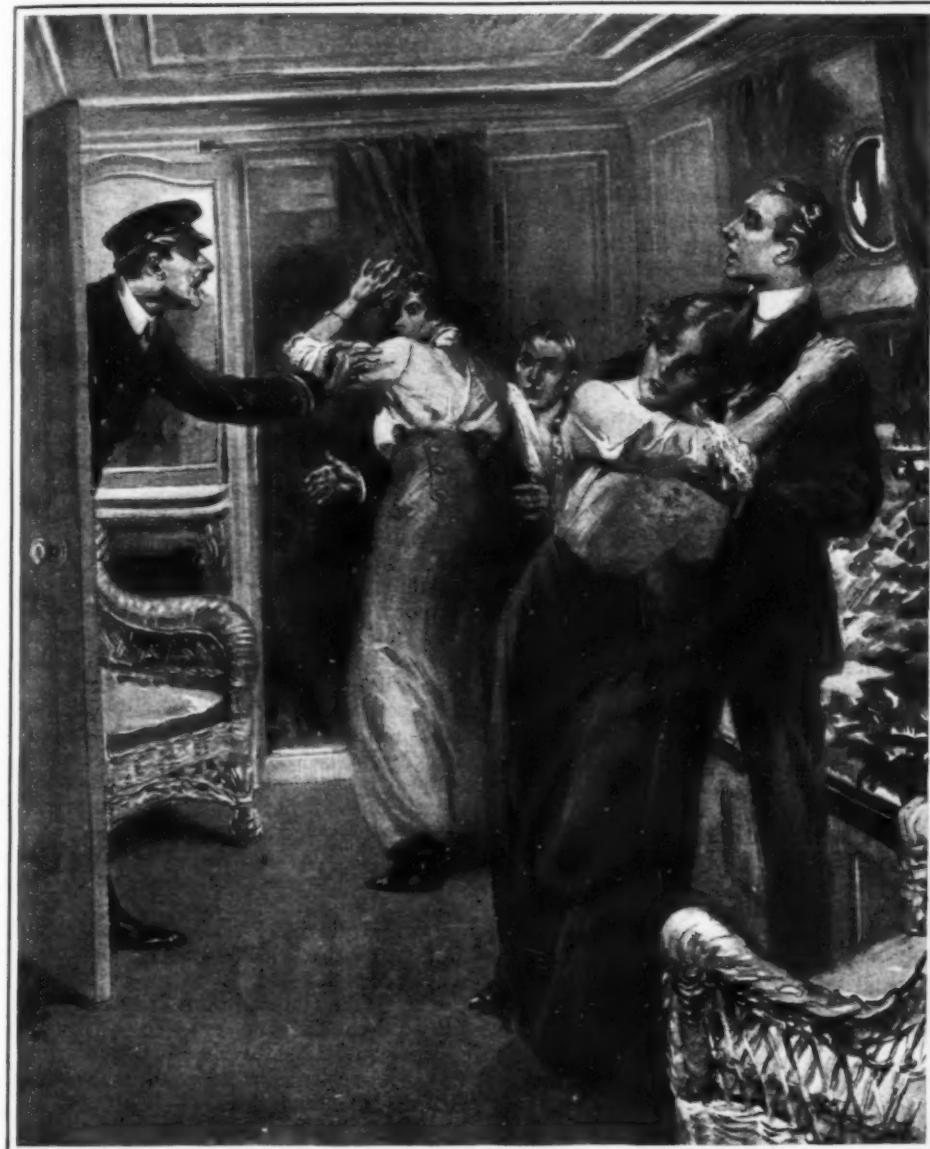
"There's a chair of psychology yawning for you somewhere," I suggested, but Hodman dismissed the pleasantry with a wave of his hand.

"You may think differently, later on," he said. "I'll tell you now how many points off the compass I was. At the end of the second day—the San Rentino was a slow boat, and took five days for the trip to Havana—when I had time to start talking poker, I discovered that while Herbert was not loath to leave Mrs. Hillen, nor was Joe Ebnar unwilling to walk apart from his wife, I could not find Hillen except in the company of Mrs. Ebnar, or Joe Ebnar except in the company of Mrs. Hillen. Other passengers may have thought they were two couples on a bridal trip, for they kept by themselves on deck, or at least each couple did. If I hadn't known Edna Ebnar before and after she married Joe, I should have thought that she was Mrs. Hillen, by reason of the deck-walking and the whispered conversations with their chairs side by side.

"There was no scandal, mind you, except what troubled my own sensitive bosom. As a betting man, I would have put down my checks on the proposition that this soul-mate business was just new; that it had started aboard ship under the influence of one clear spring night, one excellent moon, and the spell of the sea, as the poets call it. I could hardly excuse Mrs. Ebnar, whose record had been one of common sense. Mrs. Hillen was newer to me, but I could see that she was a lightweight in all things. Joe and Herbert lived up to the words of the poet—'Some men are boneheads ever.'

"With Havana not far from us, I saw the danger increasing. Havana has the moon above it, the wide sea in front of it, and all about it an atmosphere remarkable in its action on frail humans. Why, man, when you're in Havana you can't even smoke the same cigarettes that you dole on in New York; you fall for the black, smarting kind. Instead of good American rye, you drink a rum that stands your brain on its head. And a guy who won't bet, when he's in New York, that he's got two legs, will try to put the Havana gambling-houses out of business by splashing brown checks all over the roulette layout.

"Naturally I feared for the effect of Havana on the quartet. From the peaceful way they were going about the affinity stuff, I guessed that it was all perfectly satisfactory to every one concerned—assuming



"SAY IT QUICK, AND THEN SAY YOUR PRAYERS!"

that I wasn't concerned. I shouldn't have been, for I had always despised busybodies. I had never taken any one aside to caution him against liquor or turkey-trotting or Florida land, and I did not purpose, at my advanced age, to begin the gratuitous distribution of gipsy warnings.

"The fourth night out I was off duty. The San Rentino was due in Havana in

the morning. I had a late dinner, and went on deck to enjoy the spring night. The moon wasn't up yet, but the stars glimmered down on a placid ocean. The soulmates were not in sight. Most of the passengers had gone to get a full night's sleep, so that they could see the sunrise which Mr. Cook always provides in Havana harbor.

"After a while, for lack of anything else to do, I made a round of the stateroom corridors. It's part of the business, just as a hotel clerk has to take a peek at every room in the house at least once a year. My present errand, however, did not include any pecking.

The Ebnars and the Hillens had a double *suite de luxe* with a fine parlor. The transom showed me that the parlor was lighted. I could hear the four talking. I did not eavesdrop, but I could not help knowing that they were framing it all up in a surprisingly calm way. They would never go back to Ohio. As soon as the law would let them, they would go their ways as their hearts dictated—to Paris, or Petersburg, or the Orient.

Edna was going to change her name from Mrs. Joseph Ebnar to Mrs. Herbert Hillen, while Millicent Hillen was going to be Mrs. Joseph Ebnar. Ebnar was wishing his wife and Herbert Hillen well; Herbert was wishing well to Joe Ebnar and Mrs. Hillen. Mrs. Ebnar bade good-by and good luck to Joe, who had been her husband only ten short years, and to her dear friend Mrs. Hillen, who was about to become Ebnar's guiding star. Mrs. Hillen, a bit more theatrical than the others, was crying as she broke the ties that had bound her to Herbert for six years, and kissed a last kiss with Mrs. Ebnar.

There followed cross-wishing and wishing in rebuttal. It may sound complicated to you, but it was simply a double trade. If you made a new show of 'East Lynne' with two *Sir Francis Levisons* and two *Lady Isaacs* in it, and had the four do a sentimental song together, you might get somewhere near this situation on board the San Rentino.

I went forward and spat at the oily sea. Then I sat down in the shadow of the captain's deck, and dreamed of my wasted youth, of the days when I was nutty about Edna, and how I used to watch her when she went to Joe's mother's house to borrow tea. That dreaming didn't get me much, so I went to the engine-room to talk with the chief, Clancy, who got drunk every second trip, but had never eloped in his life. And then—

I came up from the engine-room in three long jumps, and raced for the rooms of the four soul-mates. I went in through their door shoulder first, and without knocking. It was no time for formality.

They read a message in my eyes, and sat stock still. Millicent Hillen turned white.

"There's time for nothing!" I cried. "Least of all for trying to save yourselves! If the hole in the bottom of this boat is as big as my hand, it's as big as this room. The life-boats are a joke. If you've got anything to say to one another, say it quick, and then say your prayers!"

The engines had stopped, and the silence was absolute. I turned and ran from them; but precisely what I expected had already happened."

I had been fondling Hodman's marine glass. Now, for lack of something suitable to say at the end of the story, I put the glasses to my eyes and swung them down the harbor. Hodman followed my gaze until it rested on a black steamer with red and yellow bands around her two stacks.

"She was a ship just like that," said Hodman.

Presently the boat came abreast of Ellis Island, and the sunlight hit a gilt name on her bow. I lowered the marine glass and looked at Hodman as one would regard a gazelle that had turned into a Gila monster.

"That boat," said I, "is, or claims to be, the San Rentino, which I have been fancying as lying in a bed of coral, surrounded by eels and octopi! You thought to make my call pleasant by lying to me?"

Hodman stretched and yawned.

"I didn't lie to you," he said calmly. "I only lied to the four soul-mates. The ship had to stop her engines while Clancy put a new pin in the shaft, and I thought I might pay back Edna's mother for a fine pie she once gave me."

"And the tableau you saw as you dashed from the stateroom—"

Hodman looked at me in a wondering way. Evidently he considered the question foolish, but he answered it.

"Mrs. Joseph Ebnar," he said, "had flung herself on the chest of Mr. Joseph Ebnar, and had a hold on him that Tom Jenkins couldn't have broken. Mrs. Herbert Hillen fainted, as I expected she would; but before she did it she made two jumps from the side of Joe Ebnar and landed in the waiting, willing, welcome arms of her own, regular honest-to-mike husband.

"Joe and Herbert," the janitor concluded, "played poker with me all the way back from Havana; but the ladies never spoke to me again!"

# POOR THÉRÈSE

BY MARY SEMPLE SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

ALTHOUGH she was a Roman princess of ancient lineage, it never occurred to us to call her anything but "poor Thérèse"—especially after Elizabeth Harcourt, the American heiress, brought her the six little chocolate cakes.

Elizabeth and I were the only American pupils at the convent in Rome, and of course you know that eating between meals is frowned on at any convent. Indeed, we found that in Italy it is mostly spaghetti washed down with red wine that you get at any time. Therefore we took every chance to go out with our families for tea on the Corso, and to gorge on chocolate cakes.

It was daring of Elizabeth to try to smuggle anything so savory as cake into the convent, because the portress had a wonderful sense of smell, and an eye that could discriminate most unpleasantly between the bulge made by a bun under one's coat and that made by an extra pair of gloves. Besides, the girls had no private place to keep so much as a hairpin after getting it inside.

Elizabeth is wonderfully clever in such matters, however. She managed her entrance well, and transferred the package from her coat to the capacious pocket of her uniform without discovery. She had to carry the cakes about till the next morning before she got a chance to deliver them; but if they had been as stale as rat's cheese, and all squashed with sitting on, Thérèse would have been just as grateful.

By some lucky chance we three were left alone in the garden for a few minutes, and Elizabeth handed over the cakes. Thérèse's eyes first stared, then filled with tears. After much hesitation, she timidly took one and offered us the rest. Of course we refused, explaining that we had some every

time we went out. At that she closed the bag and said she would divide them with her two little sisters later.

"No!" said Elizabeth firmly. "They are for you, and I want to see you enjoy them now."

Reluctantly she ate them all. Elizabeth made her do it. When she had finished there was a satisfied expression on her face that I had never seen there before.

"It is gluttony, simply gluttony!" she murmured happily.

Elizabeth is very intuitive. Her mind travels so fast that she sometimes seems abrupt to people who cannot follow her thoughts. At that moment she scared the little princess literally to a pale shade by taking hold of her shoulders and looking deep into her eyes.

"When did you last have cake to eat?" she demanded.

"Never, so many pieces," replied Thérèse, greatly frightened.

"But when did you have any?"

"When my sister married the duke I had a big piece with nuts in it."

"When was that?"

"Three years ago next month."

"Haven't you been out of the convent since then?" Elizabeth asked, her own voice quavering.

Thérèse shook her head sadly, but added quickly, as she noticed our horrified expressions:

"I am going to visit my sister, the duchess, at the end of this school year. She is going to give me my chance."

"What do you mean by that?" we both asked in one breath.

"Don't you know? She will take me to her palace and give me fine clothes and present me at court. Perhaps some one will fall in love with me, and ask for my



"THERE'S EMILY'S CRUSH! ISN'T HE THE HANDSOMEST CREATURE?"

hand, as the duke did for hers; and perhaps I shall return to the convent to be a nun. I would make a good religious," she ended wistfully. "My father thinks so, and so does reverend mother."

I think Elizabeth made up her mind right then to take Thérèse out and give her a royal experience, though she did not accomplish it until later in the year.

## II

ONE Sunday afternoon, when the parlors were filled with Italian mothers and aunts and cousins visiting their young relations who were pupils in the convent, Elizabeth's sister Emily came for us, to drive in the Pincian Garden and take tea at one of those fascinating shops on the Corso.

Emily is a beauty, and rich in her own right, and she was stunningly dressed in the very latest styles from Vienna.

As I was ready first, I sat in the parlor waiting for Elizabeth. I congratulated myself on the fact that American parents allow their children so many opportunities to enjoy themselves.

I noticed Thérèse sitting across the room, talking to a priest. If it hadn't been so quiet, I should have liked to tell Miss Harcourt that this priest was Thérèse's father, and how he had renounced all his worldly titles for the priesthood, and had put his five small daughters in the convent for the nuns to bring up, out of grief over his wife's death, ten years before. This proceeding made his only son head of the family at a very early age.

I couldn't tell such personal things, however, in a room where the

only conversation consisted in the answers of "Yes, mama," and "No, mama," made by the children to their parents' questions.

When Elizabeth joined us, she sized up the situation at a glance. Although I knew she wanted to speak to him, it almost made me cry out to see her walk right up to him and hold out her hand, as if he were any ordinary person, and not a prince of Italy as well as of the church, being a *monseigneur* with high standing at the Vatican.

Thérèse turned pale, but Elizabeth never wavered.

"*Monseigneur*," she began, "I am so glad to have this opportunity of asking you to allow Thérèse to spend next Sunday with me at the hotel where my mother and sister are staying. Reverend mother says

she cannot give her permission without first obtaining your consent."

It is perfectly splendid not to be afraid of any one, and yet not to be bold and dictatorial. I am sure that is why Elizabeth always gets what she wants. She certainly gained her point that time. It looked as if *monseigneur* was more surprised than any one, unless it was reverend mother, who nearly fainted at the news.

At any rate, Thérèse accompanied us when we went to the hotel the next Sunday. Elizabeth and I wore our new tailor suits from Paris, but Thérèse had nothing but her uniform, as she was not expected to leave the convent from one year's end to another. She seemed perfectly unconscious, however, that her costume looked queer to the people in the hotel, who were mostly fashionable Americans; and when they learned that she was a real princess, they didn't care any more than she did.

It gave us a great deal of éclat to have her with us, even though she was so quiet and meek and badly dressed; but you have no idea how prominent we all became when Thérèse discovered that the handsome young army officer who had been following Emily Harcourt everywhere she went for two weeks past was none other than her own brother — Thérèse's brother, I mean.

This is the way it happened. Mrs. Harcourt and Emily received tickets to some celebration at St. Peter's, which necessitated their starting at seven o'clock in the morning. That was a very early hour for them, who were accustomed to sleep till ten, but for convent-bred girls seven is long past getting-up time, so we were peeping through the blinds before they were ready to start.

Suddenly Elizabeth exclaimed:

"There's Emily's crush! Isn't he the handsomest creature?"

Across the street was the best-looking, tall, slim young man with long, upturned mustache, wearing a cavalry uniform with high, shiny, black boots. He had a languid air, and leaned against the corner of the building, gazing up at the hotel from window to window.

"At what hour do you suppose he begins his watch?" I whispered to Elizabeth.

"He has the porter subsidized, and finds out when *mademoiselle* is going out. Then he arrives in time to follow her. Sometimes he takes a cab, sometimes an automobile,

and sometimes he walks or goes by tram, but he always leaves after she does and reaches her destination before her. It is the most amusing affair I ever heard of," explained Elizabeth.

I was so intent on watching and listening for something to happen in the street below that I was scarcely conscious of the fact that Thérèse was pinching my arm until she let go and fell into a chair, almost prostrate.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"My brother!" she gasped. "That is my brother Giulio!"

"Well, I never!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Call to him, you little goose!"

"I wouldn't dare," replied Thérèse, slinking back farther and farther into the corner.

"You aren't afraid of him, are you?" demanded the straightforward Elizabeth.

There was no need to wait for Thérèse's answer. She was afraid of him. It was written in every line of her poor little face.

"But think," insisted Elizabeth, "how it would straighten everything out for you to call to him, tell him to come up here, and then introduce him to mother and Emily, so that they could chat together and get to know each other. Go ahead and do it! The street is deserted, except for our carriage down there."

"I would not dare let him know I even suspected what was going on," Thérèse whispered, as if she were afraid he might hear her. "It is his own affair."

"Of course it is, silly, but wouldn't he like to be introduced to the girl he has been following? Don't you think he has a crush on her?"

"I suppose he wants to marry her," answered Thérèse; "but I wouldn't dare to interfere."

"I call it mean not to help it along, when it would be so easy for you to tell him how nice she is, and how rich. I suppose he wants some money with his bride?"

"He has to make a good marriage," Thérèse assented.

I sat down in the corner to argue with Thérèse, and Elizabeth went back to the window. Before we knew what she was about, she had scribbled a few words on a piece of paper and dropped it through the half-open blind. I dashed to her side just in time to see the young man cross the street, pick it up, and press it to his lips before he opened it.



"GOOD-BY, DEAR, DEAR GIRLS!"

It is impossible to describe the change that came over his face when he read the note. He looked worse than a summer sky when a tornado is passing over it, and he strode toward the hotel entrance with his saber clinking angrily.

It seemed an eternity to my anxious heart before Mrs. Harcourt entered the room. She told Thérèse that her brother wanted to speak to her, adding that she had already seen the young man herself to make sure it really was her brother, and to explain why Thérèse was there.

The poor girl only shrank back in the corner, begging to be allowed to keep out of the whole affair. Her black eyes looked as big and expressionless as the holes in a death-mask. I can't exactly remember how we got her into our private parlor, where the prince was walking up and down in furious haste; but I know it took all three of us to accomplish it, and then she could only shrink and shake as if she had the ague.

"*Madame* has explained that *monseigneur* gave his gracious permission for you to be here," thundered the irate prince, as soon as he saw his sister. "But will you tell me where you learned the *bourgeois* trick of dropping notes from windows?"

At this I almost disgraced myself by giggling, because he had entirely forgotten his evident delight when he thought the note was from some one else. Elizabeth saved me by her bold answer.

"Thérèse didn't do it," she explained sweetly. "It was I who dropped the note."

"My child!" gasped Mrs. Harcourt; and the young Italian stared at her blankly.

"You see," she continued, "I knew about your admiration for my sister; so when I found that you were my friend's brother, I thought it only fitting for Thérèse to introduce you to Emily. Thérèse refused to interfere, as she calls it, so I just hustled things up a bit myself. It wouldn't have done any good for me to write to you. It was natural, then, to say your sister wanted to see you, wasn't it?"

The silence that met this avowal was most unpleasant for me, but Elizabeth didn't seem to mind it. She managed to look unconcerned, but the rest of us might have been standing there yet, like statues in a gallery, if Emily Harcourt had not entered in a manner even more unconcerned than her sister's, with hat and wrap on, ready to go out.

At sight of her the prince wiped the terrible expression off his face, and Mrs. Harcourt, after clearing her throat twice, managed to say:

"Emily, His Highness Prince Rugliosi!"

"I am sorry, your highness, that we have no time to offer you our hospitality," Emily said, advancing with a smile, "but we are due even now at St. Peter's."

"At St. Peter's?" asked the prince, bending over her hand ceremoniously. "That is strange, for I am on my way to St. Peter's."

"Won't you let us have the privilege of driving you over?" asked Mrs. Harcourt, and they went out together, beaming on each other, and without a glance or a thought for the girls who brought about the introduction.

### III

WELL, to get to the part of the story about Thérèse, I will say at once that Emily Harcourt and Prince Rugliosi were married two months later. Monseigneur Rugliosi performed the ceremony, and it was a very grand occasion.

After they were established in the family palace in Rome, which is I don't know how many centuries old, Elizabeth dinned it into their heads that they owed all their happiness to Thérèse, because she had been the means, if unwilling, of bringing them together; and Giulio finally decided to give Thérèse a chance to see life before she went to her sister, the duchess. Therefore they took her from the convent and installed her at their palace, with a suite of rooms of her own, and servants and clothes and automobiles, just like a lady in waiting to the queen.

Then Elizabeth had one of her brilliant ideas. She wrote to her brother Jack, who is a fine, well-set-up, accomplished fellow. I mean that he plays a corking game of polo, and can sing a song and dance a clog well enough to amuse a whole roomful of people. Elizabeth told him to join the family immediately. He was in England at the time, and rather bored, he explained afterward, so he came at once, and Elizabeth put him up to falling in love with Thérèse.

Now, in her fine clothes, and having gained some independence of manner, Thérèse was attractive enough. Her big black eyes almost finished half the men who looked at her, and they never stopped

to think that she had a turned-up nose and a pitifully weak little mouth. Jack fell in love with her, of course. The only trouble was that he did it so thoroughly. Thérèse was quite bowled over by his slap-dash, high-handed style of wooing. He certainly has a taking way, has Jack Harcourt, even if he did not receive much of the family beauty.

About the time they were sure they could not exist apart, Count Giovanni Doria asked for Thérèse's hand in marriage, and her brother gave his consent. Count Doria was the head of an ancient and prominent house, and was considered a thoroughly suitable husband for a daughter of the Rugliosi, but he had a bald head and a simpering manner, and was exceedingly dull in conversation.

Jack pleaded with the prince, but he was obdurate, declaring that his sister could not be allowed to marry an American, as she must help to keep up the family prestige. Of course Jack asked why he himself had married an American, and got for answer that that was different, because the wife took her husband's position. Thérèse also begged for time, but that was denied too, and the betrothal to Count Doria took place immediately.

This was the state of affairs when Elizabeth decided to plan an elopement. The reason she gave afterward for such drastic measures was that Jack's misery was past endurance.

Count Doria has a medieval castle somewhere on the coast northwest of Rome. It is a wonderful place, built on the very water's edge, on tremendous rocks. In fact, the cellars and dungeons are cut out of the solid stone, and the walls rise from the water itself.

After the betrothal, Count Doria invited all of Thérèse's family to visit him in this castle. As close friends of hers, Elizabeth and I were included. There were banquets and hunting-parties and every known kind of entertainment in honor of the event.

Every day Thérèse grew thinner and more like the frightened creature she was in the convent. Jack, of course, was not there, nor did she hear from him directly; but I know now that Elizabeth conveyed messages from one to the other by some mysterious means.

The castle was filled with barbarous relics of the Middle Ages, and the count was fond of showing them to his guests

One day he took us down into the dungeons, which were a series of small rooms hollowed from the natural rock, connected by narrow passages, with doors made of massive beams of wood clasped together with iron bands. In the floor of one of these rooms was a crude trap-door, through which, in the olden times, the condemned were cast, to fall on knives and jagged nails, and finally into the water and oblivion.

It was a gruesome thing to hear of, even after a long interval of civilizing years. Some of us groaned at the tale, until the count led our minds into pleasanter channels by proving the ancient device to be adapted to modern times, inasmuch as steps had been made to lead from the trap-door down to the surface of the water, where the fishermen brought their catch for the castle table.

For several days after that visit, Elizabeth would talk of nothing else, and begged permission to go down and explore the dungeon at least once a day, taking Thérèse and me with her. At first the count would accompany us; but soon he grew bored over it, and allowed us to go with an old retainer.

On the fifth day we managed to elude this old trusty, and went alone. Elizabeth straightway opened the trap-door, and there, below, in a small boat, was Jack Harcourt.

"Thérèse," he said simply, "I have a yacht out there in the fog. I have come to take you away with me. Will you go?"

First she drew back and cried. Then she went down several steps and cried on his shoulder, and then he kissed her. That was the end. In a few moments she whispered to us:

"Good-by, dear, dear girls!"

Then Jack pushed the boat off.

It seemed a thousand years that Elizabeth and I stood there, immovable, while the muffled oar-strokes grew dimmer and dimmer. Finally she turned to me and whispered:

"Call for help, Gertrude!"

As she spoke, she fell with a splash into the water. I saw then what her game was, and, although I knew she could swim like a fish, I rushed up the steps and shrieked fiendishly for help.

The old retainer, who was not far off, came at a run and gave the alarm. He was in the act of fishing Elizabeth out of

the water when Count Doria appeared, and Elizabeth moaned:

"Find Thérèse! I won't be saved till you find her!" From which it was imagined that she, too, had fallen into the water.

They got a boat and a lantern—for it was almost dusk, and the fog was thickening—and instituted a pitiful search. The count acted like one distraught. He shouted and raved and ran about in the wildest manner, accomplishing nothing. Elizabeth kept moaning:

"Why did I come down here? It is all my fault! Why did I come?"—as if Thérèse was in reality an inanimate body under the wave, instead of a superlatively happy one on top of it.

I never felt so like a culprit in my life. A hundred times it was on the tip of my tongue to tell the truth; but the sight of the count behaving in such an unattractive manner checked me. How could I say the word that would probably bring Thérèse back to him?

At last they abandoned the search with the mournful conviction that Thérèse had been washed out to sea by the falling tide. Elizabeth, sobbing one minute and laughing boisterously the next, was put to bed with a hot bandage on her head, and I sat by her side.

In very truth I think the responsibility of her act was beginning to weigh on her. She could not have realized beforehand what awful grief she was bringing to so many hearts. Besides, she was beginning to see what it would mean to confess her part in the affair, as she fully intended to do.

At length, her head having ceased to throb, and with me beside her to make it easier, she felt prepared to tell the true story, thinking that Jack and Thérèse had had time to make good their escape. We found the castle draped with crape; prayers for the dead were being said in the chapel, and *monseigneur* had been summoned from Rome. The sad news had been sent to all members of the Rugliosi and Doria families.

I never saw Elizabeth Harcourt really frightened before. As for me, I quailed if any one spoke to me, and confession seemed more and more impossible every moment.

The sadness of the party that went back to Rome was unspeakable. Being now really hysterical, Elizabeth and I had no

trouble in persuading our families to take us away.

#### IV

ABOUT a month later, Thérèse, thinking that the anger caused by her elopement must have cooled, wrote to her brother that she was the happiest woman in the world, living in England with her husband, to whom she had been married at Livorno at the earliest possible moment after her abrupt departure from Count Doria's castle. She thought, I suppose, that we had told the true circumstances of her going, and that her brother and *fiancé* were too much disgusted with her to follow.

On receipt of that letter, Giulio set out for England. He found Thérèse alone, as Jack had gone out to play polo. He stormed into her presence, behaving just as he had done that morning in Rome, when he thought she had thrown the note to him from the window.

He told her in excited language that if what she had done became known, the whole family would be disgraced. He first suggested and then demanded that she should efface herself by entering a convent as a nun, there to spend the rest of her life praying for forgiveness; for surely such a flagrant offense against the authority of the head of the family had caused displeasure in high heaven. He added that the only possible course left open to her was to let the world go on thinking that she was dead.

He actually persuaded the poor, frightened creature that she must do his bidding. She was hastily packing some things in a bag to go back to Rome with him when her husband returned.

As soon as Jack realized the turn affairs had taken, he told his noble brother-in-law what he thought of him, of the ancient custom that allowed him to do as he chose with his sisters, and of Italy and the Italians in general—except Thérèse. This, of course, stirred Giulio's Latin blood to the point of wanting to dig Jack's eyes out with his fingers. He attempted to do so, meanwhile declaiming his opinion of the race of upstarts across the seas that could breed an individual so lost to decency as to run off with the daughter of such an ancient and princely house as his.

Of course Jack defended himself. I suppose he prodded the prince now and then with his fist, just to show him what might happen if the indignant young noble-

man went too far. Poor Thérèse was wringing her hands, imploring Heaven with her big black eyes, and trying to keep her weak, trembling little mouth in place.

It must have been excruciatingly funny, I think, but none of the participants in the scene has ever been able to see it that way.

Suddenly, in the midst of it all, Jack stopped prodding the prince and turned to Thérèse.

"Do you want to stay with me, dear, or do you think your brother is in the right?" he asked.

Thérèse's lips were trembling so much that she could not speak, and her big eyes could only implore. Jack went over to her and took her hand.

"Tell me, dear, and I will respect your wishes," he whispered softly.

Still she could not utter a sound, but she clung to him frantically, and that was enough for Jack.

"I believe my wife prefers to remain with me," he said impressively, looking straight at the prince; "so the matter is settled. If it would make it easier for you to let people think she was drowned that day, you can. No, by Jove, you can't, either! She has a right to lead her life openly, without interference from any one, and I am going to see that she is allowed to do it." Still holding Thérèse's hand, he bowed with mock deference. "Don't let me detain you," he concluded suavely, but

his look implied that if the visitor did not leave quickly enough, pedal impetus would be applied.

That really was the end of it, because Giulio went, not gracefully, but swearing that he would return to enforce his authority, and calling down maledictions on them both.

Within twenty-four hours, however, Jack and Thérèse were on a west-bound Atlantic liner. Perhaps, after Prince Rugliosi's visit, Jack became infected with Thérèse's awe of parental authority as taught to the young in the ancient city of Rome, and concluded that England was too near to Italy for perfect peace of mind. At any rate, instead of remaining in London for the season, as he had intended to do, he took her to New York, where they are living now.

Five years have passed since it all happened, and Jack Harcourt's wife has become quite Americanized. Her beauty has blossomed like the rose in the warmth and happiness of her new environment, and she no longer answers your look with the wan smile that first made us call her "poor Thérèse," and yet, if you remind her of Italy, a wistfulness comes into her expression as if she longed for just one glimpse of the country she never intends to visit.

And Elizabeth and I?

We, also, are *personæ non gratae* in Rome.

### AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING

GAZING and thrilling at her ring,  
The newly plighted damsel stood,  
And pitied, from her tender dream,  
Her sister doomed to maidenhood.

The faded sister, feeling safe  
The keepsake locket in her breast.  
With pity eyed the youngest one,  
Who nothing yet of love had guessed.

The youngest dreamed her child's romance  
Of dimpled cheek and rose in bloom,  
And with a gentle, childish tear  
Pitied the aged bride and groom.

The bride and groom of fifty years,  
Who took that day love's high degree,  
Pitied them all, as scholars small  
Who scarce had learned love's A B C!

*Sarah N. Cleghorn*

# EDITORIAL

## A GREAT FIGURE GONE

**W**E have lost a very great man in the death of Mr. Morgan—an uncrowned monarch. A kingdom, or conspicuous political eminence, accentuates the bigness of a really great man. Without either of these to add to his stature, Mr. Morgan reached equal eminence by his own inherent qualities, which made him easily the commanding figure in the vast world of constructive and administrative finance.

Mr. Morgan was great from many angles, greatest of all, perhaps, in the bigness of his human qualities. It was this human side, coupled with his genius for leadership, that gave him a matchless following and compelled the unquestioned confidence of men of affairs.

Mr. Morgan was a man to lean upon—a man upon whom men leaned. The executive man of highest qualities must have keen vision, an analytical, logical mind, with initiative, courage, and force, and all of these of a high order. These, resting on rugged honesty and rock-ribbed integrity, were the structural qualities of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the qualities that thrust him into the foreground as the world figure that he was, ranking in his field with the biggest men of this period in their respective fields, whether in science, art, religion, politics, or the sovereignty of kingdoms.

Mr. Morgan was great because he was born great. There isn't much worth while comes out of a man that God didn't put into him. The best a man ever does in this world, his greatest achievements, are not better than the natural fruitage of the qualities God lodged with him.

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

## PUTTING OUR HOUSE IN ORDER

**A**FTER a great scandal in government—municipal, State or national—there is a loud cry from all quarters for correction of political practises. After a financial panic, the public—rich or poor—is unanimous for a reform of the currency.

After an appalling steamship disaster or railroad wreck there is a tremendous sentiment for new rules and regulations to prevent such horrors.

After a building, a block, or a district of a city is devoured by flames the voice of the whole country, even of the nation, calls for safeguards against repetitions of such loss of life and property.

But in each case, within a few weeks, or even a few days after the event which stirred public opinion so high, the busy, absorbed, tense American people, with minds fixed on something newer and more immediate, go on their usual way, indifferent to what only the other day was a crisis demanding the attention of the nation. What was everybody's business for the moment becomes thereafter, as it nearly always does, nobody's business.

From time immemorial floods of the narrowest and of the widest range

have been ravaging fertile fields, devastating homes, bereaving families, impoverishing communities, and crippling the productive agencies of the nation.

The Mississippi Valley deluge two years ago caused an alarm to be sounded from the Atlantic to the Pacific against such havoc of the forces of nature. It was out of the popular thought and mind months before the Western floods came in this early spring to work death and destruction over so many States that the result was truly called by President Wilson a national calamity.

While the eager hands of a generous nation were extending aid to the hundreds of thousands of sufferers, the voices of the American people were clamoring for public action to stop this fearful toll of life and property sacrificed, in one community or another, year after year, and decade after decade.

There must be municipal precaution. There must be State safeguards. There must be national insurance. All the country—North, South, East, and West—must get on the job.

Here again, with the sympathies of a hundred million people aroused to a high pitch, the task of stopping flood ravages was everybody's business. Shall it be the business of very many people three months after that havoc of the spring? In half a year shall it be anybody's business?

Whatever the popular enthusiasm—the first impulse—putting the public house in order must be a sustained effort if it is to make good in anything worth while.

### A CABINET OF YOUNG MEN

PRESIDENT WILSON'S departure in selecting a Cabinet of very young men, as such things go, will probably have its influence on the age of appointees throughout the Federal service. Young heads of departments, physically as well as mentally active, naturally would wish to have their associates and subordinates also full of steam.

In the great industrial and commercial enterprises this already has become the age of the young man. Other things being equal, or anywhere near equal, the young man gets the big job not only because he can put more ginger into it, but because he has more years of activity left to devote to it.

The prompt and successful performance of the mass of work that now piles upon a man in a great Federal office calls as strongly as the tasks in the great business undertakings for the energy and power of the young mind and body.

### WASHINGTON AS A MODEL CITY

**A**COSTLY, almost ruinous fault of local government in the United States has been, and still is, to pick, for municipal business undertakings, directors, general managers, superintendents, and foremen with disregard of their qualifications for the work entrusted to them.

A blacksmith in private life becomes in public life, perhaps, a commissioner of police, an orator an executive, a stable-boy an engineer, a bartender a financier.

In that way there have been wasted for municipal taxpayers in the United States not hundreds of millions of dollars, but billions. Not always, not nearly always, by graft and thievery—by ignorance and unfitness.

A city ought to be managed, and might be managed, like a railroad, a factory, or a department-store. Municipal administration, properly conducted, is

nothing but a straight business affair. For big cities like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, it is a huge business, as complicated as the operations of a billion-dollar steel combination, and in its many different departments as needful of expert judgment and technical capacity.

Men of public spirit are now exerting themselves to get for municipal service, as in the great industrial and commercial ventures, management of character, fitness, brains, and efficiency. There is hope of enlisting actively in the movement President Wilson and the new national government.

The plan is to make Washington the best-governed city in the world—the model for every other American city. Beginning with systematized methods of organization, there are to come perfected standards of efficiency, scientific improvements of service with reduction of costs, practical tests of uplift theories and civic training schools. Thoroughly worked out schemes and models are to be put at the disposal of other cities and handed down to later administrators as the design and machinery of a permanent organization to be operated under any change of government.

A big contract, this, especially in its ambition to make Washington the best-governed city in the world, when numerous European municipalities are so far in advance of the business efficiency of any of our cities. But for American intelligence, spirit, and force, it is not at all an impossible contract. The civic dreams of to-day can become the realizations of to-morrow.

### CUTTING THE DINNER-TABLE TAX

AMERICAN railway managers have worked out some remarkable statistics to prove how the common carriers, more than anybody or anything else, are shouldering the burden of increased cost of living. Granted the accuracy of that mass of mathematical detail, it is also possible to show from it how the cost of living of a very important part of our population has not gone up in ten years, but has gone down. The particular industrial class so favored by economic conditions is the "backbone of the country"—the farmers.

For virtually all the people of the United States, this being a nation of breadwinners, the prime factor in the cost-of-living problem is never what the money price of beef, flour, breadstuffs, milk, butter, eggs, and other commodities is to-day, compared with what it was ten, twenty, or forty years ago. It is into what quantity of commodities a worker can now exchange his day's labor as compared with such exchange at any previous time.

Express the direct labor return of one farmer in acre yield of wheat. The average acre output of wheat for 1911 would exchange, by the statistics of the railway managers, into eighty-three per cent more coal-oil than ten years before, eight per cent more lard, twenty-three per cent more salt, nineteen per cent more sugar, forty-one per cent more tin pails, thirty-eight per cent more axes, forty-five per cent more nails, thirty-seven per cent more shovels, and forty-seven per cent more steel wire, twenty per cent more harness, thirty-four per cent more single wagons, and twenty-three per cent more double wagons. Take all the things he buys, and an acre's yield would exchange into 30.2 per cent more of commodities for the wheat farmer.

In the same period the cotton raiser's acre yield did a shade better for him than the wheat farmer's by an exchange into general commodities, his actual cost of living being correspondingly lowered still further. His acre yield of cotton would exchange into 32.3 per cent more of other things.

Still better did the corn farmer's acre yield do for him, with his cost of living as to a great many commodities much more than cut in half. As to all commodities taken together, the exchange power of the acre output was greater by 50.7 per cent.

Taking the average acre output of all crops, and the exchanging power into eighty-three staple commodities on the Agricultural Department's list, the farmer's cost of living was reduced in every single one of those commodities except brooms. The output of the average acre of all crops would exchange into 41.6 per cent more of the things that farmers buy.

Likewise the transportation living cost of the farmer was cut by the larger amount of transportation any acre yield would buy.

The average acre yield of corn that would buy 1,175 ton miles in 1899, would buy 1,954 in 1911; passenger miles, 442 in 1899, and 749 in 1911. The acre of wheat bought 1,448 ton miles as against 1,008, and 555 passenger miles as against 379. Cotton bought 2,684 ton miles as against 1,843; 1,029 passenger miles as against 693.

All crops taken together showed an average acre's purchasing power, exchanged into transportation, of 2,049 ton miles in 1911, as against 1,261 in 1899, and 786 passenger miles as against 474.

One thousand bushels of corn in 1910 would exchange into 56.7 per cent more of cloths and clothing at wholesale than in 1900; 70.2 per cent more of metals and implements; 37 per cent more of lumber and building materials; 79.4 more of drugs and chemicals; 72.5 per cent more of house-furnishing goods. Into all commodities the bushel of corn would exchange with an increased purchasing power of 52.4 per cent.

The increased exchange power of wheat by the bushel into all commodities was 43.8 per cent; of cotton by the bale, 63.4 per cent. Seven prime food crops were a stronger purchasing power of all commodities by 26.4 per cent.

President Wilson and his Democratic Congress are amputating part of the higher cost of living. It is the dinner-table tax that is to be lightened.

By as much as the farmer's cost of living has been reduced, by the greater exchanging power of his food products into the products of other labor, it will correspondingly rise as the new tariff enables, if it does so enable, general labor to exchange its day's work into more food products.

In the matter of food products, if the new government has its way, Peter, the farmer, shall pay Paul, the wage-earner, going to market with his wage to exchange it into supplies for his dinner-table.

## A WARSHIP-BUILDING HOLIDAY

**A**S an argument for peace in the hot competition of Great Britain and Germany in the building of battle-ships, mathematics, the basis of military science, has received scant respect. In one country or the other, those who would strive for sea power, whether or no, declare that the only way for a nation to gain it and to keep it is to build battle-ships.

Those who are devoted to peace beyond any other consideration, say that the thing to do is to send all existing battle-ships to the scrap heap and to build no more.

Those who would no more leave a nation naked before its possible enemies than they would throw a child to a pack of wolves, dissent from both those propositions. They seem to have much the better of the argument.

They say that if the sea power of Germany is expressed in terms of twelve.

for example, while the sea power of Great Britain is expressed in terms of sixteen, then Germany gains no power relatively by a multiplied fleet of ninety-six, if at the same time Great Britain multiplies her fleet to one hundred and twenty-eight.

This is the mathematical argument concurred in by Mr. Winston Churchill, first lord of the British admiralty. And so he proposes that those great rivals for sea power take a holiday, for perhaps a year, from the building of battle-ships at crushing expense to the taxpayers, to see how they like it.

This looks good to some very sanely patriotic minds in Great Britain. It looks good to some very sanely patriotic minds in Germany. It looks good to the public opinion of America, wisher of peace for all nations, especially friendly to Great Britain and Germany.

But the military hotheads of Germany and Great Britain laugh this to scorn. Those of the former country insist that the only safety is for them to catch up with their rivals. Those of the latter country insist that the only safety is for them to keep on trying to get further ahead, though, as both float their new fleets and squander their national treasure year after year, they finish on the 31st of every December with the twelve to sixteen, or ninety-six to one hundred and twenty-eight, as it may be.

The majority of people of both Great Britain and Germany are not mere hotheads thirsting for war, justified or not justified. They are patriots of sense. They are also calculating taxpayers, feeling the load of military expenditures growing heavier and heavier upon shoulders already overburdened.

They have both a reasonable mathematical sense and a reasonable sense of humor. In this chase of two nations after superior sea power, there is something very suggestive of the persistent but hopeless chase of the dog around a circle after its own tail.

It does not seem possible that the taxpayers of Great Britain and Germany will continue, under the encouragement of the military hotheads, their hopeless chase around the circle after something that, by the mathematical proportions steadily preserved, can never be caught.

## MONEY POWER IN THE MASS

A FRESH example of the power of the people's pennies in mass is the amount the former Postmaster-General estimates will be the deposits, by the end of June, in the new postal savings-banks. Only a per capita amount of about fifty cents to our population, deposited here, there, and everywhere in the care of the government, they will be half a hundred million dollars. And yet, big as are those early figures of our recent national experiment, they are a bagatelle compared with the money power of other massed population units.

It would be little enough to count the mere amusement fund of the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at fifty cents a week to the average reader. Here would be a spending fund on such an item alone of more than fifty millions a year.

If, aside from such fixed charges as rent, insurance, education, and the like, the miscellaneous spending of each family of the populous MUNSEY MAGAZINE community were no more than a dollar a day—and no one could say how much more it actually is—here would be a massed buying power of the prodigious size of one hundred and fifty millions a year. In half a dozen years such huge annual funds could cancel the national debt.

# A QUIVERFUL

THE STORY OF YOUNG ARMAND LECKER AND HIS SEVEN SISTERS

BY F. RONEY WEIR

BETSY LECKER washed for a living; Hannah went out nursing; Ann was a dressmaker; Jen helped her mother with the housework; and Essie clerked in the store.

Lucy taught school, and was lazy. Everybody who was old enough to remember "Doc" Lecker, the father, said that she "took after" him.

Lucy was the first of the girls to receive any semblance of an education. For the older ones it had just been one steady grind of all work and no play, with the usual result—they were dull boys.

They were never asked into society. Why should Hanksville people want Betsy, with her big red hands which had washed their soiled linens for twenty years, or Hannah, with her back bent from carrying their babies around and her eyes weakened by squinting over the night-lamps in their sick-rooms? When a Hanksville girl grew careless about her personal appearance, her mother or aunt would ask her if she "wanted to look like Jen Lecker," who never had time to coax her waist and skirt together at the belt, or to take her hair out of curl-papers.

Essie was dumpy in figure and had clumsy feet. Carrying a hundred and sixty pounds of flesh rapidly from the front of a long general store, where the ginghams are kept, to the back, where the molasses is stored, a couple of hundred times a day—not to mention journeys to the basement for coal-oil and to the attic for carpets—has a spreading effect upon the feet.

Essie's figure was not one to be improved by the wearing of large and gaudy plaids. Essie wore them, not from choice, but because she got the material cheap after the season, and the Lecker girls were obliged to practise rigid economy.

Susie and Armand, the twins, were the youngest of the Lecker family and the idols of their sisters.

"Them twins shall have a chance," said Betsy, "if I rub the skin off my arms clear to the back of my neck!"

"Deed they shall!" said Hannah.

"That little girl shall never bend her poor little back over pleats and panels. She shall learn to do something easier!" declared Ann, and crooked her neck defiantly.

Jen's curl-papers quivered with earnestness. She stamped her flatiron down on the board, chewed her gum hard, and uttered her usual sentiment:

"You betchah!"

"And she sha'n't wear hideous old things that nobody else'll buy!" said Essie.

"And," said Betsy impressively, wringing the suds from her red arms, "the boy shall be a gentleman, if goin' to college makes gentlemen!"

It was carried unanimously, except that Lucy had gone to sleep with her doll in her arms, and didn't hear the motion.

The mother was not strong—and what wonder?—so the girls petted and saved her and the girl twin, who was sickly, as much as they could; but they worshiped the boy twin. They did everything a lot of silly women could to spoil him; and still, in spite of that, he grew up to be a rather nice sort of boy.

Twins were never more unlike than Susie and Armand. She was little and timid and slightly deformed; he, big, handsome, and aggressive. When he entered high school, his girl mates tried their best to finish the spoiling job begun earlier in his career. One may surmise the attitude of the boy students, big and little—especially little—when it is understood that he was the star pitcher and half-back, and simply walked

away from everything in a foot-race. And yet he was neither a bully nor a braggart.

He never came home bloody but once, and that was a never-to-be-forgotten day in the records of the Lecker family.

When his sisters saw him coming, they screamed—all of them; some in hoarse voices, some in high, and some with faint, weak little cries, according to their different make-ups. They all asked "who had licked him," and he never even set them right. He merely requested them all to "shut up, and get some water, and court-plaster, and rags!"

After Betsy had washed away the blood, Hannah mended him professionally, and Jen brought him a lunch of fresh cookies and milk. Lucy told him it served him right for fighting, and Susie combed his hair.

After all this, he looked up into his mother's tearful eyes and demanded:

"Ma, ain't my father dead?"

A shudder ran through the Lecker family. Lucy's bracelets tinkled like castanets, and Jen dropped a flatiron. Armand, looking up to see why his mother had not answered, saw that in her face which bewildered and bruised him more than any blow he had received during his late difficulty.

"I—would rather not talk about it, my son—at least, not now. Wait until you are older," she said gently.

While he was hanging about the house in a black-and-blue convalescence, he made opportunities to interview each of his sisters alone. Their replies to his questions were characteristic.

"What difference does it make where your father is?" snapped Betsy, as she wrung out a big white sheet. "He ain't here, and that's one thing to be thankful for!"

"We don't know. We don't know where he is," sighed Hannah, as she wept, wiped her dim eyes, and polished her nose.

Ann said she believed, if she wasn't mistaken, that he was away somewhere. Her long experience in conciliatory methods when arm sizes bound, or skirts canted up in the back, moved her to get out of the matter as easily as possible.

"Who told you anything about father?" Essie demanded.

"Bill Hammond, the drayman," Armand replied.

"And you pitched in to fight a big, tough critter like Bill Hammond?"

"I did."

"And got licked! You're a pretty one!" Armand did not reply.

"No, he ain't dead," owned Jen, "but you needn't ask me another thing about it. When ma gits ready to tell you, she'll let you know. Anyhow, I've got no time to visit just now. I've got this ironin' to finish, and six cans to put up, and the chamber to sweep, and supper to git for nine!"

"I don't know a thing about it," drawled Lucy, resting her pumps on the edge of the lounge, and slowly drawing the saucer of butter-scotch over to her side of the table. "My, but I'm tired! Those young ones were perfect little fiends to-day. Oh me, oh my! I wonder if the day will ever come when I can sit like this and never stir a muscle! It reconciles one to the thought of death to remember how little one will be obliged to stir about!"

Of course, Armand said nothing to Susie. Being of the same age as himself, she wouldn't know.

When Essie came home from the store that night she gathered the girls about her in the back yard, and told them of the condition of Bill Hammond, the drayman. She had heard the whole story. Bill had remarked, in Armand's hearing, that the Lecker girls had stayed old maids and worked themselves to death to support and school that kid brother of theirs, who probably wouldn't amount to any more in the long run than his father, old "Doc" Lecker. Armand had bridled up and warned Hammond that he wouldn't stand by and hear anybody speak ill of his dead father.

"Bub was so broke up by hearin' what he supposed was his dead father gittin' a black eye," Essie told her sisters, "that he was just about ready to bawl. So big Bill rubbed it into him."

"Your father," he says to bub, "was the wickedest old lub that ever struck this town, an' so lazy that he'd walk out on a frosty mornin' with his coat unbuttoned if his wife or girls didn't button it for him!"

"That's true," witnessed Hannah.

"You betchah!" said Jen.

"Well, Armand tied into him just the same," proceeded Essie, "and laid him out!"

"Laid him out! Big Bill Hammond?" cried the sisters, in one voice and with one intonation.

"Beat him up for further orders."

"Just a boy! Nothing but a boy!" chanted the sisters in unison.

"Isn't it strange," mused Hannah, "how a boy will stick up for his pa?"

"I should s-a-y!" drawled Lucy.

"No matter what kind of a pa he is," sighed Ann.

"And nobody could have a worse one than our boy had," declared Betsy, who spoke from personal knowledge.

"You betchah!" witnessed Jen.

From the day of Armand's fracas with big Bill Hammond, he was a changed boy. He gave up his baseball nine, and got a job in the butcher's shop. He tugged huge bundles of laundry to and from Betsy's customers; he brought up the coal for Jen, morning and night, until she declared she hadn't seen the basement for so long she'd be afraid to go down there alone for fear of getting lost. When it rained, he went after Ann or Hannah with an umbrella, and carried Essie's big rubbers to the store for her if, as usual, she had neglected to take them in the morning.

Before it was time for him to make his plunge into college life, he had earned and saved enough money to buy his own trunk and pay his first month's board.

At the end of his college experiences he was the handsomest man of his class, had taken the most honors, and was the only member who returned to his home town without being engaged to be married. He said he had too many responsibilities to be thinking of marriage for a good many years yet.

His home-coming was an ovation which began at the station, among those who were not immediate members of his family, and ended at home, among those who were.

Hannah had a fever case, and could not be present. It nearly broke her heart.

"I tell you, you are going to have easier times now that I am through!" boasted Armand. "You've been overworked all your lives, you women; but there's going to be a man at the bat from now on!"

They all squealed and giggled hilariously.

"I s'pose we can all have new fall suits," suggested Essie.

"And electricity in the house, and an iron," said Jen.

"And a washing-machine," Betsy put in.

"And a new sewing-machine," added Ann.

"And a piano," ventured Susie.

"And I'll give up teaching and come home and just sit!" drawled Lucy.

"You betchah!" said Jen, in a sarcastic tone; and they all cackled and giggled at the expense of their lazy sister.

"I don't care!" pouted Lucy. "I've sent Armand more money than any of the rest of you have!"

"Of course you have," said her brother. "As the committeeman said in his speech before the school, 'You have did noble!'"

"Well, you ought to!" said Betsy. "You had better tools to earn money with than the rest of us did. You had an education!"

The fame of Armand's triumphant finish went abroad. He had not been home a month when his mother received a letter. Before she finished reading it, she fainted dead away.

Hannah happened to be at home, and knew just what to do.

When the frightened girls had carried their mother into the bedroom, and while they were nearly smothering her with attentions, Armand picked up the letter that caused the commotion, and read it. It ran thus:

DEAR AMELIA:

Why have you neglected to inform me of the fact that I am the father of a son? Do not hide behind the excuse that you did not know my whereabouts; you might have advertised. You knew it was my unnatural dissatisfaction with our family—so many children, and all daughters—that drove me forth. When the doctor announced that another child was born, and that it was a girl, sickly and misshapen at that, I threw up the sponge.

The twin of this child, it seems, proved to be the son I had so long hoped for. Had I waited ten minutes longer, I probably should not have left home at all. You must have been aware of this, yet all these years you have kept the secret, leaving me to be enlightened by running across the list of graduates of the State university. Imagine my surprise to see my own name among the number, and my delight in discovering the fact that I have a son to lean upon in my old age!

I shall arrive at Hanksville Thursday night. Tell the boy to meet me at the station.

ARMAND.

Hannah stayed with Mrs. Lecker in the bedroom, but Betsy, Ann, Jen, Essie, Lucy, and Susie came boiling out into the kitchen.

"What was that letter?" demanded Essie.

"Father is coming home," replied Armand.

"My lord!" groaned Betsy.

"Oh, poor ma!" sobbed Ann.

"You betchah!" breathed Jen and leaned heavily against the drain-board.

"That ends our easy times," said Essie.

"Another lazy one in the family," moaned Lucy.

"Do you think, girls, that mother would be glad if he didn't come?" asked Armand slowly.

"It'll be the death of her!" Betsy burst forth.

Then she buried her face in her big red arms, and bellowed like the proverbial bull of Bashan. The whole family was stricken with grief. Hannah always wept, Susie often, and Lucy had been in the habit of shedding tears annually when she didn't pass examinations; but no one of them had ever seen Betsy cry before.

It was Thursday, and six o'clock. The six-o'clock train always pulled into Hanksville about seven. Armand put on his hat and went out.

The family sat around and shivered for an hour. Then the gate clicked, and Armand came in alone.

"He has changed his mind; he isn't coming," was all that Armand said.

There was a joyous stir all along the line, but not a sister asked a question; there was something in the boy's face which forbade it. But when Mrs. Lecker called to him from the bedroom, he went in and closed the door behind him. He sat down upon the edge of the bed and took his mother's hands in his.

"You—saw your father, Armand?"

"I did, and I sent him about his business."

"Oh, Armand, how could you? You are just the sort of son he longed for!"

"Um-m-m, yes, but—he isn't the sort of a father I longed for."

"How did he greet you, Armand?" Mrs. Lecker inquired.

"Well, old sport," he said, "you're a fine big chap and I'm your father."

"No, you're not," I said. "You are no relation to me, sir. I have had seven fathers, and their names are Betsy and Hannah and Ann and Jen and Essie and Lucy and Susan. They've worked for me, and saved for me, and made me whatever I am. That's what being a father means, and it's to them that I owe my allegiance. While they were toiling and saving," said I, "and giving up their youth in order to shoulder your responsibilities, you were taking it easy!"

"My son," he said, "I've seen the world, but I'm getting old now, and I need some one to take care of me."

"Well," said I, "you'll have to look to some one beside me, for I refuse to do it. I've got something of a burden on my hands already. I have eight sweet, loyal women to support and make comfortable, and I've only one pair of hands to do it with. I absolutely refuse to add one disloyal old man to the bunch. You say you've seen the world," said I; "now it's up to you to back track along, and pick out a place to end your days in—any place you like outside of Hanksville. Here's ten dollars, and here's the south-bound express, which will stop if it is flagged. And don't ever come this way again, for you will not be welcome!"

"Then I bundled him on to the express. And now, mother, do try to come out and eat a little bite of supper!"

### AT THE CLINIC

THE rows of eager faces  
Were smiling down on me;  
A flame of holy wonder  
Was their expectancy.  
Then one spoke gently, and I knew  
Their hope was not for me!

But after I am quiet,  
The withered stalk of pain  
Shall loose a floating promise  
That joy may bloom again;  
For some one lying here like me  
Shall rise and walk again!

*Lucy Heald*

# TOGETHER

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

AUTHOR OF "THE CLOWN'S CODE," "THE EVENT OF THE SEASON," ETC.

"DON'T you think it's a great idea?" said Whittler, looking at his wife enthusiastically.

Mrs. Whittler, her mind on other things, hadn't taken in the full significance of what her husband said. From surface indications she seemed rather indifferent.

"I wasn't listening closely," she said. "Tell me over again, my dear."

Whittler got up and sat down near her, with an earnest look on his face.

"Mary, do you remember our honeymoon days? How quickly the hours passed by, and what a heaven it was!"

"There, there!" said Mrs. Whittler, somewhat briskly. "That's all right, my dear—of course I remember it very well; but this is one of my busy days. Get down to the point."

"The point is simply this—we never see each other alone nowadays. Just think of it! Why, we really don't see each other at all. What I propose is that we shall set aside one day in the week when we can be together."

Whittler's eyes gleamed with sentiment. He took his wife's hand in his.

"Isn't it a grand idea?" he whispered. "One solid day enjoying each other's society!"

"Do you mean one day in each week, or just one day?" asked Mrs. Whittler, whose experience with a multiplicity of outside things had made her cautious.

"I mean one day in each week, of course; why not? Do you realize, my dear girl, that the whole human race puts aside one day in the week to rest, or to say that it rests, but two people who love each other as we do don't even take that much time together, or a fraction of it? Why, it's really pitiful when you come to think of it! Now I've selected Saturday."

"Saturday!" exclaimed Mrs. Whittler. "Don't you know that's my busiest day?"

"Well, any day that you say. I will arrange my business to suit. I consider that love between two people who understand each other as well as we do is more important than anything else. How about Monday?"

Mrs. Whittler began to smile. The impact of the idea had passed; but it really appealed to her.

"It was considerate of you," she said, "to speak of this. Do you know, I have often thought of it myself. Here we are ostensibly living together, but in reality seeing practically nothing of each other; and besides"—she put her soft hand upon his—"you work too hard, my dear. We ought to see more of each other. It would do us both a great deal of good. Let me see"—she paused thoughtfully—"how would Wednesday do?"

"Suits me!" said Whittler, somewhat dramatically.

"We might try Wednesday first and see."

"You mean one Wednesday?"

"Yes; and after that—"

"Don't you worry!" exclaimed Whittler. "After that it will be an established habit with us. Every Wednesday! I will put that down in my calendar, and we'll begin right off."

He kissed her enthusiastically, and with a new light in their eyes they went their respective ways.

## II

"WELL!" exclaimed Whittler, coming down to breakfast on Wednesday morning. "This is the day of days, indeed! I have arranged everything. I did all my ordering yesterday, and gave instructions not to be called up over the telephone. In fact, nothing can happen that I have not fully anticipated. I am yours, my dear, for the entire day!"

They chatted agreeably—almost ecstatically—during the entire course of the meal. When it was over, Whittler got up, went to his wife's chair, and kissed her on the forehead.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I am so happy I can scarcely see! Now, what shall we do?"

"Anything you say."

Whittler reached over and picked up the morning paper with an almost instinctive movement. Then he put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a cigar, and proceeded to cut off the end.

"I am yours," he replied.

As he spoke, he took out a match; but, arrested by the look that appeared on his wife's face, he suddenly stopped in the act of lighting it.

"Evidently, my dear," said Mrs. Whittler, "you are forgetting yourself!"

"Forgetting myself?"

"Certainly."

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't smoke and read the newspapers on our honeymoon. Do you realize what you are about to do?"

Whittler slid the cigar back into his pocket and tossed the paper on the table.

"You're right!" he said in a dazed tone. "My dear, it only goes to show how far away we are from each other. It was just a matter of habit with me to read the paper; and as for smoking—why, of course, I didn't think about it. Suppose we read the paper together? I will look over the head-lines, and if anything is interesting I will read it to you."

Mrs. Whittler folded up her napkin and rose from the table.

"There may be other things more unpleasant than being read to, but I cannot think of them just at this moment. No, thank you, my dear! I like to absorb my own information at first hand."

Whittler handed her the paper.

"Perhaps you would like to read it now," he said. "Don't let me interfere with your enjoyment. The pleasure of sitting here and looking at you is quite enough."

Mrs. Whittler grabbed the paper and riveted her eye on a full-page advertisement. Then she, too, tossed it aside.

"I was just about to do what you were doing," she said.

They strolled into the living-room. Both sat down.

Whittler crossed one leg and then crossed the other. The lack of his morning cigar was a pretty severe test of his temper. He drummed on the table with his hands.

"You seem nervous this morning," said Mrs. Whittler.

"Never felt better in my life. I have it! Let's take a walk."

"I hate walking."

"Well, can't you suggest something?" Mrs. Whittler's eye brightened.

"There's one thing," she said, "now that we are both home together. You see, we can do it together, too. It's a sort of common aim and purpose that we have." Her eye gleamed with anticipatory joy.

"Do you know," she continued, "I hadn't thought of it before, but it's exactly the thing!"

Whittler sniffed suspiciously.

"Is it something to do," he murmured faintly, "around the house?"

His wife jumped up energetically; the scent of the furniture trail and the spring cleaning was upon her.

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "For some time I've thought that the furniture in this house wasn't arranged right. Now let's go over the whole thing and fix it as we want it. I can have your judgment upon it—your superb judgment—and besides, it will give us both exercise. Above all, we'll be together!"

Whittler sat up with his hands in his pockets.

"This is not any deep-laid scheme of yours, is it?" he asked. "It looks kind of queer to me; because you know that if there is anything I hate, it's moving furniture. No, my dear"—with a simulated burst of affection he took both of his wife's hands in his—"you know that would be just as bad."

"But we must do something. We can't just sit here with folded hands."

"Why not? That's what we did on our honeymoon—just sat and looked at each other, and the hours flew by!"

Mrs. Whittler sighed.

"You forget," she said, "that things are different now. Perhaps, after all, it would be a good idea for you to read your paper while I go up-stairs and look after a few things."

"Well, it might not be a bad scheme," replied Whittler, "although please remember that I am not asking you to go."

Thereupon he sat and smoked for two hours.

### III

AT noon Mrs. Whittler reappeared. The telephone-bell had rung a few minutes before; but Whittler had remained supremely indifferent to it.

"It's strange," said Mrs. Whittler, "of all the days in the week, that—"

"What's up now?"

"Why, Mrs. Van Antler wants me to fill in at her bridge club. It's really quite urgent."

"Never!" Whittler faced his wife desperately. "So this is the outcome of it all, is it?" he exclaimed. "Here we make arrangements to stay home and enjoy each other's company, and the first thing you want to get out of it!"

"But, my dear, I don't; this is simply a question of obliging a friend. I would much rather stay here with you. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll take another afternoon off, and stay home with you some other day besides Wednesday."

"No!" Whittler's tone was emphatic. "A bargain's a bargain," he added.

"Very well, my dear!"

Mrs. Whittler telephoned to her friend, excusing herself, and then sat down to lunch with her husband. After it was over he grew suddenly thoughtful. At last he said:

"I don't know, after all, but you're right. If it is not too late, why don't you telephone her again, and tell her you'll come?"

Mrs. Whittler frowned.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed. "You have something on your mind."

Whittler picked out a cigar — this time without any timidity.

"Well, the fact is," he replied, "I have thought of something at the office that really ought to be done. If you don't mind, my dear, I'll run down there for a few minutes and come right back."

"Don't hurry yourself on my account."

"You're not angry, are you?"

"No; I'm not angry." She came over to her husband and put her arms around him. "On the contrary," she said, "I'm delighted—simply delighted! I never in my life wanted to get rid of anybody so much as I do of you. Ever since this morning I have been absolutely and unutterably miserable."

Whittler, in response, clasped her more closely in his arms.

"My dear girl," he exclaimed, "I feel exactly the same way! I don't know when I have been so unhappy, either. I can't wait to get down to the office; and as for you, do anything you please. Telephone Mrs. Van Antler and tell her you will be over there right away."

He rushed out to the hall and put on his hat.

"Good-by!" he exclaimed. "I haven't a minute to lose. Next time we make such fools of ourselves, don't let anybody know about it. Don't forget to telephone Mrs. Van Antler!"

His wife opened the door and shouted after him:

"Don't you worry—I've done it already!"

### STREET-LAMPS

I no not sing those guttering leagues of fire  
That flare against the stars and make them pale,  
Of whom the lightning is the harnessed sire;  
Of low-ranged, lesser lights I tell the tale.

Softly they take their being one by one  
From the lamplighter's hand, after the sun  
Has dropped to dusk.

Like little flowers they bloom,  
Set in long rows amidst the growing gloom.  
Who he who lights them is I do not know,  
Except that every eve, with footfall slow  
And regular, he passes by my room  
And sets his gusty flowers of light ablloom.

*Harry Kemp*



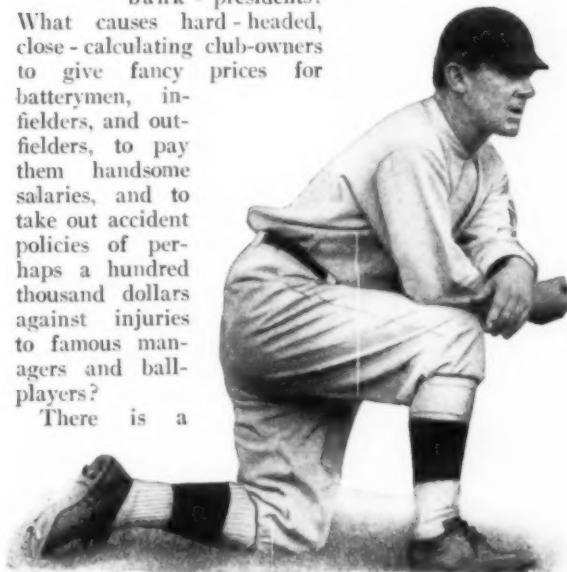
## THE STAR BALL-PLAYERS AND THEIR EARNINGS

BY FREDERICK COURtenay BARBER

**W**HY do the stars of the baseball diamond earn more than many bank - presidents?

What causes hard - headed, close - calculating club-owners to give fancy prices for battersmen, infielders, and outfielders, to pay them handsome salaries, and to take out accident policies of perhaps a hundred thousand dollars against injuries to famous managers and ball-players?

There is a



JOHN J. M'GRAW, FAMOUS IN THE WORLD OF BASEBALL AS  
MANAGER OF THE GIANTS

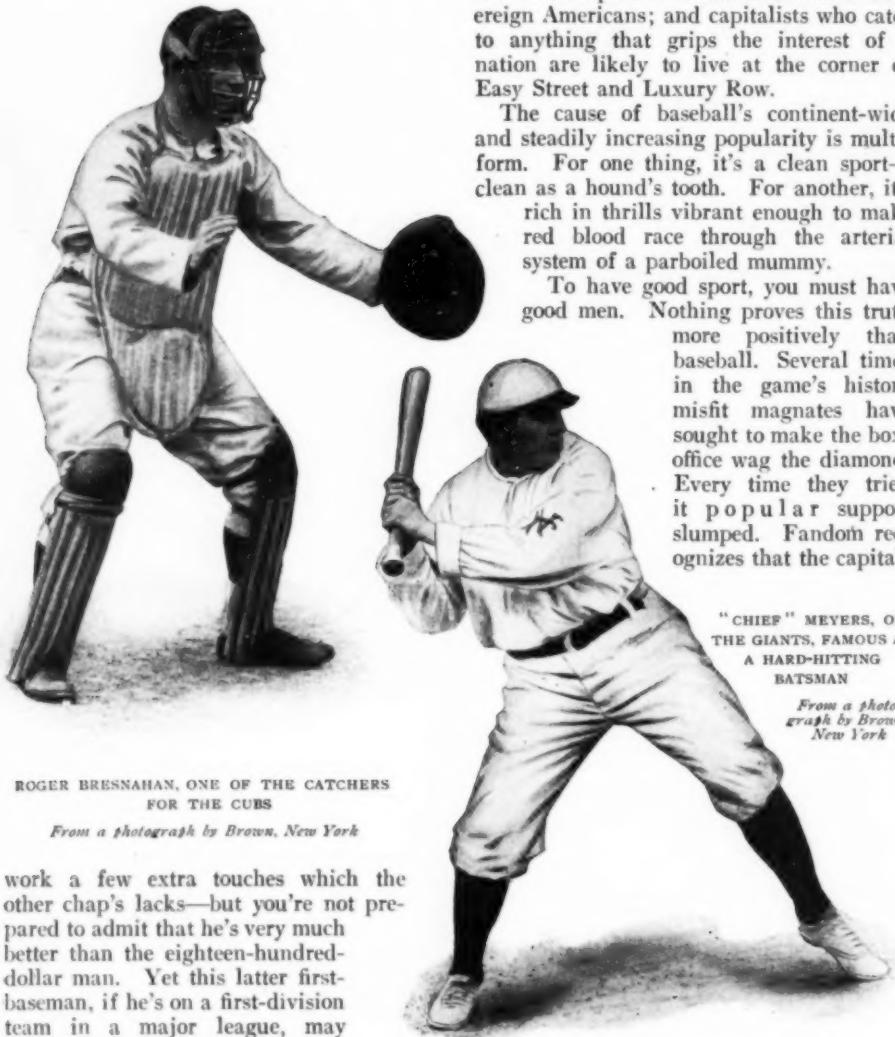
*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

separate answer for almost every really great man in the national game.

To the casual game-goer, the reason for the sky-scraping salary may be obscure. Although to most of the normal citizens of the United States baseball is a sport, although many of the players are in it for the fun as well as the money, there is a little group of clear-thinking, calm-eyed men to whom it is a business, first, last, and all the time. These are the capitalists, the men who own the league clubs, the men whom baseball reporters long ago classified with humorous grandiloquence as the "magnates."

You go to a ball-ground and see a capable - looking young man covering first base for the home team. He appears to know his business, to make few mistakes, and on the whole to be a pretty good performer. Perhaps his salary is eighteen hundred a year.

You see another man filling the same job in what, on the surface, seems to be about the same way. Of course, he may be a showier player, you say—may give his



ROGER BRESNAHAN, ONE OF THE CATCHERS  
FOR THE CUBS

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

work a few extra touches which the other chap's lacks—but you're not prepared to admit that he's very much better than the eighteen-hundred-dollar man. Yet this latter first-baseman, if he's on a first-division team in a major league, may draw six to eight thousand for his season's industry.

Where lies the difference? It may not be aggressively perceptible to the passing glance, but it's there. If you're an ordinarily enthusiastic fan, you may see it or you may not. If your fannishness is of the deckle-edged, double-breasted, inner-tube, twin-cylinder variety, you're sure to know it.

A basic fact essential to comprehension of the reason for the big salaries of the star

players is that baseball is not only the greatest game in the world, but also the most profitable investment in the field of athletics. Racing may be the sport of kings, but baseball is the sport of a hundred million sovereign Americans; and capitalists who cater to anything that grips the interest of a nation are likely to live at the corner of Easy Street and Luxury Row.

The cause of baseball's continent-wide and steadily increasing popularity is multi-form. For one thing, it's a clean sport—clean as a hound's tooth. For another, it's rich in thrills vibrant enough to make red blood race through the arterial system of a parboiled mummy.

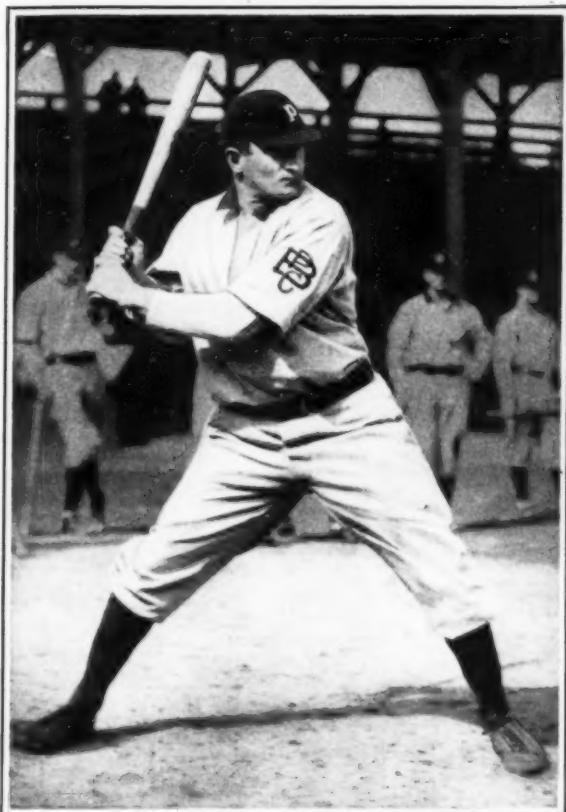
To have good sport, you must have good men. Nothing proves this truth more positively than baseball. Several times in the game's history misfit magnates have sought to make the box-office wag the diamond. Every time they tried it popular support slumped. Fandom recognizes that the capital-

"CHIEF" MEYERS, OF  
THE GIANTS, FAMOUS AS  
A HARD-HITTING  
BATSMAN

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

ists are in it chiefly for the profit, but never tolerates an attempt to make the game a mere money-grubbing proposition.

The fan who has no deep-rooted antipathy to money, and in ordinary affairs is perfectly willing to be a cheerful grub himself, won't let the ball magnate do any grubbing in the open. So the backers of league teams, big or bush, have to put a



"HONUS" WAGNER, SHORT-STOP OF THE PIRATES, AND A FAMOUS BATSMAN

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

lot of capital into the brains and brawn and blood and bulldoggedness that win games.

Baseball, despite the public passion for it, is not a necessary of life. If the common people don't like what the magnates give them, all they have to do is to stay away from the ball-grounds. You can't have a national game without a nation of game-goers.

So the very men to whom baseball is primarily a business are forced to put its sporting side foremost. Fandom demands good ball as well as straight ball, and fandom gets it, or down go the gate receipts.

As good ball means good players, the map of North America is constantly raked and scraped for men who give promise of stellar development. The season's crop is sifted and culled and selected until the leading teams of the two major leagues pretty nearly justify the old theatrical phrase — all-star aggregation. All of which leads us to the wherefore of the big players' big money.

Take Frank Chance, first-baseman and manager of the Highlanders, the player whose recent transfer from

the Chicago Nationals to the New York Americans is regarded as one of the most important interleague deals in the annals of the game. He is said to be the highest-salaried man on the diamond. Baseball writers credit him with getting twenty-five thousand dollars a year and five per cent of the club's profits. He is a consistent hitter, and always has been a good man on the getaway bag, but most of his success has been won as a team pilot.

Chance is a great manager because he studies every man on his team, and knows him

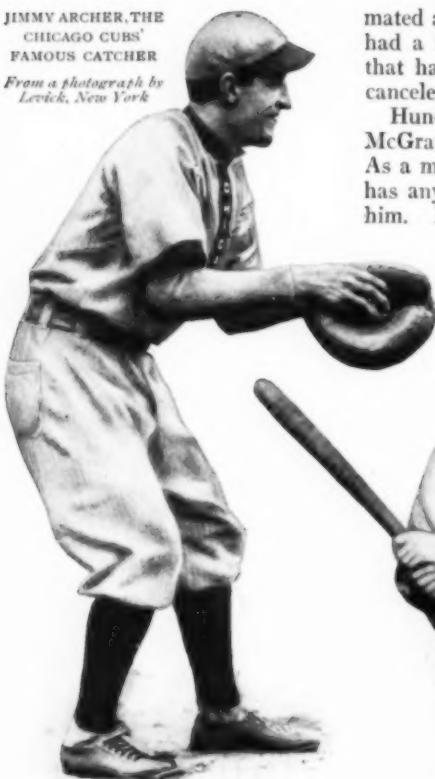


JAKE STAHL, MANAGER OF THE CHAMPION BOSTON AMERICANS

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

JIMMY ARCHER, THE  
CHICAGO CUBS'  
FAMOUS CATCHER

*From a photograph by  
Levick, New York*



like a brother. His achievements with the Cubs showed that he was thoroughly in touch with his men all the time, and could control them in crises that would have wrought the undoing of lesser commanders. No babes in arms, those Cubs! It took a first-rate man to handle them, and Chance's successor will have no sinecure.

This summer, the clever Chicagoan is expected to carry the New York outfit to long-deferred glory. Other high-class managers have tried to do that, and have failed, though it's a good team. What Chance does with the Highlanders will be watched through the season of 1913 by united fandom.

John J. McGraw, world-famous manager of the Giants, has been a war lord so long that thousands of fans have forgotten that he was also a remarkable player. The New York club of the National League pays him a salary esti-

mated at from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. He had a five-year contract at eighteen thousand a year that had two years to run, but the club voluntarily canceled it and increased his pay.

Hundreds of thousands of game-goers consider McGraw the best manager that baseball has known. As a molder of men, he is a marvel. If a youngster has any possibilities, McGraw can make a player of him. If he has a head as well as hands and feet, McGraw will make him a great player.

Far back in the days when Johnny McGraw was third-base-man of the brilliant Baltimore Orioles, the players knew his cleverness in discerning latent ability just as well as the fans recog-



JOHN FRANKLIN BAKER, THE HARD-HITTING BATSMAN OF THE ATHLETICS

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*



JOHNNY EVERE, THE NEW MANAGER OF THE CUBS

*From a photograph by Brown,  
New York*

nized his skill as an infielder. Even then he was regarded as a born leader and fighter—a man who would battle for his own and his team's rights from the first inning to the last, who played ball with speed, determination, and headiness.

If McGraw was not the originator of "inside ball," he was the man who made it popular. His success as a manager has been astonishing.

Not once since the beginning of his first full season at the head of the Giants have they finished out of the first division. He has won four National League pennants and a world's championship.

Ty Cobb, of the Tigers, is regarded by a large majority of fans as the greatest ball-player of all time. It is certain that in him the baseball instinct is more magnificently developed than in any other diamond star. He is an incarnation of the spirit of the game. It is that constantly alert instinctiveness of play that has placed him among the big money-getters. Theoretically, his salary last year was twelve thousand dollars; actually, it was nine thousand.

At the beginning of this spring, Cobb was said to be holding out for fifteen thousand. He is worth it to Detroit, or to any other city, for the quickness with which he takes advantage of every opportunity in a game puts his services high in the scale of values. His base-running is beautiful. If a bag is left uncovered ahead of him for an instant, he starts for it—and usually gets it. He likes to run around the diamond, stealing base after base by drawing wild throws from pouch to pouch.

Christy Mathewson's wonderful head goes a long way toward earning his nine thousand a year. Talk about students of the game! Matty studies it so closely that he follows the weakness of every player, and pitches precisely the kind of ball each batsman most detests.

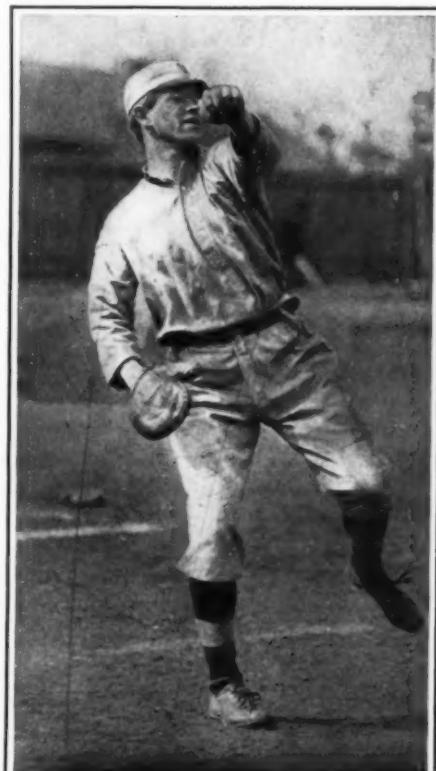
Mathewson's muscles may have suffered slightly with the lapse of time, but his mind has gained strength and agility. McGraw has kept him in his stellar position on the Giants' twirling staff in spite of the years that have passed since Christy burst upon metropolitan fandom as the Boy Wonder of the Polo Grounds. His fadeaway ball and his change of pace still are triumphs of art.

There are adherents of the New York Nationals who, if they could find Ponce de Leon's fountain, would buy it outright and ship it to Matty. Long may he wave!

Eight thousand is what the management of the White Sox pays Ed Walsh every year—not merely because he is the best-built boxer in the big leagues, but on account of his natural ability. His stur-

diness is valuable, for it enables him to stand more strain than almost any other mound-dweller, but it is far from being his strongest point. In 1908 his prowess was especially glittering. He won forty games and lost fifteen, taking part in two-fifths of all the contests the Chicago Americans fought that year.

Last season, in the final inning of one of Walsh's games, the score was three to two in favor of the Sox, but the Athletics filled the bases with none out. Next in the bat-



HAL CHASE, SECOND-BASEMAN OF THE NEW YORK AMERICANS

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

ting order came Connie Mack's three best hickory-hefters—Baker, McInnes, and Strunk. It looked like certain defeat for the Chicago team; but Walsh struck out Baker with three pitched balls. Next he fanned McInnes. Then he sent a twister to Strunk which made that batter ground out to the short-stop, the pitcher thus snatching victory from behind the palate of failure.

H an s Wagner,  
affectionately known  
as Honus, tucks  
away ten handy  
thousands every  
year as short-stop of  
the Pirates. Next to  
Cobb, he is probably the  
greatest player ever known.  
He smashed the record for con-  
sistent batsmanship last year by  
scoring above the three-hundred  
mark for his sixteenth successive  
season. Pop Anson, of the Chi-  
cago Nationals, did it for fifteen  
consecutive years; but Honus has  
never slumped below three hun-  
dred since he joined fast com-  
pany.

Not only is Wagner a  
husky willow-wielder, but  
he has speed to singe. To  
look at him, the big, loose-  
jointed chap, slouching over  
to short at the beginning of  
a battle, one would take him  
to be slower than cold mol-  
lasses or a Philadelphia  
funeral; but as he warms to  
his work it develops that  
he's faster than the Twen-  
tieth Century Limited. He  
covers much territory in addition to his own.

Joe Jackson, Cleveland's eight-thousand-dollar outfielder, ranks next to Ty Cobb as a batsman. He is a terrific slugger, and strips off extra base-hits as easily as a farmer's boy shucks corn at a husking-bee.

Jackson has been in big-league circles only two years. In his first year with the majors, his batting average was four hundred and eight, and last season he hit three

hundred and ninety-six, making an average of four hundred and two for the two years —better than any other young locust-lifter has ever done.

Another player who gets eight thousand a year, and earns it, is Johnny Evers, second baseman and now manager of the Cubs. Brains have a lot to do with that young man's success. He has speed, too, and hands which scoop almost everything going his way, but his head is his one best bet.

Like McGraw, Evers is an ardent advocate of "inside ball." He is a fair batter and base-runner, but his activity in the infield, directed by his vigilant mind and achieved with springy muscles, is what makes Chicagoans shout his praises to

to the breezes.

New York has reason to re-  
mem ber  
J ohnny's  
brain-work  
with regret.  
His pres-  
ence of

mind in tagging Fred Merkle, after that runner omitted to touch second base in a celebrated game, cost the Giants the League champion-  
ship in 1908.

Proof of Cobb's su-  
premacy lies in the fact  
that in almost every de-  
partment of the sport there  
is a man who is classed as  
next to him. One of those  
men is Tris Speaker of the  
Boston Americans — the  
world's champion Red  
Sox. Speaker is second to  
Cobb, and to Ty only, in  
versatility.

An automobile firm gives a machine each year to the player whom the baseball reporters pick as the most useful to his team. Just before one of the world's series games between the Red Sox and the Giants, in Boston last autumn, the touring-car was presented to Speaker. Tris is not so lightning fast as Cobb, nor so good a hitter, but he's a mighty handy man to have around a ball-field.

The "big four" among the outfielders



CHRISTY MATHEWSON, THE  
GIANTS' FAMOUS VETERAN  
PITCHER

*From a photograph by Brown,  
New York*

in the major leagues, by the way, are Southrons. Clyde Milan, of the Washington Americans, is one of them. He was born in Tennessee. Jackson hails from South Carolina, Cobb from Georgia, and Speaker from Texas.

Milan, speed marvel though he is, has to worry along on seven thousand a year. He is a high-gearred base-runner, an arrow in the alleys. He broke the American League record last year by pilfering perches to the number of eighty-eight. As he bats only three hundred and three, and gets to first base less often than Cobb or Speaker, his base-stealing mark is his special distinction. They have to watch Milan to keep him from spoiling all the diamonds on the circuit by wearing ruts along the edges.



JAKE DAUBERT, CAPTAIN AND FIRST-BASEMAN OF THE BROOKLYNS

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*



TYRUS COBB, OF DETROIT, GENERALLY  
REGARDED AS THE FOREMOST  
BALL-PLAYER

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*



CHARLIE DOOIN, MANAGER OF  
THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL  
LEAGUE TEAM

*From a photograph by Brown,  
New York*

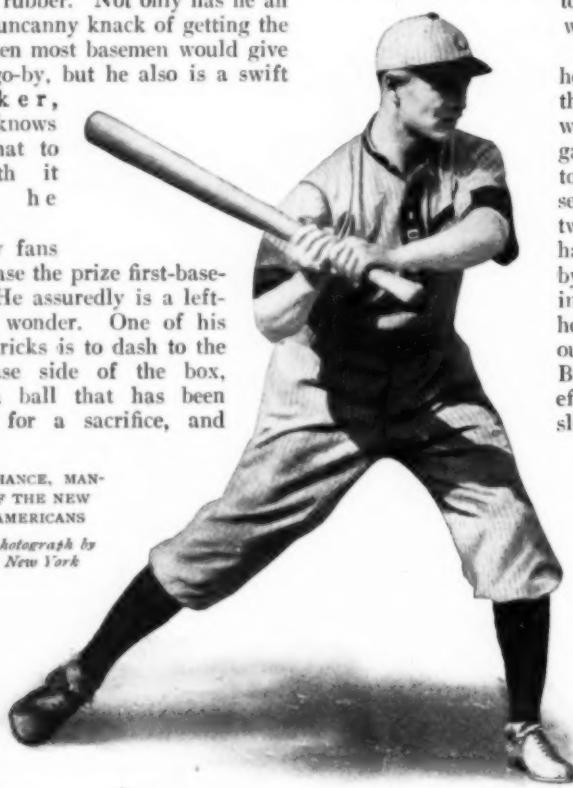
Charlie Dooin, manager of the Phillies, one of the lightest back-stops in the game, owes much of his seventy-five hundred a year to his strong right arm, and the rest to his crafty head. He is the leading inside catcher—knows what's going on all over the ball-field every minute, and is quick as a flash in taking advantage of his knowledge. He has acute managing judgment, but has always been handicapped by hard luck.

Hal Chase, the widely known infield star of the Hilltoppers, earned his eight-thousand-dollar salary as a first-baseman, last summer, from start to finish. In this year's preliminary season he began developing himself for the second bag, so that he might yield the primary pillow to Manager Chance without weakening the team's array of diamond-dusters. Second base has not always been well covered for the Highlanders, and rooters welcomed the idea of seeing Prince Hal in the place.

Chase has a first-chop pair of fielding hands—the best, in fact, in any infield. He electrified Hilltop fans in his first New York season by dragging down wild throws with arm-sweeps that seemed to brush the clouds, and by gathering in short hauls with reaches which made him look like a man of rubber. Not only has he an almost uncanny knack of getting the ball when most basemen would give it the go-by, but he also is a swift thinker, and knows just what to do with it when he gets it.

Many fans call Chase the prize first-base-man. He assuredly is a left-handed wonder. One of his parlor tricks is to dash to the third-base side of the box, scoop a ball that has been bunted for a sacrifice, and

FRANK CHANCE, MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK AMERICANS  
*From a photograph by Brown, New York*



flip it to the tertiary bag-holder for a force of a runner at third. Veterans assert that he is the only first-baseman who ever accomplished that feat. When one considers that the forward runner starts from second, usually with a good lead, as Chase goes after the ball, it will be seen that the infielder needs a marvelous burst of speed to make such a play successful.

Chase dazzled the Giants with the trick in 1910, but Austin, the third-baseman, let the throw go through him.

John Franklin Baker, whose two home runs in the 1911 world's series were fatal to the Giants' hopes, is a favorite son of the Philadelphia Americans. He draws the same salary as Chase.

Last year Baker drove in more runs than any other batsman. He is a hard-swinging, clean-up hitter of the old-style school of Wagner and Lajoie, a fine third-baseman, and far from slow as a base-runner. One of his strong points is the undaunted steadiness with which he rises

to emergencies, especially with a bat in his hands.

One day last summer he was playing against the Senators, who had won seventeen straight games, and needed three to tie the record for consecutive victories. Hughes, twirling for Washington, had the Athletics beaten by a score of one to nothing, and in the ninth round he had two Philadelphians out and two strikes on Baker. But with his last effort that ever-ready slugger leaned against the leather with a vigor that put the ball over the fence, and Connie Mack's men won in the tenth inning.

Baker holds the highest world's series batting average. His stick-work in 1910 and 1911 excelled that of any other player in the struggles for the baseball championship.

Evidence that something more than the money they make keeps star players in the national game is supplied by Jake Stahl, manager and first-baseman of the champion Boston Americans. Jake's legs are not so good as they were, but he is a satisfactory batsman, and he knows how to direct the destinies of a team. He retired from baseball for a year to be vice-president of a bank—a big institution that paid him even more than the ten thousand a year he receives for managing the Red Sox; but the call of the diamond was too strong for him, and the next season he donned the spangles again.

Stahl handled the Washington team in 1905 and 1906 with indifferent success, but

he has emphatically made good with the Red Sox. In 1911 Boston finished fifth in the American League; a year afterward Stahl made the Red Sox champions of the world.

He was a great baseball and football player when in college. Even to-day he is in the upper class of clean-up hitters. He is part owner of his team, and keeps the wolf from the grand stand gate most of the time.

It is because Jimmy Archer is the greatest catcher of his day that the Chicago National League club pays him seven thousand a year. He is an unusual player. For a time it was feared he was an in-and-outter. He was rejected as often as any of the six best sellers. Fred Clarke and Hughey Jennings turned him down. He might have gone on blushing unseen, if Kling had caught for the Cubs in 1909; but Kling didn't catch that year, so Jimmy got his chance.

Archer learned all he knows about hitting in the big leagues—and he knows a great deal that's well worth knowing. He is the greatest thrower behind the bat. Unlike most back-stops, he doesn't have to straighten up to hurl the ball. He throws from the squatting position which most catchers assume, but in which most of them are helpless to fling the sphere far or accurately.

In a Southern League game, when the bases were filled, Archer, while one man was at bat, caught all three of the runners napping. It has happened more than once that in a four-game series between the Cubs and the Giants not even a single attempt at base-stealing was made by McGraw's men, lively runners as they are. That's because Jimmy Archer was back-stopping for Chicago.

Jake Daubert is the best first-baseman in the National League, but he has to do the best he can with five thousand a year from Brooklyn. He is a great left-handed infielder of the Chase type, the top-notch batter of the Superbas, and a fine runner. He captains the team, and Brooklyn fandom looks to him confidently to improve the outfit's chances this year; for in the Borough of Churches they still dream of a pennant-winning past.

When it comes to pitchers, Walter Johnson, of the Washington crew, is the best either big league can show. He is so fast that they say he can pitch rings around a

cannon-ball. He twirls a swifter ball than any other slab artist.

Johnson pitches more small-hit games than anybody else. When he is on the mound, his team usually needs only one or two runs to win. He was mainly responsible for Washington's jump from seventh place to second in the American League last season. No wonder he gets nine thousand dollars a year.

Chief Meyers, of the Giants, is strictly a McGraw product. Manager John weighed all his good and bad points long ago, and set out to make him what he is—the hardest hitter in the National League.

Meyers catches almost every day. He is slow on his feet. A tap that would be an infield hit for an ordinary sprinter is likely to be an out for "the chief"; but he's a pinch-hitter, and steady, and well worth five thousand a year. Although a mission Indian, Meyers knows as much as many college men among the palefaces.

Eddie Collins, of the Athletics, gets seven thousand a year because he is the best second-baseman in the game. His fielding is clean and brainy; he is fast in the alleys, and a fine hitter. Collins is a Columbia University man. He is as popular in New York as in Philadelphia.

Roger Bresnahan, one of the back-stops for the Cubs, is an eight-thousand-dollar man. He started his career as a pitcher, but when he was with the Giants Manager McGraw made a catcher of him. Bresnahan is a good hitter and has a sturdy throwing arm. His chief value is found in his ability to keep young boxmen steady.

In rounding out even an incomplete roster of ball-players who get big money, Napoleon Lajoie must not be overlooked. Time was when he bulked large on the baseball horizon; and though no longer so prominent as he was, he is still a popular favorite.

Lajoie is another celebrated player who, like Chase, failed as a manager. The Cleveland Club raised his pay to nine thousand when he undertook to pilot the Naps, and when he laid down the reins of management his salary was not reduced. He is a hard, free-swinging hitter, and can place the ball in any field he likes. He is a remarkable fielder, though not fast. He belongs to the old school that is fast giving way to younger, cleverer players like Cobb, Collins, and Milan—the new school of speed, accuracy, and originality.

# THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

BY ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," ETC.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPICE) BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

**W**HEN Madeline Hammond stepped from the train at El Cajon, New Mexico, it was nearly midnight. Her first impression was of a huge, dark space of cool, windy emptiness, strange and silent, stretching away under white, blinking stars.

"Miss, there's no one to meet you," said the conductor, rather anxiously.

"I wired my brother," she replied. "The train being so late—perhaps he grew tired of waiting. He will be here presently. But—if he should not come—surely I can find a hotel?"

"There's lodgings to be had. Get the station-agent to show you. If you'll excuse me, this is no place for a lady like you to be alone at night. It's a rough little town—mostly Mexicans, miners, cowboys; and they carouse a lot. Besides, the revolution across the border has stirred up excitement along the line. Miss, I guess it's safe enough, if you—"

"Thank you! I am not in the least afraid."

As the train started to glide away Miss Hammond walked toward the dimly lighted station. As she was about to enter, she encountered a Mexican with sombrero hiding his features and a blanket mantling his shoulders.

"Is there any one here to meet Miss Hammond?" she asked.

"No *sabe, señora*," he replied from under the muffling blanket, and shuffled away into the shadow.

She entered the empty waiting-room. An oil-lamp gave out a thick yellow light. The

ticket-window was open, and through it she saw that there was neither agent nor operator in the little compartment. A telegraph-instrument clicked faintly.

Madeline Hammond stood tapping a shapely foot on the floor. With some amusement she contrasted her arrival in El Cajon with her usual reception when she left a train at the Grand Central. The only time she could remember being alone like this was once when she had missed her maid and her train at a place outside of Versailles—an adventure that had been a novel and delightful break in the prescribed routine of her much chaperoned life.

She crossed the waiting-room to a window, and, holding aside her veil, looked out. At first she could descry only a few dim lights, and these blurred in her sight. As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she saw a superbly built horse standing near the window. Beyond was a bare square; or, if it was a street, it was the widest one Madeline had ever seen.

The dim lights shone from low, flat buildings. She made out the dark shapes of many horses, all standing motionless with drooping heads. Through a hole in the window-glass came a cool breeze, and on it breathed a sound that struck coarsely upon her ear—a discordant mingling of laughter and shouting, and the tramp of boots to the hard music of a phonograph.

"Western revelry!" mused Miss Hammond, as she left the window. "Now, what to do? I'll wait here. Perhaps the station-agent will return soon, or Alfred will come for me."

As she sat down to wait she reviewed the causes which accounted for the remarkable situation in which she found herself. That Madeline Hammond should be alone, at a late hour, in a dingy little Western railroad-station, was indeed extraordinary.

The close of her débutante year had been marred by the only unhappy experience of her life—the disgrace of her brother and his leaving home. She dated from that time the beginning of a certain thoughtful habit of mind and of a growing dissatisfaction with the brilliant life society offered her.

The change had been so gradual that it was permanent before she realized it. For a while an active outdoor life—golf, tennis, yachting—kept this realization from becoming morbid introspection. There came a time when even these lost charm for her, and then she believed that she was indeed ill in mind.

Travel did not help her.<sup>10</sup> There had been months of unrest, of curiously painful wonderment that her position, her wealth, her popularity no longer sufficed. She believed that she had lived through the dreams and fancies of a girl to become a woman of the world. And she had gone on as before, a part of the glittering show, but no longer blind to the truth—that there was nothing in her luxurious life to make it significant.

Sometimes from the depths of her there flashed up, at odd moments, intimations of a future revolt. She remembered one evening at the opera, when the curtain had risen upon a particularly effective piece of stage scenery—a broad space of deep desolation, reaching away under an infinitude of night sky, illuminated by stars. The suggestion it brought of vast wastes of lonely, rugged earth, of a great blue-arched vault of starry sky, pervaded her soul with a strange, sweet peace.

When the scene was changed she lost this vague new sense of peace. Turning away from the stage in irritation, she looked at the long, curved tier of glittering boxes that represented her world. It was a distinguished and splendid world—the wealth, fashion, culture, beauty, and blood of a nation. She, Madeline Hammond, was a part of it.

She smiled, she listened, she talked to the men who came into the Hammond box between the acts, and yet she felt that there was not a moment when she was natural, true to herself. She wondered why these people could not somehow be different, but

she could not tell what she wanted them to be. If they had been different, they would not have fitted the place; indeed, they would not have been there at all. Yet she thought wistfully that, to her mind, they were lacking in something.

And suddenly, realizing she would probably marry one of these men if she did not revolt, she had been assailed by a great weariness, an icy, sickening sense that life had paled upon her. She was tired of fashionable society. She was tired of polished, imperturbable men who sought only to please her; she was tired of being feted, admired, loved, followed, and importuned; tired of people, tired of fine houses, luxury, ostentation, noise; tired of herself!

In the lonely distances and the passionless stars of boldly painted stage scenery she had caught a glimpse of something that stirred her soul. The feeling did not last. She could not call it back.

She imagined that the very boldness of the scene had appealed to her; she divined that the man who painted it had found inspiration, joy, strength, serenity, in rugged nature. And at last she knew what she needed—to be alone, to brood for long hours, to gaze out on lonely, silent, darkening stretches, to watch the stars, to face her soul, to find her real self!

Then it was that she had first thought of visiting the brother who had gone West to cast his fortune with the cattlemen. As it happened, she had friends who were on the eve of starting for California, and she made a quick decision to travel with them.

When she calmly announced her intention, her mother had exclaimed in consternation. Her father, surprised into pathetic memory of the black sheep of the family, had stared at her with glistening eyes.

"Why, Madeline! You want to see that wild boy?"

Then he had reverted to the anger he still felt against his wayward son, and had forbidden Madeline to go. Her mother forgot her haughty poise and dignity. Madeline, however, had exhibited a will she had never been known to possess; she stood her ground, even to reminding them that she was twenty-four and her own mistress. In the end she had prevailed, and that without betraying the real state of her mind.

Her decision to visit her brother had been too hurriedly made and acted upon to give her time to write to him about it, and so

she had telegraphed from New York, and again, a day later, from Chicago, where her traveling friends had been delayed by illness. Nothing could have turned her back then.

Madeline had planned to arrive in El Cajon on the 3rd of October, her brother's birthday, and she had succeeded, though her arrival occurred at the twenty-fourth hour. Her train had been seven hours late. Whether or not the message had reached Alfred's hands she had no means of telling, and the thing which concerned her now was the fact that she had arrived and he was not there to meet her.

It did not take long for thought of the past to give way wholly to the reality of the present.

"I hope nothing has happened to Alfred," she said to herself. "He was well, doing splendidly, the last time he wrote. To be sure that was a good while ago, but then he never wrote often. He's all right, I'm sure. Pretty soon he'll come, and how glad I'll be! I wonder if he will be very much changed."

As she sat waiting in the yellow gloom she heard the faint, intermittent click of the telegraph-instrument, the low hum of wires, the occasional stamp of an iron-shod hoof, and a distant laugh rising above the sounds of the dance. These commonplace things were new to her. She became conscious of a slight quickening of her pulse.

Madeline had only a limited knowledge of the West. Like all of her class, she had traveled Europe and had neglected America. A few letters from her brother had only confused her already vague ideas of plains and mountains, as well as of cowboys and cattle. She had been astounded at the interminable distance she had traveled. If there had been anything attractive to look at in all that journey, she had passed it in the night. And here she sat in a dingy little station, with telegraph-wires moaning a lonely song in the wind.

## II

A FAINT sound, like the rattling together of thin chains, diverted Madeline's attention. At first she imagined it was made by the telegraph-wires. Then she heard a step. The door swung wide. A tall man entered, and with him came the clinking rattle. She realized, then, that the sound came from his spurs.

The man was a cowboy, and his entrance

vividly recalled to her that of Dustin Farnum in the first act of "*The Virginian*."

"Will you please direct me to a hotel?" asked Madeline, rising.

The cowboy removed his sombrero. The sweep he made with it, and the accompanying bow, despite their exaggeration, had a kind of rude grace.

He took two long strides toward her.

"Lady, are you married?"

In the past, Miss Hammond's sense of humor had often helped her to overlook critical exactions natural to her breeding. She kept silence, and she imagined it was just as well that her veil hid her face at the moment. She had been prepared to find cowboys rather striking, and she had been warned not to laugh at them.

This gentleman of the range deliberately reached down and took up her left hand. Before she recovered from her start of amaze, he had stripped off her glove.

"Fine spark, but no wedding-ring!" he drawled. "Lady, I'm sure powerful glad to see you're not married!" He released her hand and returned the glove. "You see, the only ho-tel in this here town is some against boarding married women."

"Indeed?" said Madeline, trying to adjust her wits to the situation.

"It sure is," he went on. "Bad business for ho-tels to have married women. Keeps the boys away. You see, this isn't Reno."

Then he laughed boyishly, and Madeline realized that he was half drunk. As she instinctively recoiled, she not only gave him a keener glance, but stepped into a position where a better light shone on his face. It was like red bronze, bold, raw, sharp. He laughed again, as if good-naturedly amused with himself, and the laugh scarcely changed the hard set of his features.

Like that of all women whose beauty and charm bring them much before the world, Miss Hammond's intuition had been developed until she had a delicate and exquisitely sensitive perception of the nature of men, and of her effect upon them. This crude cowboy, under the influence of drink, had affronted her; nevertheless, whatever was in his mind, he meant no insult.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you will show me to the hotel," she said.

"Lady, you wait here," he replied, slowly, as if his thought did not come swiftly. "I'll go—fetch the porter."

She thanked him, and as he went out, closing the door, she sat down, considerably relieved. It occurred to her that she should have mentioned her brother's name.

Then she fell to wondering what living with such uncouth cowboys had done to Alfred. He had been wild enough in college, and she doubted whether any cowboy could have taught him much. None of her family except herself had believed that there was even latent good in Alfred Hammond, and her faith in her brother had scarcely survived two years of almost complete silence.

Waiting there, she again found herself listening to the moan of the wind through the wires. The horse outside began to pound with heavy hoofs, and once he whinnied. Then Madeline heard a rapid pattering, low at first, but growing louder, which presently she recognized as the galloping of horses.

She went to the window, thinking, hoping, that her brother had arrived. As the clatter increased to a roar, shadows sped by—lean horses, flying manes and tails, sombreroed riders, all strange and wild in her sight.

Recalling what the conductor had said, she was at some pains to quell her uneasiness. Dust clouds shrouded the dim lights in the windows. Then out of the gloom two figures appeared, one tall, the other slight. The cowboy was returning with a porter.

Heavy footsteps sounded without, and lighter ones dragging along; and then, suddenly, the door rasped open, jarring the whole room. The cowboy entered, pulling a disheveled figure—that of a priest, a *padre*, whose mantle had manifestly been disarranged by the rude grasp of his captor. Plain it was that the *padre* was extremely terrified.

Madeline Hammond gazed in bewilderment at the little man, so pale and shaken, and a protest trembled upon her lips; but it was never uttered. For this half-drunken cowboy now appeared to be a cool, grim-smiling devil. Stretching out a long arm, he grasped her and swung her back to the bench.

"You stay there!" he ordered.

His voice, though neither brutal nor harsh nor cruel, had the unaccountable effect of making her feel powerless to move. No man had ever before addressed her in such a tone. It was the woman in her that

obeyed, not the personality of proud Madeline Hammond.

The *padre* lifted his clasped hands, as if supplicating for his life, and began to speak hurriedly in Spanish. Madeline did not understand the language.

The cowboy pulled out a huge gun, and brandished it in the priest's face. Then he lowered it, apparently to point it at the unlucky man's feet. There came a red flash and a thundering report that stunned Madeline. The room filled with smoke and the smell of powder.

Madeline did not faint, or even shut her eyes, but she felt as if she were fast in a cold vise. When she could see distinctly through the smoke, she experienced a sensation of immeasurable relief on finding that the cowboy had not shot the *padre*; but he was still waving the gun, and now appeared to be dragging his victim toward her.

What could be the drunken fool's intention? This must be—this surely was—a cowboy trick! She had a swiftly flashing recollection of Alfred's first letters descriptive of the extravagant fun of cowboys. Then she vividly remembered a motion picture she had seen—cowboys playing a monstrous joke on a lone school-teacher.

Madeline decided that her brother was introducing her to a little wild West amusement. She could scarcely believe it, yet it must be true. Alfred's old love of teasing her might have extended even to this outrage. Probably he stood just outside the door or window, laughing at her embarrassment.

Anger checked her panic. She straightened up with what composure this surprise had left her, and started for the door; but the cowboy grasped her arms and barred her passage. Then Madeline divined that her brother could not have any knowledge of this indignity. It was no trick. It was something that was happening—that was real—that threatened she knew not what.

She tried to wrench free, feeling hot all over at the touch of this drunken brute. Poise, dignity, culture, all the acquired habits of character, fled before the instinct to fight.

She was athletic. She fought. She struggled desperately; but he forced her back with hands of iron. She had never known a man could be so strong. And then it was the man's coolly smiling face, the

paralyzing strangeness of his manner, more than his strength, that weakened Madeline until she sank trembling against the bench.

"What—do you—mean?" she panted.

"Dearie, ease up a little on the bridle!" he replied, gaily.

Surely Madeline was dreaming! She could not think clearly. It had all been too swift, too terrible for her to grasp. Yet she not only saw this man, but also felt his powerful presence; and the shaking priest, the haze of blue smoke, the smell of powder—these were not unreal.

Then close before her eyes burst another blinding red flash, and close at her ears bellowed another deafening report. Unable to stand upright, Madeline slipped down upon the bench.

Her drifting faculties refused clearly to record what transpired during the next few moments. Presently, however, as her mind steadied somewhat, she heard, as in a dream, the voice of the *padre* hurrying over strange words. It ceased, and then the cowboy's voice stirred her:

"Lady, say '*Si*.' Say it—quick. Say it—'*Si*!'"

From sheer suggestion, a force irresistible at this moment when her will was clamped by panic, she spoke the word.

"And now, lady, so we can finish this sure proper, what's your name?"

Still obeying mechanically, she told him.

He stared for a while, as if the name had awakened associations in a mind somewhat befogged. He leaned back unsteadily. Madeline heard the expulsion of his breath, a kind of hard puff, not unusual in drunken men.

"What name?" he demanded.

"Madeline Hammond. I am Alfred Hammond's sister."

He put his hand up and brushed at an imaginary something before his eyes. Then he loomed over her, and that hand, now shaking a little, reached out for her veil. Before he could touch it, however, she swept it back, revealing her face.

"You're—not—*Majesty* Hammond?"

How strange—stranger than anything that had ever happened to her before—it was to hear that name on the lips of this cowboy! It was a name by which she was familiarly known, though only those nearest and dearest to her had the privilege of using it. It revived her dulled faculties, and by an effort she regained control of herself.

"You are *Majesty* Hammond!" he repeated, and this time he affirmed wonderingly rather than questioned.

Madeline arose and faced him.

"Yes, I am."

He slammed his gun back into its holster.

"Well, I reckon we won't go on with it, then!"

"With what, sir? And why did you force me to say '*Si*' to this priest?"

"I reckon that was a way I took to show him you'd be willing to get married."

"Oh! You—you—" Words failed her.

This appeared to galvanize the cowboy into action. Grasping the *padre*, he led him toward the door, cursing and threatening, no doubt enjoining secrecy. Then he pushed him across the threshold, and stood there, breathing hard and wrestling with himself.

"Here—wait—wait a minute, Miss—Miss Hammond," he said, huskily. "You could fall into worse company than mine, though I reckon you sure think not. I'm pretty drunk, but I'm—all right otherwise. Just wait—a minute!"

She stood quivering and blazing with wrath, and watched this savage fight his drunkenness. He seemed like a man who had suddenly been shocked into a rational state of mind, and was battling with himself to hold on to it.

Madeline saw the dark, damp hair lift from his brow as he held it up to the cool wind. Above him she saw the white stars in the deep-blue sky, and they seemed as unreal to her as any other thing of this strange night. They were cold, brilliant, aloof, distant; and looking at them, she felt her wrath lessen and die and leave her calm.

The cowboy turned and began to talk.

"You see—I was pretty drunk," he labored. "There was a *fiesta*—and a wedding. I do fool things when I'm drunk. I made a fool bet I'd marry the first girl who came to town. If you hadn't worn that veil! The fellows were joshing me—and Ed Linton was getting married—and everybody always wants to gamble. I must have been pretty drunk!"

After the one look at her when she had first put aside her veil, he had not raised his eyes to her face. His cool audacity had vanished in what was either excessive emotion or the maudlin condition peculiar to some men when drunk. He could not stand still; perspiration collected in beads upon

his forehead; he kept wiping his face with his scarf; and he breathed like a man after violent exertions.

"You see, I was pretty—" he began.

"Explanations are not necessary," she interrupted. "I am very tired and distressed. The hour is late. Have you the slightest idea what it means to be a gentleman?"

His bronzed face burned to a flaming crimson.

"Is my brother here in town to-night?" Madeline went on.

"No. He's at his ranch."

"But I wired him!"

"Like as not the message is over in his box at the P. O. He'll be in town to-morrow. He's shipping cattle for Stillwell."

"Meanwhile I must go to a hotel. Will you please—"

If he heard her last words, he showed no evidence of it. A noise outside had attracted his attention. Madeline listened.

Low voices of men, the softer liquid tones of a woman, drifted in through the open door. They spoke in Spanish, and the voices grew louder. Evidently the speakers were approaching the station. Footsteps crunching on gravel attested to this, and quicker steps, coming with deep tones of men in anger, told of a quarrel. Then the woman's voice, hurried and broken, rising higher, was eloquent of vain appeal.

The cowboy's demeanor startled Madeline into anticipation of something dreadful. She was not deceived. From outside came the sound of a scuffle—a muffled shot—a groan—the thud of a falling body—a woman's low cry—and footsteps padding away in rapid retreat.

Madeline Hammond leaned weakly back in her seat, cold and sick. For a moment her ears throbbed to the tramp of the dancers across the way, and the rhythm of the cheap music. Then into the open doorway flashed a girl's tragic face, lighted by dark eyes and framed by dusky hair.

The girl reached a slender brown hand round the side of the door, and held on, as if to support herself. A long black scarf accentuated her gaudy attire.

"Señor Gene!" she exclaimed; and breathless, glad recognition made a sudden break in her terror.

"Bonita!" The cowboy leaped to her. "Girl! Are you hurt?"

"No, señor."

He took hold of her.

"Somebody got shot. Was it Danny?"

"No, señor."

"Did Danny do the shooting? Tell me, girl!"

"No, señor."

"I'm sure glad. I thought Danny was mixed up in that. He had Stillwell's money for the boys. Say, Bonita, but *you'll* get in trouble! Who was with you? What did you do?"

"Señor Gene—they Don Carlos vaqueros—they quarrel over me—I only dance a leetle, smile a leetle—and they quarrel. I beg they be good—watch out for Sheriff Hawe—and now Sheriff Hawe put me in jail. I so frighten! He try make leetle love to Bonita once, and now he hate me like he hate Señor Gene."

"Pat Hawe won't put you in jail! Take my horse, and hit the Peloncillo trail. Bonita, promise to stay away from El Cajon!"

"Sí, señor."

He led her outside. Madeline heard the horse snort and champ his bit. The cowboy spoke low; only a few words were intelligible:

"Stirrups—wait—out of town—mountain—trail—now ride!"

A moment's silence ensued, broken by a pounding of hoofs, a pattering of gravel. Then Madeline saw a big dark horse run into the wide space. She caught a glimpse of wind-swept scarf and hair, and a little form low down in the saddle. The horse streaked black across the line of dim lights. There was something wild and splendid in its flight.

Directly the cowboy appeared again in the doorway.

"Miss Hammond, I reckon we want to rustle out of here. Been bad goings-on; and there's a train due!"

She hurried into the open air, not daring to look back or to either side. Her guide strode swiftly. She had almost to run to keep up with him.

Many conflicting emotions confused her. She had a strange sense of this stalking giant beside her, silent except for his jingling spurs. She had a strange feeling of the cool, sweet wind and the white stars. Was it only her disordered fancy, or did these wonderful stars open and shut?

She had a queer, disembodied thought that somewhere in ages back, in another life, she had seen these stars. The night seemed dark, yet there was a pale light—

a light from the stars—and she fancied it would always haunt her.

Suddenly aware that she had been led beyond the line of houses, she spoke:

"Where are you taking me?"

"To Florence Kingsley," he replied.

"Who is she?"

"I reckon she's your brother's best friend out here."

Madeline kept pace with the cowboy for a few moments longer, and then she stopped, as much because she had to catch her breath as from recurring fear. All at once she realized how useless her training had been for such an experience as this. The cowboy, missing her, came back the few intervening steps. Then he waited, still silent, looming beside her.

"It's so dark—so lonely!" she faltered. "How do I know—what warrant can you give me—that you—that no harm will befall me if I go farther?"

"None, Miss Hammond, except that I've seen your face!"

### III

BECAUSE of that singular reply, Madeline found faith to go farther with the cowboy; although, at the moment, she really did not think about what he had said. Any answer to her would have served, if it had been kind.

His silence had augmented her nervousness, compelling her to voice her fear. Still, even if he had not replied at all, she would have gone on with him. She shuddered at the idea of returning to the station, where she believed there had been murder; she could hardly have forced herself to go back to those dim lights in the street; she did not want to wander around alone in the dark until morning came.

As she walked on into the windy darkness, much relieved that he had answered as he had, reflecting that he had yet to prove his words true, she began to grasp the deeper significance of them. There was a regurgitation of pride that made her feel that she ought to scorn to think at all about such a man. But Madeline Hammond discovered that thought was involuntary, that there were feelings in her never dreamed of before this night.

Presently Madeline's guide turned off the walk and rapped at the door of a low-roofed house.

"Hello! Who's there?" a deep voice answered.

"Gene Stewart," said the cowboy. "Call Florence, quick!"

Thump of footsteps followed, a tap on a door, and voices. Madeline heard a woman exclaim:

"Gene! Here when there's a dance in town! There must be something wrong out on the range!"

A light flared up and shone brightly through a window. In another moment there came a patter of soft steps, and the door opened, to disclose a woman holding a lamp.

"Gene! Al's not—"

"Al is all right," interrupted the cowboy.

Madeline had two sensations then—one of wonder at the note of alarm and love in the woman's voice, and the other of unutterable relief to be safe with a friend of her brother's.

"It's Al's sister—came on to-night's train," the cowboy was saying. "I happened to be at the station, and I've fetched her up to you."

Madeline came forward out of the shadow.

"Not—not really *Majesty* Hammond!" exclaimed Florence Kingsley, nearly dropping the lamp in her surprise.

She looked and looked, astounded beyond belief.

"Yes, I am really she," replied Madeline. "My train was late, and for some reason Alfred did not meet me. Mr.—Mr. Stewart saw fit to bring me to you, instead of taking me to a hotel."

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you!" replied Florence, warmly. "Do come in! I'm so surprised, I forget my manners. Why, Al never mentioned your coming!"

"He surely could not have received my messages," said Madeline, as she entered.

The cowboy, who came in with her satchel, had to stoop to enter the door; and once in, he seemed to fill the room. Florence set the lamp down upon a table. Madeline saw a young woman with a smiling, friendly face, and a profusion of fair hair hanging down over her red dressing-gown.

"Oh, but Al will be glad!" cried Florence. "Why, you are white as a sheet! You must be tired—what a long wait you had at the station! I heard the train come in hours ago, as I was going to bed. That station is lonely at night. If I had known you were coming! Indeed, you are very pale—are you ill?"

"No—only I am very tired. Traveling so far by rail is harder than I imagined. I did have rather a long wait after arriving at the station, but I can't say that it was lonely."

Florence Kingsley searched Madeline's face with keen eyes, and then took a long, significant look at the silent Stewart. With that she deliberately and quietly closed a door leading into another room.

"Miss Hammond, what has happened?" She had lowered her voice.

"I do not wish to recall all that has happened," replied Madeline. "I shall tell Alfred, however, that I would rather have met a hostile Apache than a cowboy."

"Please don't tell Al that!" cried Florence. Then she grasped Stewart and pulled him close to the light. "Gene, you're drunk!"

"I was pretty drunk," he replied, hanging his head.

"Oh, what have you done?"

"Now see here, Flo, I only—"

"I don't want to know. I'd tell it. Gene, aren't you ever going to learn decency? Aren't you ever going to stop drinking? You've lost most of your friends. Stillwell has stuck to you. Al's been your best friend. Molly and I have pleaded with you. And now what have you gone and done?"

"What do women want to wear veils for?" he growled. "I'd have known her but for that darned veil!"

"And you wouldn't have insulted *her*; but you would the next girl who came along. Gene, you are hopeless! Now, you get out of here and don't ever come back!"

"Flo!" he entreated.

"I mean it."

"I reckon, then, I'll come back to-morrow and take my medicine," he replied.

"Don't you dare!" she cried.

Stewart went out and closed the door.

"Miss Hammond, you—you don't know how this hurts me," said Florence. "What you must think of us! It's so unlucky that you should have had this happen right at first. I'm afraid you won't have the heart to stay. Oh, I've known more than one Eastern girl go home without ever learning what we really are out here. Miss Hammond, Gene Stewart is a fiend when he's drunk; but all the same I *know*, whatever he did, he meant no shame to you. Come now, don't think about it again to-night!" She took up the lamp, and led Madeline

into a little room. "This is out West," she went on, smiling as she indicated the few furnishings, "but you can rest. You're perfectly safe. Can't I do anything for you? Won't you let me help you undress?"

"You are very kind, thank you, but I can manage," replied Madeline.

"Well, then, good night. The sooner I go the sooner you'll rest. Just forget what happened and think how fine a surprise you're to give your brother to-morrow!"

With that she slipped out and softly shut the door.

As Madeline laid her watch on the bureau, she noticed that the time was past two o'clock. It seemed long since she had left the train. When she had turned out the lamp, and crept wearily into bed, she knew what it was to be utterly spent. She was too tired to move a finger; but her brain whirled.

She had at first no control over it, and a thousand thronging sensations came and went and recurred with little logical relation. There were the roar of the train; the feeling of being lost; the sound of pounding hoofs; a picture of her brother's face as she had last seen it, five years before; a long, dim line of lights; the jingle of silver spurs; night, wind, darkness, stars.

Then the gloomy station—the shadowy, blanketed Mexican—the empty room—the dim lights across the square—the tramp of the dancers, vacant laughs, and discordant music—the door flung wide, and the entrance of the cowboy. Madeline did not recall how he had looked or what he had done. The next instant she saw him cool, smiling, devilish—saw him in violence; the next, his bigness, his apparel, his physical being were vague as outlines in a dream.

The white face of the *padre* flashed along in her train of thought, and it brought the same dull, half blind, indefinable state of mind which had followed that last nerve-breaking pistol-shot. This, too, passed; and then, clear and vivid, rose memories of the night's later events—strange voices betraying fury of men—a deadened report—a moan of mortal pain—a woman's poignant cry. Madeline saw the girl's great, tragic eyes, the wild flight of the big horse into the blackness, the dark, stalking figure of the silent cowboy, and the white stars that seemed to look down remorselessly.

This tide of memory rolled over Madeline again and again, and gradually lost its

power and faded. All distress left her, and she felt herself drifting.

How black the room was—as black with her eyes open as it was when they were shut! And the silence—it was like a cloak. There was absolutely no sound. She was in another world from that which she knew. She thought of this fair-haired Florence, and of Alfred; and, wondering about them, she dropped to sleep.

#### IV

WHEN Madeline awakened, the room was bright with sunlight. A cool wind blowing across the bed caused her to put her hands under the blanket. She was lazily and dreamily contemplating the mud walls of the little room when she remembered where she was and how she had come there.

How great a shock she had undergone was manifest in the sensation of disgust that overwhelmed her. She even shut her eyes to try to blot out the recollection of what had happened. She felt that she had been contaminated.

Presently she again awoke to the fact she had learned the preceding night—that there were emotions to which she had heretofore been a stranger. She did not try to analyze them, but she exercised her self-control to such good purpose that by the time she had dressed she was outwardly her usual self. She scarcely remembered when she had found it necessary to control her emotions. There had been no trouble, no excitement, no unpleasantness in her life. It had been ordered for her—tranquil, luxurious, brilliant, varied, yet always the same.

She was going out to make inquiry about her brother when a voice arrested her. She recognized Miss Kingsley's voice addressing some one outside, and it had a sharpness she had not noted before.

"So you came back, did you? Well, you don't look very proud of yourself this mawnin'. Gene Stewart, you look like a coyote!"

"Say, Flo, if I am a coyote I'm not going to sneak," he said.

"What did you come for?" she demanded.

"I said I was coming round to take my medicine."

"Meaning you'll not run from Al Hammond? Gene, your skull is as thick as an old cow's. Al will never know anything

about what you did to his sister, unless you tell him; and if you do that, he'll shoot you. *She* won't give you away. She's a thoroughbred. Why, she was so white last night I thought she'd drop at my feet; but she never blinked an eyelash. I'm a woman, Gene Stewart, and if I couldn't feel like her, I know how awful an ordeal she must have had. Why, she's one of the most beautiful, the most sought after, the most exclusive women in New York! There's a crowd of millionaires and lords and dukes after her. You can't *understand* what kind of a woman she is—you've not got sense enough. If you had any, you might imagine how terrible, how unendurable, it would be for a woman like her to be pawed and hugged and kissed by a drunken cow-puncher. I say it!"

"Good Heavens, Flo, I never insulted her that way!" broke out Stewart.

"It was worse, then?" she queried sharply.

"I reckon it was. I made a bet that I'd marry the first girl who came to town. I was on the watch for the train, and I was pretty drunk. When she came—well, I got Padre Marcos, and tried to bully her into marrying me."

"Oh, Lord!" Florence gasped. "It's worse than I feared. Gene, Al will kill you!"

"Sure he will, and that'll be a darned good thing," replied the cowboy, in utter dejection.

"Gene Stewart, it certainly would, unless you turn over a new leaf," retorted Florence. "But don't be a fool." She became earnest and appealing. "Go away, Gene. Go join the rebels across the border—you're always threatening that. Anyhow, don't stay here and run any chance of stirring Al up. He'd kill you just the same as you would kill another man for insulting your sister. Don't make trouble for Al. That would only make sorrow for *her*, Gene!"

The subtle import was not lost upon Madeline. She was distressed because she could not avoid hearing what was not meant for her ears. She made an effort not to listen, but it was futile.

"Flo, you can't see this a man's way," he replied, quietly. "I'll stay and take my medicine."

"Gene, I could sure swear at you, or any other pighead of a cowboy! Listen. My brother-in-law, Jack, heard something of

what I said to you last night. He doesn't like you. I'm afraid he'll tell Al. For Heaven's sake, man, go down-town and shut him up—and yourself, too!"

Then Madeline heard Florence come into the house. Presently she rapped on the door and called softly:

"Miss Hammond, are you awake?"

"Awake and dressed, Miss Kingsley. Come in!"

"Oh! You've rested, I can see. You look so—so different. I'm sure glad. Come out now, please. We'll have breakfast, and then you may expect to meet your brother any moment."

"Wait a minute, please—I heard you speaking to Mr. Stewart. It was unavoidable; but I am glad. I must see him. Will you please ask him to come into the parlor for a moment?"

"Yes," replied Florence quickly. As she turned at the door, she flashed at Madeline a woman's meaning glance. "Make him keep his mouth shut!"

Presently there were slow, reluctant steps outside the front door; then a pause, and the door opened. Stewart stood bareheaded in the sunlight. Madeline remembered with a kind of shudder the tall form, the buckskin vest, the red scarf, the bright leather wristbands, the wide, silver-buckled belt and chaps.

Her glance seemed to run over him, swift as lightning; but as she saw his face now, she did not recognize it. The man's presence roused in her a revolt; yet something in her, the incomprehensible side of her nature, thrilled in the look of this splendid, dark-faced barbarian.

"Mr. Stewart, will you please come in?" she asked, after a long pause.

"I reckon not," he said.

The hopelessness of his tone meant that he knew he was not fit to enter a room with her, and either did not care or cared too much.

Madeline went to the door. The man's face was hard, yet it was sad, too; and it touched her.

"I shall not tell my brother of your—your rudeness to me," she began. It was impossible to keep the chill out of her voice—to speak without the pride and aloofness of her class. Nevertheless, despite her loathing, when she had spoken so far, it seemed that kindness and pity followed involuntarily. "I choose to overlook what you did, because you were not wholly ac-

countable, and because there must be no trouble between Alfred and you. May I rely on you to keep silence, and to see that the lips of that priest are sealed? And you know—there was a man killed or injured there last night. I want to forget that dreadful thing. I don't want it known that I heard—"

"The greaser didn't die," interrupted Stewart.

"Ah! Then that's not so bad, after all. I am glad for the sake of your friend—the little Mexican girl."

A slow scarlet wave overspread his face, and his shame was painful to see. It fixed in Madeline's mind a conviction that if he was a heathen, he was not wholly bad. It made so much difference that she smiled down at him.

"You will spare me further distress, will you not—please?"

His hoarse reply was incoherent, but she needed only to see his face to know his remorse and gratitude.

Madeline went back to her room. Presently Florence came for her, and they were soon sitting at breakfast.

Madeline Hammond's impression of her brother's friend had to be reconstructed in the morning light. She sensed a wholesome, frank, sweet nature. She liked the slow Southern drawl; but she was puzzled to know whether Florence Kingsley was pretty or striking or unusual. She had a youthful glow and flush, the clear tan of outdoors, a face that lacked the soft curves and lines of Eastern women. Her eyes were light gray, like crystal, steady, almost piercing, and her hair was a beautiful, bright, waving mass.

Florence's sister was the elder of the two—a stout woman with a strong face and quiet eyes. It was a simple fare and service they gave to their guest, but they made no apologies for that. Indeed, Madeline felt their simplicity to be restful. She was sated with respect, sick of admiration, tired of adulation; and it was good to see that these Western women treated her as they would probably have treated any other visitor.

They were sweet and kind, and what Madeline had at first thought was a lack of expression or vitality she soon discovered to be the natural reserve of women who did not live superficial lives. Florence was breezy and frank; her sister quaint, and not given much to speech.

Madeline thought she would like to have these women near her if she were ill or in trouble. She reproached herself for a fastidiousness, a hypercritical sense of refinement, that could not help distinguishing what the sisters lacked.

"Can you ride?" Florence was asking. "That's what a Westerner always asks any one from the East. Can you ride like a man—astride, I mean? Oh, that's fine. You look strong enough to hold a horse. We have some fine horses out here. I reckon, when Al comes, we'll go out to Bill Stillwell's ranch. We'll have to go whether we want to or not, for when Bill learns you are here he'll just pack us all off. You'll love old Bill Stillwell! His ranch is pretty badly run down, but the range, and the rides up in the mountains—they are beautiful! We'll hunt and climb, and, most of all, we'll ride. I love a horse—I love the wind in my face, and a wide stretch with the mountains beckoning. You must have the best horse on the ranges; and that means a scrap between Al and Bill, and all the cowboys. We don't all agree about horses, except in case of Gene Stewart's iron-gray."

"Does Mr. Stewart own the best horse in the country?" asked Madeline.

Again she had an inexplicable thrill as she remembered the wild flight of Stewart's big, dark steed and its rider.

"Yes, and that's all he does own," replied Florence. "Gene can't keep even a quirt; but he sure loves that horse, and calls him—"

At this juncture a sharp knock on the parlor door interrupted the conversation. Florence's sister went to open it. She returned presently, and said:

"It's Gene. He's been dawdin' out there on the front porch, and he knocked to let us know Miss Hammond's brother is comin'."

Florence hurried into the parlor, followed by Madeline. The door stood open, and disclosed Stewart sitting on the porch steps. From down the road came a clatter of hoofs.

Looking out over Florence's shoulder, Madeline saw a cloud of dust approaching, and in it she despaired outlines of horses and riders. A warmth spread over her, a little tingle of gladness; and the feeling recalled her girlish love for her brother. What would he be like after long years of separation?

"Gene, has Jack kept his mouth shut?" queried Florence, and again Madeline was aware of a sharp ring in the girl's voice.

"I reckon no," replied Stewart.

"Gene! You won't let it come to a fight? Al can be managed, I'm sure, but you know that Jack hates you, and he'll have his friends with him."

"I reckon there won't be any fight."

"Use your brains now, if you have any," added Florence, and then she turned to push Madeline gently back into the parlor.

Madeline's glow of warmth changed to a blank dismay. Was she to see her brother act with the violence she now associated with cowboys?

The clatter of hoofs stopped before the door. Looking out, Madeline saw a bunch of dusty, wiry horses pawing the gravel and tossing their lean heads. Her swift glance ran over the horsemen, trying to pick out the one who was her brother; but she could not. Her glance, however, caught the same rough dress and hard aspect that characterized Stewart.

Then one rider threw his bridle, leaped from the saddle, and came bounding up the porch steps. Florence met him at the door.

"Hello, Flo! Where is she?" he called, eagerly.

With that he looked over her shoulder, to espouse Madeline. He actually jumped at her. She hardly knew the tall form and the bronzed face, but the warm flash of blue eyes was familiar. As for Alfred Hammond, he had no doubt of his sister, it appeared, for with a broken welcome he threw his arms around her, then held her off and looked searchingly at her.

"Well, sister!" he began; but Florence turned hurriedly from the door and interrupted him.

"Al, I think you'd better stop the wrangling out there!"

He stared at her, appeared suddenly to hear the loud voices from the street, and then, releasing Madeline, he said:

"By George, I forgot, Flo! There is a little business to see to. Keep my sister in here, please, and don't be fussed up now!" He went out on the porch and called to the men. "Shut off your wind, Jack—and you, too, Blaze! I didn't want you fellows to come here; but as you would come, you've got to shut up. This is my business." He turned to Stewart, who was sitting on the fence.

"Hello, Stewart!" he said.

It was a greeting; but there was that in the voice which alarmed Madeline.

Stewart leisurely got up and leisurely advanced to the porch.

"Howdy, Hammond?" he drawled.

"Drunk again last night?"

"Well, if you want to know, and if it's any of your mix—yes, I was pretty drunk," replied Stewart.

It was a cool speech that showed the cowboy in control of himself and master of the situation—not an easy speech to follow up with undue inquisitiveness. There was a short silence.

"Confound it, Stewart!" said the speaker, presently. "Here's the situation. It's all over town that you met my sister last night at the station, and—and insulted her. Jack's got it in for you, and so have these other boys; but it's my affair. Understand, I didn't fetch them here. They can see you square yourself—or else take your medicine. Gene, you've been on the wrong trail for some time, drinking and all that. You're going to the bad; but Bill thinks, and I think, you're still a man. We never knew you to lie. Now what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nobody is insinuating that I am a liar?" drawled Stewart.

"No."

"Well, I reckon I'm some glad to hear that. You see, Al, I was pretty drunk last night, but not drunk enough to forget the littlest thing I did. I told Pat Hawe so this morning, when he was curious; and that's some polite for me to be to Pat. Well, I found Miss Hammond waiting alone at the station. She wore a veil, but I knew she was a lady, of course. I reckon, now I think of it, that Miss Hammond found my gallantry some startling, and—"

At this point Madeline, answering to unconsidered impulse, eluded Florence and walked out upon the porch. Sombreros flashed down and the lean horses jumped.

"Gentlemen," said Madeline, rather breathlessly, and it did not add to her calmness to feel a hot flush in her cheeks, "I am very new to Western ways, but I think you are laboring under a mistake, which, in justice to Mr. Stewart, I want to correct. He was rather—rather abrupt and strange when he came up to me last night, but, as I understand him now, I can attribute that to his gallantry. He was somewhat wild and sudden and—sentimental in his demand to protect me, and it was not clear

whether he meant his protection for last night or forever; but I am happy to say he offered me no word that was not honorable. And he saw me safely here to Miss Kingsley's home."

## V

MADELINE HAMMOND was alone in the little parlor with the brother whom she had hardly recognized.

"Majesty!" he exclaimed. "To think of your being here!"

The warmth stole back along her veins. She remembered how that pet name had sounded from the lips of this brother who had given it to her.

"Alfred!"

His words of gladness at sight of her, his chagrin at having failed to welcome her at the station, did not recall old times as clearly as did his brotherly embrace. Just so had he clasped her on the day when he left home, and she had not forgotten. But now he was so much taller and bigger, so dusty and strange and different and forceful, that she could scarcely think him the same man. She even had a humorous thought that here was another cowboy bullying her, and this time it was her brother.

"Dear old girl," he said, more calmly, as he let her go, "you haven't changed at all, except to grow lovelier! Only you're a woman now—and you've fulfilled the name I gave you. How the sight of you brings back home! It seems a hundred years since I left. I missed you more than all the rest!"

With his every word Madeline seemed to feel that she was remembering him. She was so amazed at the change in him that she could not believe her eyes. She saw a bronzed, strong-jawed, eagle-eyed man, stalwart, superb of height, and, like the cowboys, belted, booted, spurred. There was something hard as iron in his face, which quivered with his words. It seemed that only in those moments when the hard lines broke and softened could she see resemblance to the face she remembered. It was his manner, the tone of his voice, the tricks of his speech, that proved to her he was really Alfred.

She had bidden good-by to a disgraced, disinherited, dissolute boy. Well she remembered the pale, handsome face with its weakness and shadows and careless smile, with the ever-present cigarette hanging between the lips. The years had passed, and

now she saw him a man. The West had made him a man! Madeline Hammond felt a strong, passionate gladness and gratefulness—and a direct check to her suddenly inspired hatred of the West.

"Majesty, it was good of you to come. I'm all broken up. How did you ever do it? But never mind that now. Tell me about that brother of mine."

Madeline told him, and then about their sister Helen. Question after question he fired at her. She told him of her mother; of Aunt Grace, who had died a year ago; of his old friends, married, scattered, vanished. But she did not tell him of his father, for he did not ask.

Quite suddenly the rapid-fire questioning ceased. He choked, was silent for a moment, and then burst into tears. It seemed to her that a long-stored-up bitterness was flooding away. It pained her to see him—pained her more to hear him.

In the succeeding few moments she grew closer to her brother than she had ever been in the past. Had her father and mother done right by him? Her pulse stirred with unwonted quickness. She did not speak, but she kissed him, which, for her, was an indication of unusual feeling.

When he recovered command over his emotions, he made no reference to his breakdown. Nor did she; but that scene struck deep into Madeline Hammond's heart. Through it she saw what he had lost and gained.

"Alfred, why did you not answer my last letters?" asked Madeline. "I had not heard from you for two years."

"So long? How time flies! Well, things went bad with me about the last time I heard from you. I always intended to write some day, but I never did."

"Things went wrong? Tell me."

"Majesty, you mustn't worry yourself with my troubles. I want you to enjoy your stay, and not be bothered with my difficulties."

"Please tell me. I suspected something had gone wrong. That is partly why I decided to come out."

"All right—if you must know," he began; and it seemed to Madeline that there was a gladness in his decision to unburden himself. "You remember all about my little ranch, and that for a while I did well raising stock? I wrote you all that. Majesty, a man makes enemies anywhere. Perhaps an Eastern man in the West can

make, if not so many, certainly more bitter ones. At any rate, I made several. There was a cattleman, Ward by name—he's gone now—and he and I had a little trouble over cattle. That gave me a pretty serious setback. Pat Hawe, the sheriff here, has been instrumental in hurting my business. He's not so much of a rancher, but he has influence at Santa Fe and El Paso and Douglas. I made an enemy of him. I never did anything to him. He hates Gene Stewart, and I spoiled a little plot of his to get Gene into his clutches; but the real reason for his animosity toward me is that he loves Florence, and Florence is going to marry me."

"Alfred!"

"What's the matter, Majesty? Didn't Florence impress you favorably?" he asked, with a keen glance.

"Why, yes, indeed! I like her, but I did not think of her in relation to you—in that way. I am greatly surprised. Alfred, is she well born? What connections?"

"Florence is just a girl of ordinary people. She was born in Kentucky and brought up in Texas. My aristocratic and wealthy family would scorn—"

"Alfred, you are still a Hammond," said Madeline, with uplifted head.

Alfred laughed.

"We won't quarrel, Majesty. I remember you, and in spite of your pride you've got a heart. If you stay here a month, you'll love Florence Kingsley. I want you to know that she's had a great deal to do with straightening me up. Well, to go on with my story. There's Don Carlos, a Mexican rancher, and he's my worst enemy. He's also an equally bitter enemy to Bill Stillwell, who is my friend, and one of the finest men on earth. I got in debt to Don Carlos before I knew he was so mean. In the first place, I lost money at faro—I gambled some when I came West—and then I made unwise cattle deals. Don Carlos is a wily greaser, he knows the ranges, he has the water, and he is dishonest. So he outfigured me, and now I am practically ruined. He has not got possession of my ranch, but that's only a matter of time, pending lawsuits at Santa Fe. At present I have a few hundred cattle running on Stillwell's range, and I am his foreman."

"Foreman?" queried Madeline.

"I am simply boss of Stillwell's cowboys—and right glad of my job, too!"

"Isn't it possible to reclaim your property?" Madeline asked. "How much do you owe?"

"Ten thousand dollars would clear me and give me another start; but, Majesty, in this country that's a good deal of money, and I haven't been able to raise it. Still well's in worse shape than I am, I'm sorry to say."

Madeline went over to Alfred and put her hands on his shoulders.

"We must not be in debt!"

He stared at her as if her words had recalled something long forgotten. Then he smiled.

"How imperious you are! I'd forgotten just who my beautiful sister really is. Majesty, you're not going to ask me to take money from you?"

"I am."

"Well, I'll not do it. I never did, even when I was in college, and then there wasn't much beyond me."

"Listen, Alfred," she went on, earnestly. "This is entirely different. I had only my allowance then. You don't know that since I last wrote to you I have come in to my inheritance from Aunt Grace. It was—well, that doesn't matter; but I haven't been able to spend half the income. It's mine. It's not father's money. You will make me very happy if you'll consent. Alfred, I'm so—so amazed at the change in you! I'm so happy! You must never take a backward step from now on. What is ten thousand dollars to me? Sometimes I spend that in a month. I throw money away. If you let me help you, it will be doing me good as well as you. Please, Alfred!"

He kissed her, evidently surprised at her earnestness; and indeed Madeline was surprised herself. Once started, her speech had flowed.

"You always were the best of fellows, Majesty! If you really care—if you really want to help me—I'll be only too glad to accept. It will be fine! Florence will go wild! Majesty, pretty soon some titled fellow will be spending your money; I may as well take a little before he gets it all," he finished, jokingly.

"What do you know about me?" she asked, lightly.

"More than you think. Even if we are lost out here in the woolly West, we get news. Everybody knows about Anglesbury; and there's that Lord Castleton, who has

the running now, I understand. How about it, Majesty?"

Madeline detected a hint that suggested scorn in his gay speech; and deep in his searching glance she saw a flame. She became thoughtful. She had forgotten Castleton—New York—society.

"Alfred," she began, seriously, "I don't believe that any one with a title will ever spend my money, as you elegantly express it."

"Confound the money! I don't care for that. It's you!" he cried passionately, and grasped her with a violence that startled her. He was white; his eyes were like fire. "You are so splendid—so wonderful! People called you the American beauty, but you're more than that. You're the American girl! Majesty, marry no man unless you love him, and love an *American*. Stay away from Europe long enough to learn to know the men—the real men of your own country!"

"Alfred, I know what too many of those international marriages are, and I hope that Helen does. I am afraid she'll be miserable if she marries Anglesbury."

"It'll serve her just right!" declared her brother. "Helen was always crazy for glitter and adulation."

"Anglesbury is a gentleman, but it is money that he wants, I think. Alfred, tell me how you came to know about me, away out here? You may be assured I was astonished to find that Miss Kingsley knew me as Majesty Hammond!"

"I dare say it was a surprise," he replied, with a laugh. "I told Florence about you, and gave her your picture. Of course, being a woman, she showed the picture and talked. She's in love with you. Then, my dear sister, we do get New York papers out here occasionally, and we can see and read. You may not be aware that you and your society friends are objects of intense interest in the U. S. in general, and the West in particular. The papers are full of you—and perhaps of a lot of things you never did!"

"That Mr. Stewart knew, too. He said 'You're not *Majesty* Hammond?'"

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Alfred, and then again he laughed. "Gene is all right, only you've got to know him. I'll tell you what he did. He got hold of one of those newspaper pictures of you, and, in spite of Florence, he wouldn't fetch it back. It was a picture of you in a riding-

habit with your blue-ribbon horse White Stockings—remember? It was taken at Newport. Well, Stewart tacked the picture up in his bunk-house, and named his beautiful horse Majesty. All the cowboys knew it. They would see the picture and tease him unmercifully; but he didn't care. One day I happened to drop in on him, and found him just recovering from a carouse. I saw the picture, too, and I said to him:

"Gene, if my sister knew you were a drunkard, she'd not be proud of having her picture stuck up in your room!"

"He swore, and asked me if I thought you'd be proud of it if he didn't drink. Of course I told the simple fellow yes. Majesty, he didn't touch a drop for a month; and when he did drink again, he took the picture down, and he has never put it back."

Madeline smiled at her brother's amusement, but she did not reply. She found it difficult to adjust herself to these queer, free, Western ways. Her brother had eloquently pleaded with her to keep herself

above a brilliant but sordid marriage, yet he not only allowed a cowboy to keep her picture in his room, but actually spoke of her and used her name for a temperance lecture.

Madeline could not wholly repress a feeling of disgust; and yet she could not help sympathizing with her brother in his naive gladness over the subtle suggestion which persuaded Stewart to be good for a month.

Something made up of Stewart's insolence to her; of Florence Kingsley's frank reception of her as an equal; of the elder sister's slow, quiet, easy acceptance of this visitor who had been honored at royal courts; of that faint hint of scorn in Alfred's voice, and his amused statement in regard to her picture and the name Majesty—something made up of all these stung Madeline Hammond's pride, alienated her for an instant, and then stimulated her intelligence, excited her interest, and made her resolve to learn more about this incomprehensible West.

*(To be continued)*

#### TO THE MOUNTAIN BORN

DEAR new-born soul, whose first faint cry  
Is borne on wings from out the heart  
Of all the green, sweet forest lives,  
Of all the pure, keen forest scents,  
Of all the long, wild trails that hide  
The shy wood creatures in their ways;

Dear bit of life, whose first breath drawn  
Is touched with that strange, secret brew  
The mighty oak, the fragrant pine,  
The dancing, shimmering leaves have made,  
And every flower of summer stirred;  
Oh, here to you I send my wish!

That all the beauty of your heights,  
That all the mystery of your vales,  
All spirits of the flowers and streams,  
Of spiced autumn, tender spring,  
Of Spartan winter, throbbing June,  
Shall make your dear, new life their own;

Shall be your nurses, lovers, friends;  
Shall watch your footsteps, tune your voice;  
Shall make your soul a thing so rare  
No one may look on it, and tread  
Upon the holy ground undoffed—  
See your true eyes, and not be moved  
To love, to worship, and to prayer!

*M. E. Crocker*



## SAGE-BRUSH SALLY'S MOTHER

BY MULLOY FINNEGAN

AUTHOR OF "OUT OF THE STORM," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY P. J. MONAHAN

THEY lived in a dugout, Sage-brush Sally and her mother. There was no father—at least not since Sally was born; and even before that time he could hardly have been called a father—as far as Sally was concerned, anyhow.

Her mother was reticent on the subject, as well as on all other subjects; for she was too busy a woman to talk much. Hard labor was written all over her—in the furrows of her face, in the knob of iron-gray hair between her ears, in the bent shoulders and the hard, cracked hands. She wore a man's sweater and a man's shoes; but her skirt was feminine.

"Sally," she said, looking up from the tub where she was washing at the dugout door, "hadn't you better go and see about your dress?"

"After lunch, mother," called Sally

from within, her voice carrying an aroma of fried ham and coffee. "That automobile you see out on the desert won't be here for an hour yet. Come—lunch is ready!"

The mother wiped the suds from her arms with her burlap apron as she went in at the dugout door.

The place was clean, if it was a dugout. A door and window in the side that wasn't hill, and a hole to let out the pipe of the sheet-iron stove, afforded ample ventilation for the one room that constituted their home. Bright bits of carpet covered parts of the rough board floor, and a flowered coverlet on the bed in a far corner added to its cheerfulness. The walls were pretty well covered with prints from newspapers and magazines, with a few calendars and brewery advertisements, in most instances fastened directly to the mud and rocks.

Sally's mother didn't say much as she ate her simple meal, but her eyes kept looking out through the open door to what looked like a stream of water in the distance, with a thread drawn taut across it. It wasn't water; it was sand—desert—and the thread was the automobile road. A tiny cloud of dust proclaimed that the express from Los Angeles was on its way.

"Sally," she said, when it disappeared behind a boulder, "I wouldn't wait to wash the dishes."

## II

WHEN Sally came back from the Wells-Fargo office with the suit-box hugged under her arm, her mother was showing a newcomer a furnished room in a barnlike structure that stood within a few paces of the dugout door.

He was a good-looking, well-dressed man of about thirty-three. He was slightly bald; the hair that remained matched the short, black mustache and thick brows and lashes whose eyes might be any color and still look black. They followed the girl into the dugout, coming back to the mother as if for comparison.

"Your daughter?" The brows lifted.

"Yes; she's all I've got," said Sally's mother.

Then, when she had the stranger settled in his room, and had seen that there was wood for the sheet-iron stove, and water for the tin basin on the combination dresser and wash-stand, and oil in the lamp, she went in to the girl in the dugout.

Sally was holding the dress up for her mother to see. On the bed were the two halves of the box it came in, with a lot of tissue wrapping-paper.

A pleased look came into the older woman's face as she took in the cloud of white chiffon and satin. It wasn't a smile, for Sally's mother was too busy a woman to smile.

"It's going to be becoming to you," she said—and went back to work at the tub by the door.

It wasn't because she wanted Sally to go to the dance that was going to be given in the big tent, to raise funds to buy pews for the new church, that she sent sixty dollars—every one of them earned with her hard, cracked hands—over to Los Angeles for something for the girl to wear; but if Sally went, she was going to be dressed as well as any one.

The burlap apron checked a suspicious moisture in one faded blue eye—and perhaps a little sniffle fell into the tub.

## III

CAME the eventful night—and Sally was dressed and ready for the big dance.

I don't know whether Sally would be called pretty, but she had good skin, hair, eyes, and teeth—and that is saying a good deal. She was nineteen, and youth has charms of its own. Also, she was slender, though tall enough, and neither light nor dark. Her hands weren't cracked like her mother's, either; for her mother would as soon have thrown her into a den of rattlesnakes as let her help to make up the men's rooms or wash their shirts. Not that the men in these places were different from any other men; but they were men.

Asked where she was born, Sally might have told you that it was on the side of the Panamint Mountains, between the Lone Jackass mine and the Lucifer claim. Her education she gathered from the sage-brush, too, in the simple schools of the mushroom mining-camps that lived long enough to have schools; or from the people around her—for, after all, that is where we get most of our education.

Al Turner, coming by in a final attempt to get Sally to go to the dance with him, thought nothing could look prettier. Perhaps, too, he thought the new suit he was wearing, ordered for the occasion, might have some bearing in the matter; but one look from her mother, busy at the ironing-board, convinced him that only under the protecting wings of fat Mrs. Bilsey and her miner husband would the girl be allowed to go at all.

She was a careful mother, and Sally an obedient daughter—so far.

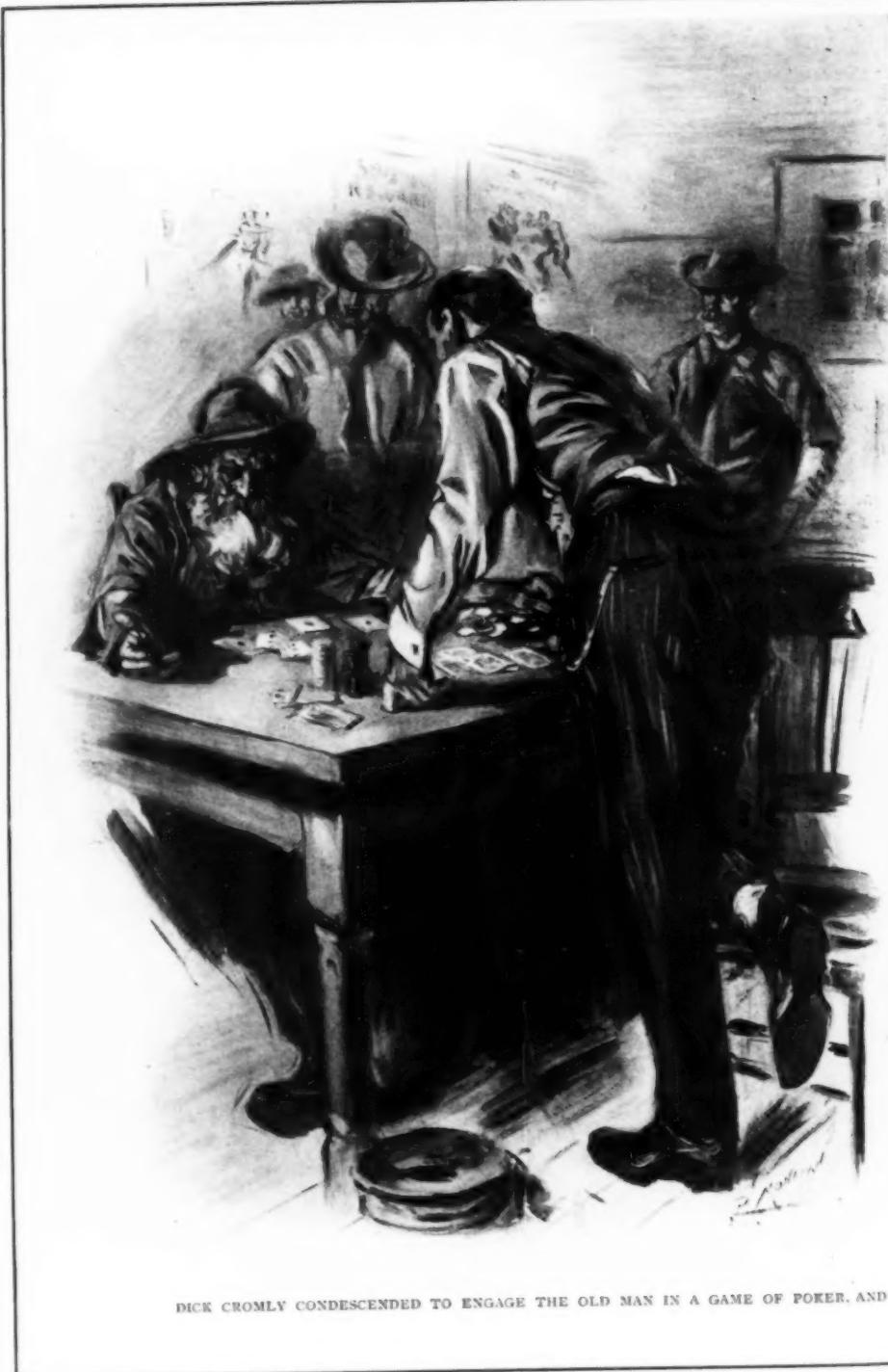
Sally didn't notice Al Turner's new suit until the young prospector was making his way under the strings of electric lights to ask her for the first dance. But he wasn't quick enough; and even as he was writing his name for one farther down on the card, the music struck up, and she was whisked away from him on the arm of the black-mustached stranger who had rented a room from her mother.

Al waited till they got around his way—twice. Then he went out and took a drink.

When he came back, Sally was dancing with somebody else; and he went out and took another.



IT WAS ONLY A FLESH-WOUND, BUT SERIOUS ENOUGH FOR THE MAN WHO DID THE SHOOTING  
TO MAKE HIMSELF PRETTY SCARCE



DICK CROMLY CONDESCENDED TO ENGAGE THE OLD MAN IN A GAME OF POKER. AND—



—WHEN HE HADN'T ANY MORE CASH TO LOSE, HE PUT UP HIS MINE AND LOST IT

Then, when his turn came, Sally wouldn't dance with him because he had been drinking; and he went out and took several more. She was in the arm of the dark-eyed stranger again when he returned; and his fingers crawled around to the hip-pocket of his new trousers.

It isn't so easy to shoot a man who is dancing, for you never know which way a waltzer or a two-stepper is going to turn next—and Sally got the bullet in the leg!

The ball stopped—but not altogether, for there were plenty of people who didn't get shot in the legs, and they could still use them for dancing. They gathered up the limp bundle of chiffon, and carried her home to her mother. It was only a flesh wound, but serious enough for the man who did the shooting to make himself pretty scarce; and before he came back to Chug-gins—well, lots of things had happened.

The man for whom the shot had been intended was attention itself. He sent all the way to Los Angeles for roses and violets, which converted the little dugout into a veritable fairy's cave. He ordered bonbons and crystallized fruit, too, for the fairy, when she could sit in the doorway mending the rents in the chiffon gown. The stern guardian at the tub could hardly prevent his stopping to chat with both of them and leave his offering.

When Sally was getting around again, he would watch for her at the post-office, or at the store; and one afternoon they came home together, he lending an arm for her support. The mother so disapproved of it that it didn't happen again.

Dick Cromly wasn't a miner. No use putting a tooth in it; he was a gambler. It wasn't for that—but because he was a man.

Then, one day, Sally's mother noticed something shining on Sally's hand when she was passing her coffee across the table. The piteous eyes traveled from the diamond to the girl's face.

"Yes, mother," said Sally. "Dick wants me to marry him."

Her mother didn't say anything; but one little tear splashed in her coffee.

#### IV

THEY were married in the little church with the new pews; and Sally wore her white chiffon dress.

"Be good to her," said the mother to her new son, when the bride and groom were going away. Was it a prayer, or a threat?

Sally never remembered her mother kissing her before—but this time she put her dry lips against the young cheek and held them there, quivering.

"Good-by, mother!"

The automobile jerked away. Two moist blue eyes watched for it to come from behind the boulder again. Then they followed it over the thread across the desert till it was lost in the horizon—and the tub at the dugout door was forgotten for the first time.

A wire next day said they were on the train, going into Los Angeles. Then came post-cards with pictures of the wonders of that city; and a letter said that Sally was happy.

Then more picture cards and more letters—sometimes from near-by towns, where Dick had to go to make money; then from Los Angeles again, where they came back to spend it; and, when he had an extra streak of luck, he took Sally up to San Francisco and bought her pretty things.

Soon a lonely little letter from there told that he had gone on a trip without her; but he was back again in a few weeks, buying more pretty things.

Rarer grew these missives. Sometimes he took her along and sometimes he didn't.

One day, when about a year had gone by since Dick Cromly and Sage-brush Sally were married in the church with the new pews, Sally's mother was washing in the tub at the dugout door. Now and then she paused in her work, to gaze across the desert. The thread didn't go all the way any more; a railroad was being built in to meet it.

She hadn't had a word from Sally in nearly two months!

Again she wiped the suds from her arms with her burlap apron, and patted each eye with it as she went into the dugout to her lonely meal.

She ate and watched the little cloud of dust go behind the boulder, hoping—though she knew that the mail for the day was already in.

She was clearing away the things when a shadow fell across them—and Sally stood in the doorway with a little bundle. Sally's mother drew them in, put her strong arms about them together, and squeezed them tight to her.

The little bundle began to cry.

"It's a girl," said Sally.

"Again!" breathed her mother.



"CHEAT! THIEF! TAKE YOUR MARKED CARDS!"

Then she knew. What she had been afraid of all these years had happened.

Sally hadn't heard from her husband in three whole months. All her pretty things

had gone; and, when she could get out of the hospital, she had parted with her wedding-ring to come home to her mother.

"He must be dead, mother," she said.

"Nothing but death would make Dick forget me!"

But the older woman did her own thinking.

## V

SALLY didn't die, though there were times when the sad-eyed woman watching her feared to take a breath lest it might blow out the life in the frail body before her. Back in her native clime, with the whiff of the sage-brush and the creosote-bushes in her nostrils, the daughter of the Nevada desert began to pick up; and she and little Sally grew strong together. There's something, too, in being where one is wanted. Even Al Turner came back to Chuggins—"to work some claims," he said.

Sally's mother had changed her mind about Al. After all, so long as he kept sober and could shoot straight, he wasn't such a bad fellow to have around.

Little by little she gathered details. Dick Cromly's last missive was from Seattle, and said that he was thinking of taking the boat to Alaska, and would send for Sally when he made the price. Sally wrote to several places where people thought they had seen her husband; but her letters were returned, marked "unclaimed" or "unknown." Her mother compared notes and postmarks—most of which, she noticed, were the newer Nevada camps—and put two and two together.

"Where there is so much smoke there must be fire," she said.

Then, one bright morning, she told Sally that Mrs. Bilsey—who wasn't so fat now, for her husband was out of work—was moving her tent over beside the dugout, and would look after the laundry part of the establishment; and when Sally was stronger she could help her with the rooms, the rents from which would keep her and little Sally.

"But, mother?" questioned Sally.

"I am going to find him," said her mother.

## VI

WHEN she got around the hill she chopped off the knob of iron-gray hair and put on a suit of man's khaki clothes. When she reached the town on the other side of it she went into a barber's shop and got a real hair-cut.

She dug into her wash-tub savings, a good chunk of which she had drawn that day, and bought a ticket for the place

where most people thought they had seen her truant son-in-law. It was nearly deserted when she got there, those who could having struck out in all directions for other and newer diggings.

She hung around for a week, making inquiries, but being careful not to be too direct in her questions lest she might frighten away her prey. The place was still used to go through, and she chanced to meet a disgusted victim who was on his way back from one of the newer camps, after having been fleeced of his all by a man answering Dick Cromly's description.

She went there. She found the man who did the fleecing, and he looked as much like Dick Cromly as she did.

Then she went to other places—no need to enumerate. She followed every possible clue. She traveled in trains and automobiles, by stage, on mule-back, and on foot; farther away, then nearer again—doubling on her tracks as often as she went ahead; with the crowd and alone; rushing into new places and creeping into ones where the excitement had died out; over sand and sagebrush and rocks; through milky streams of alkali and pools of brackish poison; sleeping under the sky as often as anywhere else, and sometimes suffering for food and even water.

She worked where she could, else her savings would long ago have given out; and a new mining-camp is the worst place on earth to go into without money. We hear of what comes out, but we don't hear of all that goes in.

She saw many of the same faces in these different camps, and met men whose shirts she used to wash. But nobody recognized her in the bent old man in mussed khaki, with the slouch-hat and knee-boots.

At last she struck a town that Dick Cromly had just left. No use inquiring where he had gone! She had tried that before. If he mentioned a destination it was because he was going somewhere else.

"But," said some one casually, "his wife is still here; he didn't take her with him this time."

*His wife!*

Having found the cabin where the woman lived, she pitched a tent near it, and solicited work among the neighbors, who found Pete, as they called him—or her, rather—accommodating and handy for running chores, splitting wood, carrying in water, or even helping with the housework.

She would offer to bring home the mail when she went down-town in the morning. Soon she was rewarded by seeing some in the familiar handwriting; but always the postmark was different.

"Mrs. R. T. Cromly, Barrie, Nevada," couldn't hide her pleasure when handed one of these missives; and then she would worry till she got another. She was a pleasant woman enough; larger and older than Sally, and handsome in a coarse way.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" bluffed Pete, when she was washing windows there one hot afternoon. "Over to Bulldog, maybe, when your husband had a club there about a year ago?"

"Oh, no," denied the other. "I didn't know Mr. Cromly then."

Didn't know him a year ago, and it was two years since he married Sally!

Then came three letters in succession with the same postmark—and Pete lit out for the name it spelled.

## VII

BUCKSKIN was a new camp, as evidenced by the busy prospectors in the hills, which were studded with the familiar monuments showing where they had staked out their claims. The open holes beside some of these suggested fresh graves, ready for the hopes that so many would bury in them.

An old man was climbing out of the last hole she passed, ready to yell the accustomed warning—"Fire! Three shots!"—after lighting the fuse in the bottom of it.

But a different sound came out of his throat as he slipped back. But for Pete's aid in dragging him out with her strong arms he might have been blown to pieces.

"Thanks, old man!" he said.

"Old man yourself!" she mumbled, continuing on into the town.

She saw him again that afternoon among the loiterers who filled the street in front of the White House, a combination drink-emporium, mining-exchange and gambling-club. The old man had a coterie of his own around him, and was showing them some of the stuff the blast had thrown up. Those who seemed to know agreed with him that it was pretty good stuff.

Something about the old man attracted Sally's mother. It wasn't his beauty. One shoulder was a little lower than the other, and one leg was a little shorter than the other; and he was so overrun with beard and shaggy gray hair that people called him

"Whiskers," without even asking what his name was. But there was something about him that reminded her of something—something she had seen or known before—perhaps in some previous incarnation.

She got a job farther down the street, at the Palace, where she heard that Dick Cromly was running a poker-game. The Palace was *the* hotel of the place—a lot of rooms on one side of the hall, a saloon and gambling-club on the other. Pete's job was to keep things clean on the saloon side.

Dick Cromly was there, sure enough; but he little thought that the old man who sprinkled the sawdust on the floor was his mother-in-law, whom he had noticed very little at any time. She even waited on him, and took the tip he threw at her, or swallowed the oath that as often took its place.

Whiskers hung around there a great deal. His good fortune seemed to be turning his head—or perhaps it was the whisky. Everybody was treating him, and even Dick Cromly condescended to engage him in a game of poker. The old man made five dollars, then ten and fifteen. The next night he came back to do it over again. He made some more, and then began to lose; and when he hadn't any more cash to lose, he put up his mine and lost it.

Pete watched the unfortunate wretch stagger up from the table, while the lucky Dick gathered up the cards and stuck them in his inside vest-pocket. Later, she slipped the old man a dollar to get something to eat. Still later, when it was near morning, and things were quiet, she went down the hall to visit her son-in-law in his room on the hotel side of the house.

She found Whiskers there, begging the price of a bed. Dick Cromly sat at a table, writing, in his shirt-sleeves, even his vest having been laid aside. Finally, to get rid of the old man, he told him to take some clothes that were hanging on a peg and give them a good brushing, and he would pay him a dollar for it.

Again she wondered what the grizzly individual reminded her of, as he limped out of the room with the armful of clothes, the discarded vest on top. Dick Cromly continued writing.

"Don't you know me?" she said.

"Why, you're old Pete, who washes the spittoons around here," he answered without looking up.

"Worse than that," she corrected. Sally's mother talked so little that she was husky,

so that even her voice didn't betray her.  
"I let you marry my daughter."

Then he looked at her.

"I didn't know Sally had a father," he said.

"She had; and he was a man like you. I'm her mother."

A short grunt escaped him as the ludicrousness of it struck him. He scrutinized her through his thick lashes.

"I thought there was something funny about you!" he said, striking a match and lighting a big cigar. He tried to make rings with it. "Sally was a nice little thing," he mused, watching them go up, "but I don't miss her any more. What do you want?"

She took something glistening out of her pocket and laid it on the table.

"Here," she said. "Do the right thing!"

"You mean," he replied, glancing from the gun to her face, "you want me to—"

"Get off the earth," she finished.

"There are too many of your kind on it!"

"You're not afraid," he argued, "that I'd use it to blow your head off?"

"It would make no difference to me," she answered; "and you'd only be taking another route down below. How long do you think you'd last after those men out there found that you'd killed a woman?"

He twirled the cigar around in his mouth, and flicked with a thumb and middle finger at the gun on the table.

"Take the toy away," he said. "I want to finish my letter."

She didn't stir, except that her cracked hands kept opening and shutting against her khaki-clad sides.

One letter was already finished and enclosed in a long, legal-looking envelope addressed to the county seat at Tonopah. Evidently he was losing no time in recording the mining property he had so recently acquired—while its former owner was brushing his clothes for the price of a bed!

She watched him finish the other letter and direct the envelope—a small one, this time—which, even upside down, she could see he addressed to the woman at Barrie.

"Maybe you'd like to see the rest of it?" he said sarcastically, noting her interest. He turned the letter around to her while he hunted for a postage-stamp. No sense of propriety prevented her reading:

#### SWEETHEART:

I know I'm a bum letter-writer, and keep you waiting sometimes when things go wrong;

but I'm always thinking of you. To prove it, I had a little luck to-day, and am enclosing a hundred of it. Have patience, girlie, and if a deal I made to-day doesn't get away from me, we'll soon be together living on Easy Street. Love and kisses from yours only,

DICK.

The taunt was still in his face when the door burst open and Whiskers came through it, a loose deck of cards in one hand, a gun in the other!

"Cheat! Thief! Take your marked cards!" he cried, flinging them at Dick, while his other hand worked with the trigger.

Like a flash Cromly snatched up the gun on the table—and his murderer dropped as quick as he did.

Other men, quickly summoned by the firing, stepped over the dead body of Whiskers to get to the gambler. They picked him up out of the scattered cards that he had forgotten to take out of his vest-pocket and laid him on the bed, but it was too late.

While they were busy with him, Sally's mother got down on her khaki knees beside the body in the doorway. The bullet from her gun, fired by the man for whom it had been intended, had gone straight to the old miner's heart.

Pitifully she lifted the shaggy head from the floor. It hung back limp over her arm, the thick hair tumbling away from the forehead; but at sight of an old zigzag scar it uncovered, she dropped it like a rattle-snake!

With one finger she felt along the scar, as if hating to touch it, yet anxious to make sure that it was there. The nearest approach to a smile that could come there crawled into her furrowed face as she looked from one corpse to another and mumbled:

"Two—birds—with—one—stone!"

Then she went out and mailed the letters—first changing the word "Barrie" on one of the envelopes to "Chuggins."

She turned her face that way, too—and the happy look in her eyes told of something which made the walk ahead of her seem not so long.

She was going home—to tell Sally that her husband was dead; that, after writing that loving letter, he had been killed by a very bad man—a man who deserted a wife and little baby more than twenty years ago. But Sally's mother wasn't going to tell Sally that she was that little baby!

# ON HALLELUIAH HILL

BY LEROY SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE," ETC.

**A**T length the spring wagon turned from the deep, baking dust of the Valley Pike into a rail-enclosed barn-yard, and the old farmer spoke for the first time since they had left the station.

"Jest go right in, while I unhitch. Mother'll 'tend to you." And then he added, as his passenger climbed weakly down over the wheel: "Don't bother about your things; I'll fetch 'em in."

The pale young man started toward the house. Awaiting him on the back porch stood a gaunt, tight-haired woman in clean, stiff calico whose shapelessness announced that it had been painfully contrived at home.

He glanced apprehensively at her face. It seemed hard. His heart sank. What he was doing was to him a great adventure, a journey into the far unknown; and this, the beginning, was such as to make one of his temperament half wish to turn back.

The woman made an attempt to smile—ineffectual and amateurish, though she had had sixty years or more in which to learn the art.

"I reckon this is Mr. David Foster?" she questioned.

"Yes," said he.

She shooed away the exiled flies that clung longingly to the outside of the screen door, and pushed him quickly through.

"I'll show you your room," she said.

She led him up a steep stairway, scarcely wider than his shoulders, and into a small chamber.

"Supper'll be ready soon's you wash up," she announced, as she withdrew.

The room was small, close up beneath the shingles, and angled down from the apex of the roof to a height of three feet at either side. It contained a bed, two chairs, a rag carpet, a wash-stand, a table—he had stipulated the table in his letter—and a generation-old diploma from the

district school. This document, yellowing, its brown frame gaping at all four corners, was the apartment's sole aspiration toward adornment.

And it was hot — chokingly hot, like a hand closing upon the throat. The scorched shingles transmitted the heat downward, and the room held it as in a prison, letting not one degree escape.

Foster quickly washed, and descended the precipitous stairway into the dining-room. Supper was already on the table, and Mr. and Mrs. Carson were awaiting him.

Two words and a single gesture from Mrs. Carson sufficed to indicate his place, and to invite him to be seated. He lowered his weakened body into the splint-bottomed chair, and mechanically picked up his fork. But suddenly he dropped it, abashed. The old couple had bowed their heads above their plates. There was a long silence. Then the old man began to speak. Practically wordless among his fellows, he proved loquacious with his Creator. He conversed upon the crops and all manner of intimate and earthly concerns, and upon things of the world to come.

His pious monologue at end, he raised his head, and, without a word, reached for a slice of bread. The meal was eaten in silence—a silence not strained, but natural, with a substantial, primeval quality. The last of his ham thrust down, Mr. Carson wordlessly pushed back his chair, took his broad straw hat from the wall, and strode out into the barn-yard. The continuity of the family silence was maintained by Mrs. Carson.

Foster wondered how he was going to stand all this—for months, perhaps. These people were so different, everything was so different, from all that the circumstances and accidents of life had hitherto set around him.

As he was leaving the room, at the end of the meal, Mrs. Carson suddenly recovered her voice.

"Mr. Foster," she said, "there's something I reckon I ought to tell you."

He looked at the flat-breasted figure of the old woman. She had grown oddly ill at ease.

"You remember you wrote us from Indianapolis," she continued, "that you wanted to be in a house where you'd be the only boarder; and I wrote you you'd be the only one here."

"Yes," said he.

"I wrote that because I didn't want to risk losing you. But the fact is, there is another."

"Another!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, another boarder—a young woman," said Mrs. Carson.

He tingled with dismay.

"But her vacation will soon be over; that's why I thought it'd be no harm to say you'd be the only one. You will be, soon. She's in town this evening, helping at a church party."

In the old woman's faded gray eyes Foster saw a desire to ask him who he was, what he did, what had brought him down to this remote and quiet valley; so he quickly made his escape. Passing through the little parlor, with its austere efforts at ornamentation, he sat down weakly on the lower step of the front porch.

Sloping gently from him was an unshorn lawn, with rampant tiger-lilies, and holly-hocks rearing their tall spires of white and red and purple along the garden fence. Bisecting the lawn was a graveled walk, and on its either side rose three lofty pines, in which English sparrows had established riotous empire. Beyond the picket fence at the yard's bottom ran the dusty Valley Pike, and beyond the pike wound a line of wide-spreading willows. Through these he could glimpse the river, with its surface polished to a coppery tone by the last rays of the sun.

So this was his home—the nearest thing to a home he had. It was a strange place to him, and seemed somehow cold and hard; but already he felt that it possessed a beauty of its own—an easeful, unpretentious, poised beauty.

As for the silent old couple, he might become accustomed to them. They would at least leave him alone. To be alone, that was what he wanted.

He thought of the other boarder—again with acute dismay. But he could avoid her, and she was soon to go.

## II

FOSTER sat there for an hour or more, thinking, dreaming, till sleep had quelled the sparrows in the pine-tops, and a slumberous calm had settled with the shadows through all the valley. Then he crept to his little room and to bed.

His cell under the peaked roof was stifling. No vagrant wisp of a breeze strayed through his single window. The sleep his wasted body so much needed would not come. Down-stairs the Yankee clock twanged ten.

Presently he heard the cautious sound of some one entering—the lady boarder returning from town, he surmised. Then again all below was quiet. He perspired, he sweltered, he gasped for air; he rolled about; the mattress seemed turned to granite. The clock, in its deliberate Connecticut drawl, called eleven.

He could not stand his inferno longer. Slipping on a minimum of clothing, he tiptoed down-stairs and out of the house, and stretched himself upon the lawn, beneath the pines. This was better. Here at least was breath.

The warm, fruity fragrance of the summer earth stole softly about him and soothed him. There was no noise upon the night save only the cry of the whippoorwills from the willows beyond the pike. The half of a saffron moon was gently lifting itself above the trees. On high, amid a tiny sea of the sky shored about by pine boughs, floated a single star, white, mysterious—Vega, queen of the northern heavens.

He gazed up at that far white point, lost himself in thoughts upon its vast distance, its vast bulk beside our puny sun—and was drowsing off when there was a noise upon the gravel walk behind him. He sprang up and looked about. Coming toward him was a vague white figure.

"Mr. Foster?" asked the apparition.

"Yes," said he, in a panic.

"I'm Kate Harper, the other boarder. I saw you come out, and as I couldn't sleep either I thought I'd come out too." She sat down on the grass. "My, but it's hot in there!"

He reseated himself, and for an instant strove vainly to make answer. Always he

had been shy with women, even with those whom he had known best — conventional women, or self-consciously unconventional ones, who had no undiscovered mental areas, whose next word or action one could accurately foretell. But instantly he felt that here was something different—something still more disturbing. The directness with which she gave her full name, the openness with which she announced that she had come out because he was there, almost took away his breath.

At length he uttered some platitude about the night.

"You're from the East, aren't you?" she said quickly.

"Yes — New York. But what makes you think so?"

She laughed—and it was an odd laugh.

"Oh, your intonation was never manufactured in Indiana! What brought you away out here?"

She certainly had a straight-ahead manner of going at what she wanted! Once more he caught his breath.

She laughed again.

"I guess I'm just made of curiosity. If you don't want to tell me, why, simply say that it's none of my business. That's the best way to handle me. You see, I haven't any manners!"

He found himself wondering about this very direct person. How old was she? What did she look like? But all that he could see was a white figure embracing its bent-up knees, and his ears told him nothing more than that she had a rather pleasant voice.

He answered her question.

"I came out here to find work."

"From New York to Indiana to find work! What do you do?"

He hesitated.

"Newspaper work."

"But aren't the chances far better in New York for that?"

Again he hesitated.

"I'm not really a newspaperman." Then he added: "In fact, I'm not really anything."

"No?"

He did not respond to the curiosity in that "No." There was perfect quiet; then the mournful cry of the whippoorwill floated upward from the willows.

There was something in her personality that crossed the dusky ether and caused his taut, indrawn being to relax. Suddenly he

spoke up recklessly, with a nervous little laugh.

"You see, I'm a poor relation; but I've always had a small income—enough—till a year ago, when the company my money was in—well, went up in extremely tenuous smoke. I think the president saved something out of the smash—everything, in fact. But the rest of us—nothing. I have an aunt who owns a considerable portion of the earth and the appurtenances thereof, and she offered to take me in; but her kind of life is too—well, too complex. I had been trying to write for three or four years, but couldn't make it go; so I turned to newspaper work for a living. There, you have it all!"

"But how did you land in a farmhouse down here on Whitestone River?"

"I made a grand fizzile of newspaper work in New York. Tried Chicago; same there. I guess I haven't the—audacity for it. Then I thought I might perhaps do in a small town. Through an advertisement in *Printers' Ink* I got a job on a country weekly. I rather think I was failing there, too, when the typhoid fever got hold of me, and I was shunted up to an Indianapolis hospital. When I had pulled through, I learned of this place in the *News*. I'm here chiefly because I couldn't hear of anything cheaper."

"And I'm here for the same reason," she laughed. Then she added, with her keen interest: "You must have seen a lot—traveled a lot?"

"I suppose I have."

"That's fine! Fine!"

He thought he detected a tone of envy in her voice. Of late he had been but little interested in other people; but suddenly he felt himself quivering with a desire to ask who she was, this woman whom he could see only as a vague white presence, her knees bent up beneath her chin. The desire rose to his throat, almost choking him; but he had not the courage to speak.

They sat for an hour or more beneath the pines, in the thousand-adored night. She was frankly, directly curious about every aspect of life, and she was full of startling surprises—as when in a single phrase she referred to having seen the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and again when she referred to "The Shropshire Lad," those exquisite minor verses he had thought that he alone in America knew and loved.

When they had whispered good night in the dusky parlor, and he had crept back into bed, he found himself wondering and wondering about her. Who was she? What did she look like? Was she twenty, or forty?

### III

THE next morning he found out.

It seemed to him that it still was yesterday, and that he had been asleep no more than an hour, when there was the rattle of bony knuckles against his door, and Mrs. Carson's voice informed him that breakfast was ready. He jumped into his clothes and glanced at his watch. It was half past four o'clock!

His hostess met him at the foot of the stairway, grim kindness in her face.

"We've had our breakfast. I thought I'd let you sleep longer'n the rest, so you could get your sleep out."

He thanked her for her solicitude—and wondered at what hour he would have to rise when he got up with "the rest."

As he passed into the dining-room, Miss Harper entered from the back porch. She had waited to eat her breakfast with him, she explained. Over their eggs and home-cured ham he covertly studied her. Twenty-five, he estimated. Complexion she had none, and never would have till freckles are rated more highly than to-day. Her nose was—well, somewhat insufficient, and her hands, though supple, were knotty, suggesting long acquaintance with rough work.

His Aunt Eleanor, he knew, would have given this young woman a glance and instantly dismissed her as hopelessly commonplace—not noting, and not caring for the mass of reddish-brown hair, the strong but pleasant mouth, and the frank, brown, humorous eyes.

Breakfast over, she asked to be allowed to see some of the things he had written. He refused, hastily, palpitantly; he had never shown his manuscripts, or spoken of them, save to editors. He refused again. He refused yet once again. And it was with a tremulous amazement at himself that he finally sat down beneath the pines, while Miss Harper walked off into the orchard with three of his stories.

When she came back he expected her to speak of his work; but she did not.

"Before I leave, I ought to show you some of the good spots," she said. "Do you feel equal to a half-mile walk up Hal-

leliah Hill? There's a view that you'd think was worth the money if you saw it along the Rhine."

He followed her across the barn-yard and up a foot-path that led through the orchard, then through a thicket of hazel and blackberry-bushes, the ripe berries shining like jet jewels amid their green mountings, and then into a beechen wood. Here she checked her pace to suit his weaker steps, and held back the branches till he had passed. She walked with a free and easy stride; all her motions were free, unhampered, he had noted—like her desires.

They emerged from the woods into an open space on the hilltop. In its midst stood a low log house, perhaps thirty by forty feet, with a roof of warped, split shingles, and a huge stone chimney at one side. A single great beech-tree stood before the building.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Aunt Phenie's Meeting-House," she said.

He repeated her words, questioningly.

"It's a church," she explained. "Aunt Phenie was the grandmother of Mr. Carson, down the hill. When last century was becoming of age—when it was about twenty—there weren't any regular ministers settled in these parts. Grandfather Carson was a little better off than any of his neighbors, and had a larger house; so whenever a preacher came wandering along, he always stopped at Carson's, and Grandfather Carson called in the neighbors and they had services. Back in those days preachers and laymen all chewed tobacco, and they didn't trouble themselves much as to where they splashed about with the—the nectar they extracted. So when they all got through praising God, and drove away, Aunt Phenie went half crazy cleaning up the mess.

"At length Aunt Phenie went on a strike. She would have no more meetings in her best room. Grandfather Carson wouldn't give up the services. So, finally, to settle the matter, he built this meeting-house, with his neighbors helping. He built it up here, I guess, because the rest of his land was rich, and this hilltop didn't seem good for anything else. And that's how the first church in this part of the country came to be built."

She opened the door, and they entered. The faint light that struggled through the

four small, dust-coated windows showed the ax-hewn logs of its walls, the rude beams and framework of the roof, and a huge cavern of a fireplace at one side. At the farther end was a raised platform, but all the ancient furniture of the place was gone.

"Not much like the grandiose gloom of a cathedral nave, is it?" she said in a hushed voice. "But that platform there, Lorenzo Dow has preached from it, and old Peter Cartwright, too. And in the shadows, can't you almost see those raw-boned pioneers, listening to the flaming tortures of the damned — the women in their linsey-woolsey, the men in their walnut-dyed jeans cut and made by their wives? Can't you almost see those silent people sitting there and listening?"

"Yes," said he.

She rapped the wall beside her with her knuckles.

"Just hear how sound these oak logs still are! And to think that Mr. Carson is going to tear the house down this winter, and saw it up into fire-wood!"

"How can he?" exclaimed Foster. "The country's first meeting-house!"

"Timber is getting scarce on his land—and why should he let the thing stand till it rots away? That's how he reasons. Last winter he burned up the benches."

She stepped out and closed the door.

"Come—I promised you a view!"

She led him around the great beech that screened the church's front.

He found himself on the grassy margin of the hill, which here sloped down almost precipitously. Far below him was the river, drawing its silvery body for miles and miles in and out among the willows and the gaunt, gray sycamores. There were miles and miles of squares of yellow stubble where the wheat had lately stood, and the deep, thick green of orchards, and fields of corn brandishing their myriad swords under the impulse of the breeze. Moving slowly among the corn-rows were dark animalcules — men and plow-horses. And over all the valley was the soft, rich calm of late summer.

He had not known his own country.

"It is beautiful!" he whispered.

#### IV

THEY sat down in the shadow of a maple and gazed, silent. Shade-bees hummed their humble harmony in the

branches above, their life one long holiday. Everywhere little spheres of thistle-down went ballooning, crystalline in the sunlight. A score of yellow butterflies swam aimlessly about; they might have been leaves from trees on the sun fluttering down to earth. A red bird flamed across their vision. From one treetop to another, far distant, a wild canary swiftly ricochetted, dropping its four clear notes as it bounded through the air. Again and again the penetrating cry of the quail shrilled out, and from a willow beside the river ascended the song of the cardinal.

"Yes, it is beautiful!" David Foster repeated.

Presently he stole a sidelong look at her. She was sitting with her hands clasped about her knees, gazing at the town which nestled placidly among its plenteous trees a mile up the river.

"It must be wonderful to have a home of one's own!" she sighed, half absently, her eyes still on the housetops of the village. "I've never had a home—never had my own people."

"Neither have I," said he.

"No? And haven't you wanted them? Me—how I have!" She smiled, a little whimsically. "I'm saving my pennies, and when I become an old maid too fussy for anybody to stand me, I'm going to buy me a home—yes, a home, and take in half a dozen nice, dirty little orphans. And they'll be my people!"

"I should think," said he hesitantly, "that you would have married."

"It's simple enough why I haven't. Two or three man have asked me, but the man has never happened along my way that I'd care to ask."

Emboldened, he had been studying her. Certainly she was odd. Again he was wondering who and what she was—when she turned her head suddenly and caught his gaze. He flushed with guilt, but she only smiled.

"Well?" she asked.

He gripped his courage.

"I was wondering who you are."

"I'm a fraud — the worst fraud in the State. Honestly!" She smiled with her frank good humor. "But I suppose you'd like to know more than that?"

"If you don't mind."

"All right! First, my family tree. I've a remarkable family tree, I have—just me! I'm all of it. I don't even know my real

name, and I've got an idea that my father and mother didn't bother much about getting married. The orphan asylum in Indianapolis gave me the name of Kate Harper. At twelve I was taken into a family. They treated me almost as one of them; I worked hard about the house, and in exchange they let me go to school, and even through high school. After that I worked a year for them for wages, and spent it all in piano-lessons. I had decided I was going to be a music-teacher. Conceited, wasn't I? Doesn't it seem funny?"

"Go on!" he urged.

"I worked another year for them, practising all my spare time, and saved my money. Then I went to Valparaiso to study music; that's a big college up in the northern part of the State, where three or four thousand students live on about fifty cents a week. A year there, and then I set up as a teacher in a town where no one knew me. Being a person who had studied music in college, I had some prestige, and I got plenty of pupils—at sixty cents a lesson. Three years of that, and I decided I had to have more prestige. So I slipped away, went to Europe steerage, traveled third-class when there wasn't any fourth, lived on less than any other healthy human being ever did, took some lessons, heard a lot of music, came back steerage—and opened up shop in still another town, with the reputation of having studied abroad." She smiled her whimsical smile. "You don't know what that means out here—the reputation of having studied in Europe."

"I think you are simply a wonder!" he exclaimed.

"You wouldn't if you heard me play!" she laughed. "Oh, to be honest, I play decently enough, and I'm a lot better teacher than the average. But as for genius, talent"—she shook her head—"there isn't an inspired corpuscle in my body. I could practise from now till my last hair's gone, and I'd still be just mediocre and competent." Abruptly her whimsical smile disappeared, and the humorous tone she had used toward herself grew serious. "While as for you, you've got something—something big, real. Those things I read this morning were simply splendid!"

He flushed with pleasure.

"You think so?"

"Big, genuinely big! With me—never. With you—just a question of time and keeping at it. That's what you're going to do?"

"It's what I wanted to do!"

She nodded.

"Just time—and work—and a fair chance."

They chatted on, and he felt himself expanding, unfolding beneath her frank, comradely talk. He found her amazingly ignorant on many matters, and somehow, despite her handicaps, amazingly well-informed on others. Above all she impressed him as being immensely practical; she had ideals, but she never forgot the bread and butter.

They were together often after that morning on Halleluiah Hill. Almost always she was the one to come to him. There was nothing the least bit coquettish in her manner. Manifestly, she could not have succeeded at coquetry; it would have been unnatural, repugnant to her. She came to him because she frankly liked to talk to him. And rapidly Foster felt his inveterate shyness, which had always hampered him like an inherited disease, slipping from him.

He tried to analyze the peculiar quality of her personality, to determine what it was that made her so unlike the other women he had known. At length he decided that it was her directness, her naturalness, her perfect freedom. Her instinctive freedom—yes, that was it. When the women whose orbits swung close about his aunt's wished to be free, their freedom had been expressed mainly in terms of cigarettes, cocktails, and divorces. But this girl had a real and natural freedom. He felt that she knew exactly what she wanted and that she moved toward her desire directly, unashamed, even unconscious that convention had fixed rules ordaining that a lady, to be a lady, must pretend at this point and repress herself at that.

He found that he no longer thought of her as plain. He forgave, or rather forgot, her insufficient nose and the mosaic of freckles that constituted her complexion. He was made to forget by her free grace of body, her mass of reddish-brown hair, her strong, sympathetic mouth, the frank gaze of her brown eyes—by her piquant, clever, ignorant talk. He found himself beginning to count with dread the few days remaining of her vacation.

And then it dawned upon him that he was falling in love.

## V

On the morning when David Foster made this discovery he fled from the farmhouse, in a panic. He fled to the river, with Farmer Carson's fishing-pole and a can of worms as an excuse; and all day he wandered through the pokeberries, blackberries, and vines of the bank, rubbing the gnats out of his eyes with the back of his hands, wading in shallow places, now and then dropping a casual hook into the placid water.

Never before had he been so agitated. Love he had considered as a thing outside his life; women he had ever been afraid of. And if she cared for him—most improbable of all things—even if she cared for him, how could he dare to think seriously of love, unestablished and penniless as he was?

He returned late, dangling a solitary fish, which, when presented to him fried, next morning, proved an outrageous violation of the pure-food laws, for its pretended flesh was naught but needles. He pushed away from his sucker before Miss Harper was half through her breakfast, and again he fled, and again was absent the entire day.

But that night was a night of torture. Hands, feet, face, all seemed afire. The next morning, flight was impossible. His swollen feet would not go into his shoes. His hands and face were puffed up, and what seemed to be minute pimples were rising on them. He wondered what in the world had happened to him.

He went shuffling down-stairs in a pair of Chinese straw slippers. At sight of him, Miss Harper sprang up from the table.

"Why, you're simply covered with poison-ivy!" she cried.

"I didn't know what it was."

"Your hands and face!" She saw the slippers. "And your feet, too?"

"Yes."

"How did you get it?"

Creature of the city, he did not even know what poison-ivy was, and she explained. He haltingly told her of his fishing.

"You must have waded through the ivy barefooted, and got it on your hands, and rubbed it from your hands on your face. It's awful!"

Instantly she assumed charge of him. She gave him no chance to refuse. Soon she had a hammock, contrived of barrel-staves woven together with a warp of wire, swung between two pines in the front yard. This she made soft with layers of quilts, and upon it she compelled him to stretch himself. Then she began to bathe feet, hands, and face with a solution which she told him was copperas.

He was infinitely humiliated. Had ever a more unheroic mishap befallen a man? If only he had adventurously broken an arm! But in his ignorance he had merely brushed a noxious shrub—and there he lay, helpless!

He itched and burned, and was wild with desire to scratch himself, but he tingled rapturously whenever her swift, competent hands touched him. She placed a rocking-chair beside his hammock; and while not bathing him, she talked or read aloud. He had had good care before, even expert, high-priced care, but never a comradeship like this mingled with it. He was dizzily, fearfully happy, with a fear which at times would hardly let him breathe.

That night his swelling eyelids closed tight together. She called in a doctor from the town, who pronounced it the worst case of ivy-poisoning he had seen, but prescribed no other treatment than what she was already giving her patient. She kept on bathing him, talking to him, reading to him, all that night when he was awake, and all the next day, while he lay there in his swollen blindness.

The following day, Foster knew, was the day appointed for her to leave. He looked forward to it with dread, expecting her momently to say good-by. But she did not speak of going. The day came, and went; and still she stayed.

On the fourth day of his blindness she said:

"Here is a letter that's come for you."

"Yes?"

He was surprised. He had not expected to receive any letters. He thought he had completely vanished from the world of his friends.

"It has been forwarded two or three times. The original address is in a rather round, vertical hand."

"It's from my Aunt Eleanor."

"Shall I keep it till you can see, or shall I read it to you?"

He hesitated. He remembered that he had treated his aunt's well-intended kindness rather shabbily in disappearing as he had.

"Please read it," he replied.

She did so. His aunt wrote that she had opened her Newport house, and urged him to give up his silly ideas about writing, and join her. Ethel Morison, Barbara Palmer, and Rosella Hastings were staying with her. If he would only behave and let her handle the business, he could undoubtedly have the pick of the three girls—and each of them, she didn't need to tell him, had a fortune that required no microscope for its discovery.

It seemed strange to him to hear such talk again—lying away out there beneath the pines of a homely farm-yard in this quiet Hoosier valley.

There was a silence of several moments. Then she spoke. Her voice was steady—it pained him that it was so steady.

"When you're well, don't you think you'd better go?"

"No," said he.

"But it would make everything so much easier for you."

"For some people it would, but not for me. That life wears out my nerves. I'm afraid of it. I can't breathe."

"But don't forget the money side of the question. You've told me that you were poor, and were not yet established. It'll be a long, hard fight for you if you refuse your aunt's offer."

Her words sounded like the advice of a cautious, canny business woman. Just that—no more.

"Nevertheless, I'm going to fight it out," he said.

"And those girls—and their fortunes?"

"Aunt'll find no trouble in getting rid of both." Then he added, with a sudden flare of energy: "I'm going to stick it out!"

"So that's all settled?"

"All settled," said he.

There was again silence. Then she remarked:

"I have a letter, too. I must get back to work, or lose my pupils."

He had been expecting this, but his heart turned suddenly cold.

"You are going—when?"

"To-morrow."

Of a sudden a wild, tingling something, a great wave, rose sweeping up within him,

dazed him, overpowered him. There was a whisper, which he did not will, but which he knew came from his lips:

"I wish—you didn't have to go!"

"You mean you want me to stay?" he heard her ask.

"Yes."

There was a silence.

"For how long?"

Again that powerful thing within him, of which he was not the master, whispered:

"Always!"

"You mean—forever?"

"Yes, forever!"

Before he spoke, while he spoke, he gasped at his boldness. He was appalled at the absurdity of his request. The idea—him, a penniless fellow, without earning-power!

But he wished for her, wished for her mightily. Why, why was she so long in speaking? Oh, if only he could see, and could read in her face what was passing in her mind! This awful blindness! Why was she so long?

In reality, hardly a moment had passed.

He felt the cooling cloth, which lay across his face, drawn up. Then his lips felt hers.

## VI

A LITTLE later she sat holding one bandaged hand.

"The fact is," she remarked, "I have courted you scandalously!"

"You courted me?" he exclaimed.

"Of course! From the first day. I liked you—I wanted you—so why not? And instead of waiting till now to propose to you—"

"You propose to me!"

"Of course I did! And I would have done it long ago, only you seemed to be so shy, and so sick, that it didn't seem quite the square thing to do. I thought you might say yes simply because you were too weak to say no. So I held back to give you a chance."

He did not speak, but held the hand of this, to him, amazing person. A chilling thought took advantage of the silence to penetrate his happiness. He was in love, he was engaged, but he had practically no money, and no early chance of earning much!

"I don't see how it can ever be—not for years, anyhow."

"What?"

"Our"—he hesitated—"our getting married. I expect you'd better forget me when you go away."

"Why?"

"You know how poor I am."

"See here, my dear boy, one thing a woman like me finds out is that real happiness is scarce, and when it comes your way the thing to do is to reach out both your hands"—she had her two hands about his now—"and take it, and hold it—fast! So you are not going to get away from me, never! That is, unless you want to."

"I never shall!" he breathed, and then hesitatingly he spoke her first name. "Kate!"

She pressed his hand warmly, but did not at once speak. He knew she was thinking. When she spoke again, her voice had its characteristic ring of practicality.

"Still, a little money, at least, is important. Do you mind telling me how much you made last year? From your writing, I mean."

He calculated.

"About three hundred dollars."

"That isn't much of a fortune, is it?" she mused.

"You see how preposterous—"

"There, there, we won't talk about it any more; and you mustn't think about it, either."

But he did think about it. He could not keep it from his mind. He loved her! He wanted her! He wanted to cling to her, now that he had her; but he felt himself so absurdly, pitifully inadequate before his great problem—the problem of making and keeping a home.

He had much time to think about it, for as soon as he began to grow better, and could see again, she began to be absent endless hours each day, leaving him to the grim ministrations of Mrs. Carson. Instead of her voice, he heard only the metallic strumming of the locusts from the orchard, and the incessant brawling of the noisy sparrows chattering overhead in the pines.

These absences she did not offer to explain, and his venturesome questions she smilingly evaded. He was concerned about her pupils; they were her business, her livelihood; how, he asked, could she afford to remain away from them any longer? She lightly answered that she had written to them; that they could wait, or find another teacher.

One great discovery he made, now that he had eyes again. She was astoundingly beautiful!

He thought more and more about a way of keeping her with him—about a home. He had dreams about luckily selling, all at one fell swoop, stores of manuscript he had, and about turning out quantities of rapid work that would bring in a regular stream, a tidal wave, of checks. The dreams were exciting, delightful, but he knew they were absurd. He knew that before him was hard, hard work and a pinched, pinched life.

Of that greatest thing—home and a joint life begun immediately—he saw no hope.

## VII

DAY after day passed, with Foster dreaming and reading and fretting his time away, out beneath the pines. His face and hands grew well in due course, but he had scratched his feet, the poison had spread, and it was not till the fourth week that the skin was whole.

"Let's celebrate!" she cried, the first morning he was able to slip into his shoes. "What do you say to the view from Halleluiah Hill?"

He agreed, and they started up, slowly, to humor his feet. She was flushed, excited, full of gay chatter that did not always make sense. She seemed to be always running ahead, though always by his side at the steep places. He wondered what it meant.

Toward the top of the hill she turned aside from the path, and they came out of the beeches directly in front of the old log church.

"Let's first peep in at Aunt Phenie's Meeting-House," she said, and led the way to the door.

At the great flat stone that made the step she turned sharply about. Her eyes were bright—smilingly bright.

"First, I must tell you," she said rapidly, "that I've got several pupils down in town. Dollar a lesson. Not much, is it, for a product of the conservatories of Europe?" She gave an unsteady little laugh. "Come in!"

She swung open the door and pressed him in before her.

He stood amazed. Aunt Phenie's Meeting-House was full of light. Big windows were where the tiny ones had been, their new frames colored to match the age-

stained logs. At the windows were white muslin curtains, and on the floor were rag-woven rugs. There was a kitchen-table, stained brown, with writing-materials upon it; there were two couches with burlap covers, and a piano, and in one corner, with curtains to screen the corner off, were an oil-stove and kitchen things. Cheap, cheap, cheap, but—

"Bought the house for its value as firewood," a voice at his ear was quavering. "And the top of Halleluiah Hill is ours, too! Over there, that's where you write. And to live here will cost us only—"

"Kate!"

He reached out tremulously, caught her arm, and gazed into her face. It was all quiver; it was shining with apprehensive, appealing smiles, its freckles—its beautiful freckles!—were glorious with tears.

"Kate," he breathed in awe, "you mean it's—it's *home*?"

"Home, yes!" she quavered. "If you don't think it's too poor!"

"Poor? Oh, Kate! It's wonderful! Wonderful! And you're the most wonderful thing of all!"

The next moment they were in each other's arms, tight, tight—sobbing.

At length his voice came forth, a husky, tremulous, reverent whisper.

"Kate, I haven't prayed since I was a boy, but—but—"

He did not need to finish. Bowed by a common impulse, they sank to their knees, clutching each other, their heads buried upon a couch; and there in Aunt Phenie's Meeting-House, with the homely shadows of its ancient worshipers gazing on them, they made their prayer.

### THE WOMAN WAITS

A CHANGING light behind a half-drawn curtain;  
Through the blurred pane a woman's anxious face  
That peers and peers, while fingers grope uncertain  
Along the sill and up the filmy lace,  
Now live, now listless, as each footstep passes;  
What untold strains that nervous hand relates!  
So, in a whirl of hopes and fears and guesses,  
The woman waits.

For what? Alas, so many are the reasons,  
Or light or heavy—each to leave its mark;  
Perhaps a dinner that some guest unseasons;  
Perhaps a child that stays out after dark;  
The wayward daughter—oft the cheek so sunken  
Tells how the mother dreads those constant "dates";  
Or else a husband, aimless, sotted, drunken,  
For this—just think of it!—some woman waits.

So from her childhood, schooled to hide emotion,  
Masking with smiles too oft a weary heart,  
Wherever weakness calls for strong devotion,  
She fills the passive and the nobler part—  
To comfort those through long, lone watches lying,  
To soothe the sufferer till the pain abates,  
Or in that darkest hour to bless the dying,  
The woman waits.

It is not so with man; as each whim takes him  
He finds a newer way, a different road.  
If he succeeds, some woman helps to make him;  
And if he fails, some woman shares the load.  
Masculine, strength spurred on by furious chances;  
Feminine, patience daring dumber fates;  
Reckless the hope by which the man advances,  
Sublime the faith with which the woman waits!

*Harry F. Bowling*

# THE VACATION SAVINGS MOVEMENT

THE WORK OF A NOVEL AND INTERESTING ORGANIZATION  
THAT IS DOING MUCH FOR THE WORKING GIRLS  
OF THE GREAT AMERICAN CITIES

BY HUGH THOMPSON

TWO saleswomen were gossiping one afternoon late last April in the lace department of a big New York department - store. Trade had slackened down for a moment. Outside, a warm breeze brought the first suggestion of lazy summer days. The thoughts of tired humanity turned to holiday-time.

One of the girls spoke up with a note of real pride in her voice.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad I've got thirty dollars in the Vacation Savings Fund. I'll have two dandy weeks up in Westchester County!"

"Lucky Jim!" replied her friend. "I wish I had a pass-book, and had started to save. I've used up all I've earned."

Just then a flock of customers came along, and the conversation ceased; but it had lasted long enough to show the meaning of an interesting and constructive movement.

In New York, as in most other cities throughout the United States, most women who work all the year around in stores, offices, and shops get a vacation varying in length from one to two weeks, sometimes with salary, sometimes without. In many cases, if a girl wishes to take a longer vacation at her own expense, she can do so only by forfeiting her position. Others find themselves in the position of having a holiday, but lacking the money needed to take them away from the city to the restful quiet of the country and its health-giving fresh air.

Furthermore, when a girl is able to go away, she is at the mercy of the boarding-house keeper. The problem has been to

establish some agency by which the working girl could get a clean, decent, and reasonable place wherein to spend her vacation and be free from temptation.

An investigation made of the vacation resources of New York showed that vacation homes had been established by a few churches, settlement houses, and philanthropic societies. Three department-stores had such institutions for the benefit of their own employees. The church cottages, as a rule, were open to parishioners only. In all, about seven thousand working girls out of the four hundred thousand in the city, or less than two per cent of the total, could be accommodated in this way.

Notwithstanding the good accomplished by the different vacation homes, it was found, on inquiry among the girls, that they were unpopular because of the restrictions imposed on the inmates. In most of them the girls had to live by rigid rule; there was no freedom of action. The situation was summed up by a saleswoman who told an investigator:

"Why, you can't even look at a man if you go there! I do not want to be bound to go to prayers twice a day."

The general feeling among these self-supporting women, who toiled so hard for the greater part of the year, was that when they did have a chance to get away from the irksome routine of shop and shelf, they wanted to feel absolutely free to rest or to seek innocent amusement.

In 1908 a Vacation Bureau was established under the auspices of a group of

women connected with what was known as the Committee on Amusement and Vacation Resources. Their first task was to find country boarding-houses accessible to New York and reasonable in price. When they came to look into the houses which had been sheltering working girls during the summer vacation, they were horrified by what they learned.

Many alluringly advertised places were found to be miserably inadequate. In one house, which had been recommended as "highly desirable," the beds, in the off season, were used as incubators, and the mattresses were nests. In another house it was the weekly custom to hold prize-fights. In still a third, diphtheria had developed, and no sanitary precautions had been taken to protect the prospective guests from contagion. In many boarding-houses liquors were sold surreptitiously. Several places heralded as "clean and moral" harbored gunmen and rowdies from the lower East Side of the metropolis, who preyed on the guests.

In addition to cleanliness, good food, and attractive surroundings, the committee had to secure a very reasonable rate of board, for many of the girls cannot afford to pay more than five dollars a week. The work began on a small scale, but during its first year boarding-houses were found for more than two hundred girls at rates ranging from five to eight dollars a week.

In the following year the demand increased to such an extent that the original committee joined forces with the Women's Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation. Since then, under the direction of Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, it has expanded to its present proportions, and has developed many interesting and highly significant variations.

#### TEACHING THE LESSON OF THRIFT

As the task of finding adequate vacation retreats progressed, various economic problems bobbed up. One was that of helping the worst-paid or less-thrifty girls to get together enough money for a reasonably comfortable holiday.

"Why not devise some scheme to make the girls save systematically for their vacation?" asked Miss Smith.

The result was the Vacation Savings Fund, which is now in full operation all over New York, and which has enabled thousands of working girls to enjoy their

much needed recreation free from financial worry. Incidentally, it is developing the habit of thrift in quarters where it is most needed, and a very real benefit is being worked all around.

The plan is simple and effective. The committee realized that it could not very well start a savings-bank, for this would have involved expensive machinery. Moreover, there are plenty of good savings-banks already in operation. So a stamp system was adopted. The design of the stamp is in itself an ingenious detail of the scheme. It shows an attractive country scene. A girl is rowing a boat, while another, in cool summer dress, is walking along the shore. Thus, whenever a girl buys a stamp, she has a visual reminder of vacation.

The denominations of the stamps range from five cents to a dollar. Each girl who is a member of the Vacation Fund gets a pass-book, in which she pastes the stamps as she buys them. They are the evidence of her savings.

But many of the girls lived at a distance from the offices of the committee, and they had to spend ten cents to get their stamps. Ten cents is a big item for many of these workers. To meet this difficulty, it was decided to establish local stations in stores, offices, and shops. Most employers commended the plan heartily, and have given the most cordial cooperation. Many of them have made handsome cash donations to the general fund.

In each store or shop where there is a branch, the heads of the establishment, or the girls themselves, select some one to act as treasurer. This official is provided with fifty dollars' worth of stamps. The girls buy their stamps from her, and she turns over her receipts each week to the regular collector. No bookkeeping is required in the branches, because it is simply a matter of accounting for stamps received.

The result is that the girls have their own home organizations. They look upon their "local" as a sort of club, and take pride in the swelling savings of its members.

Last summer was the first since the inauguration of the savings fund movement, and nearly four thousand girls were able to take vacations with money that they had put by during the twelve months. For the coming summer the savings fund will probably amount to pretty nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and more than ten thousand women will benefit. There are in New

York more than a hundred local stations, and this means a hundred stores, offices, or shops whose girls are counting the days until they can smell the sweet breath of the open country and get long hours of health-giving, restful sleep.

Through the efforts of the Vacation Committee, a very complete card catalogue of cheap summer boarding-houses within reach of New York, together with information in regard to reaching them, has been compiled, and is accessible at headquarters. Any girl who wants to secure a reasonable and desirable place to spend her vacation, whether a member of the Vacation Fund or not, may apply to the main offices.

Similar organization is now being effected in Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston, and the movement promises to be country-wide.

The social side has been developed along with the economic and the hygienic. What are called "vacation evenings" are held once a month during the winter for the purpose of bringing together the girls, the local secretaries, and the outside women interested in the movement. They are held in the big assembly hall of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and there is some educational talk at each session.

On one evening there was a concert by the People's Singing Class; on a second, an illustrated talk on the Metropolitan Museum. This was followed by a Sunday visit to the wonders of that establishment. In the party there were salesgirls who had lived in New York all their lives, and who had never been inside the museum.

For the spring months, trips are planned to places of interest, like Governor's Island, where the girls will see how a military post is conducted; to the Bronx Park, where they will have an animated lesson in natural history; and to the neighboring Botanical Gardens, where they will have an open-air talk on botany. Classes in gymnastics, sewing, and dramatics have also been formed.

Once a year there is a big dance. The girls run this entertainment themselves. They sell the tickets, and out of the proceeds—which for the first affair amounted to more than two thousand dollars—they get enough to pay all expenses and leave a surplus for the general fund.

But there is a larger value in all this work. The girls are being taught how to use the hospitals, the clinics, the dispens-

saries, the police force, the parks—in fact, all those public utilities which are theirs by virtue of their citizenship. With this knowledge comes the equipment which makes them better and more healthful mothers, sisters, and citizens generally.

#### HOW THE "SPUGS" BEGAN

Out of the Vacation Savings Fund there has developed another movement of national interest and importance. Like many significant revolutions, it began quite casually.

Near the end of the fund's first year, this message came to headquarters from many stores:

"Don't send any more collectors for savings until after Christmas. We need all our money now for presents!"

Investigation showed a shameless system of graft in many mercantile establishments employing large numbers of girls. In order to stand well with floor-walkers and other superiors, the clerks raised considerable sums of money, which were expended on gifts for them. There was also a wasteful "exchange system" of giving among the girls. Afraid of being called stingy, they stripped themselves. One tried to outdo the other, and all went beyond their means.

At one of the vacation evenings, Mrs. August Belmont addressed the depositors in the fund on the folly and extravagance of such giving. She pointed out the fact that there is no real sentiment or feeling about this kind of Christmas gift. Her words sank into the consciousness of the girls to such an extent that they formed the now famous Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving. The idea was fresh and welcome, and, under the abbreviated name of "the Spugs," the association has become widely known.

Behind the vacation savings movement is a far-reaching significance. It is one constructive step toward the elimination of waste. It helps to give the business woman an economic independence, and it tends to establish better relations between employer and employee. For the worker herself it offers an opportunity for relaxation, which gives her a better physical equipment, and this, in turn, makes her a more valuable part of the business machine.

In short, she has the chance to recreate herself in the fullest sense of the word, for she learns how to live—how to get more rest and enjoyment, and how to work with a new zest and efficiency.

# MRS. BELDEN'S BEAU-IDEAL

BY S. E. KISER

AUTHOR OF "WRECKED ON ASPARAGUS REEF," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I AM inclined to think that the queerest job I ever had was the one Mrs. Belden got me into. Mrs. Belden was a rich young widow with romantic ideas and a passion for getting her name in the papers. She rode her horse man-fashion, she had made a flight in an aeroplane, and she had left twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in a sleeping-car.

One day she sent for me and said:

"Mr. Atherton, I have made up my mind to build a memorial to my husband."

I told her it would be a fine thing to do. I had known Belden; and, while he had had shortcomings, as most men have, I thought he deserved a memorial.

"But," she explained, "it is not to be a mere pile of marble bearing his name. It is to be in the form of a philanthropic institution—a haven of hope for those who are homeless."

I let her understand that I believed in havens. In fact, I think I said something to the effect that one of the worst things about the world was its shortage of havens; and I still cling to that sentiment.

"It seems to me," the lady remarked, "that there are libraries and colleges enough, so I'll not bother with anything of that kind. What is most needed to-day is a burglars' home, and I'm going to found one. There are old people's homes, homes for actors, homes for printers, homes for newsboys, homes for soldiers, and other kinds of homes by the dozen, but where is there a burglars' home?"

I admitted that I didn't know of a burglars' home anywhere.

"Of course you don't," she said. "Our unhappy and often misguided burglars are homeless wanderers—at least the ones who

are not in prison are—and what could be more noble than to offer them a haven of rest? Think what it must be to be a burglar, going from place to place, with no one to turn to for sympathy or consolation! What a lonely, dreary life the burglar who gets out of prison, or who escapes after committing his burglary, must lead! I feel that I have been sent to succor and comfort these poor souls, and, if possible, to lift them up and make them better, nobler men. I've decided to call it the Benjamin J. Belden Home for Burglars. How do you like the name?"

It struck me that if Benjamin J. Belden could have had anything to say about it he wouldn't have cared to be memorialized in that way. While he had not used a dark lantern or a jimmy in accumulating his wealth, I felt sure that the association of his name with a burglars' home would have seemed unpleasantly suggestive. I conveyed this thought as delicately as I could to the fair widow; and, after she had carefully considered it, she admitted that I might be right.

Finally she made up her mind to call her institution the Baldy Mowbray Home for Burglars, in honor of a splendid desperado who had been hanged a few years before for shooting a detective. She had been deeply interested in Mowbray's case. He had been mixed up in a diamond-robbery in Ohio, and when he was captured in Indiana he didn't hesitate for a minute to add murder to his crimes.

"What were those diamonds to the detective?" Mrs. Belden argued. "He was not interested in spreading morality. The reward was the only thing that concerned him. Poor, unfortunate Baldy! I couldn't

sleep for three nights after he was executed. They say he belonged to a noble family in England, and I suppose he must have inherited his haughty disposition from one of his cavalier ancestors. What a pity it is

bother about that. She merely wanted to engage me to manage the concern. I told her frankly that I'd never had any experience in managing a burglars' home. I suggested that if she insisted on founding



TOMLINSON WAS HER BEAU-IDEAL OF A BURGLAR

that we can't have him to give the home a start—to lend it prestige by the charm of his impressive presence!"

"But how is your haven going to be a memorial to your husband if you name it in honor of Baldy?" I asked.

I remembered that Belden had objected when his wife had sent flowers and consoling letters to the diamond-robbler.

She gave me to understand that I needn't

a haven, it might be better to make it a refuge for foundlings or cripples.

"No," she said. "The foundlings are always sure to be cared for in some way. They have the chance of being adopted by people who will leave fortunes to them; and the cripples can get along by selling shoestrings or pencils or pocket-combs. But what is there for the unfortunate burglar to do? Nobody will give him work, nobody

will adopt him, and what chance would he have to keep body and soul together by standing at a corner, with a card on his breast that said, 'Please Help the Burglar'? I should like to have you manage the home; but if you don't wish to, I shall have to find somebody else."

When she put it that way, I thought I might as well accept the place as let it to somebody who might be false to his trust. She had a fine, big house in one of the most aristocratic parts of the city, and we began fixing it up for use as a haven. The widow wrote to the Governors of several States, asking them to let her know the names of burglars who had been pardoned, or who were about to be let out of prison after having served their time.

I took it upon myself, without letting her know what I was doing, to confer with the chief of police, for the purpose of having a special squad of plain-clothes men put on duty around the Baldy Mowbray Home for Burglars. I didn't believe in taking any foolish chances, and the chief was glad to cooperate with me, because he had an idea that the home might in time become a good place in which to look for big game.

## II

I ADVISED Mrs. Belden not to let the neighbors know what kind of a haven she was preparing, for I had a pretty well defined idea that they would be likely to cause trouble if they became aware of the facts. It's sometimes hard to get property-owners to listen to reason. The lady consented to act in secret until the haven was established, but she insisted that its object and character must be made public as soon as we got it well organized.

"You know the Bible tells us not to hide our light under a bushel," she said. "If we had to operate in secret, we should be limiting our usefulness. Burglars might pass our doors and not know of the welcome that was awaiting them inside. And, more than that, our burglars might not like it if they had reason to believe we were ashamed of them. It would be an insult to their finer natures, and we could not blame them for being sensitive about it. We must help them to hold up their heads proudly and look the whole world in the face!"

The grounds around the house spread out pretty well—in fact, the lawns and gardens filled a whole square, and that

made it easy for us to get along without attracting public attention. Mrs. Belden's jewels and the household silver were stored in a safety vault down-town, and we made arrangements to run the haven without keeping any ready money where it would tempt our guests.

Our first burglar arrived one morning about a week after I had been installed as manager. His general appearance indicated that if he hadn't found a haven just when he did, he would have had to go to work; and that, I felt sure, would have caused his proud heart to break.

He was followed by The Flipper, a stocky gentleman whose eyes were small and very close together. His ears seemed to be set unusually high on his head, and his neck had a tendency to bulge at the back. I made no effort to convince Mrs. Belden that I liked his looks, and she admitted that he was not prepossessing.

"But," she explained, after she had interviewed him concerning his career, "we must not judge by appearances. He has been more sinned against than sinning. In his childhood he was stolen by a gang of thieves, who compelled him to rob a hardware store, and just for that society has been hounding him ever since. I feel sure that he will be worth saving."

Other burglars kept dropping in from day to day; and one morning, about a week after The Flipper's arrival, Tomlinson came to us. He was different from the others. Though shabbily dressed, he had a certain air of distinction, and he confessed to the fair widow that he belonged to an aristocratic family in Philadelphia. His real name was Dix, but the members of his fraternity called him Tomlinson for short. He had, so he informed the lady, been drawn into the burglary business through his desire for adventure, and not because of any coarse yearning for sinful gain.

Mrs. Belden quickly arrived at the conclusion that the saving of Tomlinson would be a sufficient justification for her haven, even if none of our other burglars turned out well. She supplied him with the necessary funds for a new and natty outfit of clothes. She walked with him in the grounds, and they sat together under the trees, where they could not be seen by people in the streets. She gave me to understand that he was her beau-ideal of a burglar. The best room in the house was placed



"IF I GO, IT WON'T TAKE THE POLICE LONG TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF A JOINT THIS IS!"

at his disposal. It was big and airy and finely furnished, and I felt that if she had possessed a sense of the proprieties she would have permitted the manager to occupy it.

Two weeks after the opening of the haven we had eight burglars on the roll. All but one of them, The Flipper, claimed to belong to aristocratic families in the East, but I have no doubt that there are some good Eastern families that have never produced a burglar, or even a pickpocket.

Tomlinson did not fraternize with the rest of our guests, and, to tell the truth, I didn't blame him. He was a trim-looking, handsome chap, and he was educated. The others were a pretty bad lot, as far as appearances went, and they lacked Tomlinson's refinement. By common consent they seemed to accept The Flipper as their leader. Such disputes as they had among themselves were referred to him for settlement; he assigned their places when they indulged in games of any kind, and he always headed the procession at meal-time.

Between Tomlinson and The Flipper there never was any bond of sympathy. When they passed each other, The Flipper scowled in an ugly way, and Tomlinson

assumed a haughty look that wasn't at all soothing to his rival. It didn't take me long to see that there was going to be trouble, and I mentioned the matter to Mrs. Belden. She, also, had noticed the enmity between our two distinguished guests.

"I wish The Flipper had never come here," she said; "but I don't see how we can turn him out. You must keep him and Mr. Tomlinson apart as much as possible, and do your best to prevent trouble. The haven has such a good start now that we can't afford to let it fail."

In addition to being cultured and handsome, Tomlinson was an ingenious chap, and when he wasn't reading to Mrs. Belden, or walking through the spacious grounds with her, he worked on an electric burglar-alarm system with which he was fitting up the house, so that nobody could raise a window or open a door from the outside at night, without setting a dozen gongs ringing and turning on lights in all the halls.

"It isn't likely," he explained, "that burglars will ever want to break in here at night when they can get a royal welcome by coming in the daytime; but it's always a good plan to be on the safe side."

Mrs. Belden was so enthusiastic over Tomlinson's accomplishments that The Flipper and his followers let their jealousy get beyond control. During the forenoon, after the completion of the burglar-alarm system, a delegation consisting of The Flipper and two of his followers called on Mrs. Belden and me when we were having a consultation in the business office.

The widow asked them what they wanted, and The Flipper said:

"We've come here as a grievance committee. Us boys don't think we're gettin' a square deal, and if you don't give us satisfaction we're goin' to strike."

"My good man," Mrs. Belden replied, going pale, "I can't imagine why you should be dissatisfied. We have done everything we could think of to make you happy and comfortable here. What is it, that doesn't suit you?"

"Why are you makin' us eat with cheap knives and forks and plated spoons?" The Flipper asked, assuming a hurt look. "It shows that you're suspicious of us, and we don't like it."

The widow promised that they should have silver, without waiting to hear what I had to say about the matter, and the delegation went away; but I knew that wasn't going to be the end of it.

A few minutes later, Tomlinson came in. When he heard what had happened, he became indignant, and asked for permission to pull The Flipper's nose. Mrs. Belden pleaded with him not to do anything that might cause the haven to come to an ignominious end; and for a day or two things moved along serenely again. Then the grievance committee came back, and, being granted a hearing, The Flipper, who continued to act as spokesman, said:

"It ain't a square game. After this the cards has got to be cut for every deal, or we walk out!"

"I haven't the least idea what you mean," Mrs. Belden nervously replied.

"The play don't suit us," The Flipper explained. "The cards ain't right."

"Well," the lady asked, "why not try some other game, then? I'll have a tennis-court fixed up for you, or we can have some croquet-grounds laid out."

"Nix! Don't do it," said The Flipper. "We pass up the tennis, and we spurn the croquet. What we wish to remark is that the game's got to be something we can all play at."

"Perhaps," the gentle founder of the home suggested, "you would prefer golf. I wonder," she asked, turning to me, "if we couldn't have a few holes fixed up here in the yard?"

"Lady," the head of the committee went on, "let's get down to cases. It's Tomlinson. He's got to quit settin' on the plush, or the rest of us walk out. We can't stand for class distinction!"

"I have not seen Mr. Tomlinson sitting on the plush," Mrs. Belden said, permitting her indignation to assert itself. "There is no plush here for any one to sit on."

"You gotter quit playin' him as a favorite against the field," continued The Flipper, declining to concede anything. "We wouldn't have no kick to make if he was an honest, square burglar; but he ain't. He never burgled nothin' in his life!"

For a minute the fair widow seemed to be unable to speak. When she could control herself, she said:

"Oh, Mr. Flipper, you are mistaken, I'm sure! He has told me the whole story. Mr. Tomlinson is a gentleman whose word I should not think of doubting. His career has been filled with romance. It was the robbing of a bank in Massachusetts that got him into trouble."

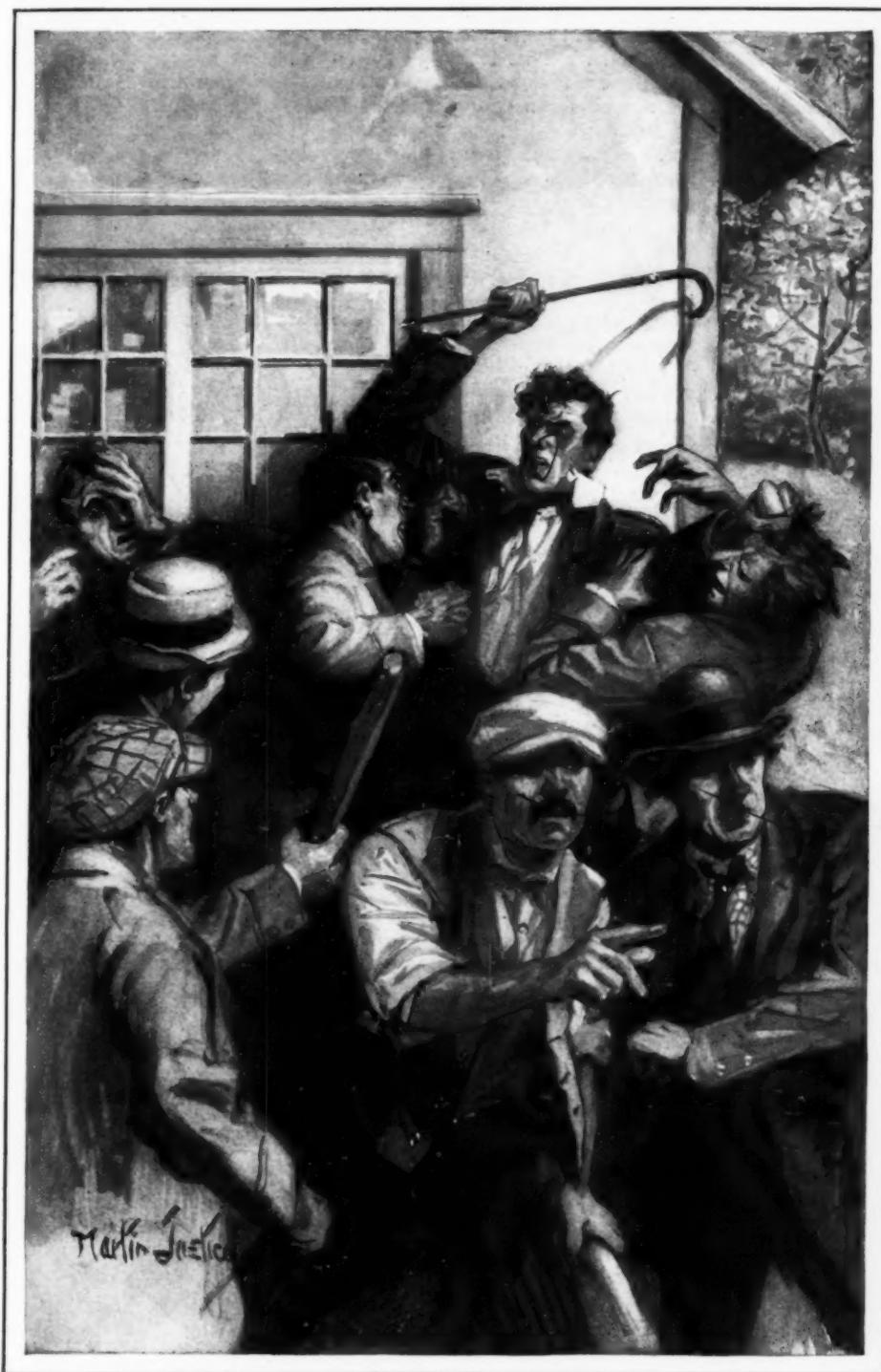
"Bank nothin'!" declared The Flipper. "He never even done a respectable job of porch-climb'in'. If you want to know the truth about Tomlinson, I'll give it to you. He got sent to the pen for forgin' his uncle's name to a check for sixty dollars. He didn't even have nerve enough to go outside of the fam'ly. What business has he got here, takin' the bread and butter out of the mouths of real burglars that's too modest to push themselves forrad?"

I shall never forget the look of disappointment that was on Mrs. Belden's countenance when she turned toward me. She seemed to be too badly overcome to continue to argue with The Flipper, and I informed the committee that I would begin an investigation at once, promising that Tomlinson should be expelled if the charges against him were substantiated.

### III

AFTER the committee had left, Mrs. Belden turned to me, and her expression was pathetic.

"You must find out about this," she said. "I can't believe that Mr. Tomlinson is an ordinary swindler. If he has deceived me,



THERE WERE SOUNDS OF COMBAT, AND YELLS OF "HELP!" "POLICE!" "MURDER!"

I can never have faith in any burglar again! I must know the truth at once!"

I sent for Tomlinson, and when we told him what we had heard about him he almost broke down. It seemed for a while that he could not trust himself to speak, but at last he winked back his tears and said:

"I might have known that this was too good to be true! The world is against me. I may as well give up hope. When I got out after serving my term for burglary, they began to hound me, and they've been at it ever since. There's always a finger pointing at me. I tried working on a farm in Iowa, but I was discharged as soon as they found out about me. Farming, they told me, was no work for a burglar to be doing. I got a job in a factory in Chicago, but my record followed me, and I had to move on. I worked in a grocery in Indiana; I preached in Kentucky; I was a street-car conductor in Cincinnati; I tried selling dictionaries in New York—but I was always found out and sent upon my way. Nobody had any use for a burglar. And now, even here, I can't rest in peace because a low-browed malcontent tries to rob me of my honor!"

While he spoke, Mrs. Belden's confidence in him returned, and there were tears of sympathy in her eyes when he got through. She proposed to drop the whole matter then and there, assuring Tomlinson that he was to remain in good standing as a burglar; but I knew that would only be postponing the clash that was sure to come. I insisted on having The Flipper brought in, so that Tomlinson could meet him face to face and deny his accusation.

The lady agreed to this, and The Flipper was sent for. While we were waiting for him, Mrs. Belden begged Tomlinson's pardon for having wronged him by permitting a doubt to enter her mind.

Seeing Tomlinson, when he arrived, The Flipper stopped just inside the door. He was not a pleasant thing to look at, as he stood there. Evidently he guessed why he had been sent for. His big, hairy fists doubled up, and the scowl on his face seemed to pull his scalp forward, making his brow seem even scantier than usual. It never had been an expansive one. He had a pair of massive shoulders, and his jaw alone was enough to make a timid person want to get out of his way.

Tomlinson, as I have said, was a handsome chap, well set up, perhaps a trifle

slender, and at least three inches taller than The Flipper. As he stood in the center of the room, he looked rather pale, but there was an expression around his mouth which indicated that he was prepared to go ahead with such business as was to come before the house.

He eyed The Flipper steadily for a minute, and then said:

"It appears that you have considered it your duty to make certain statements concerning my personal history. Come in and let's discuss the matter."

The Flipper merely scowled and clenched his fists a little harder.

"You have accused me of being guilty of the crime of forgery," Tomlinson went on. "I should be glad to have you tell me how you got your information."

"I ain't here to answer to you," The Flipper snarled. "All I got to say is you don't belong in this place. You gotter git out, or I go; and if I go, it won't take the police long to find out what kind of a joint this is!"

He turned and looked significantly at Mrs. Belden, who sat on a sofa with a look of sudden fear upon her countenance. It was evident that she foresaw the end of her haven of rest for the havenless. A raid by the police would forever end the usefulness of the memorial to her dead husband, and leave her with none but orphans and cripples to turn to in case she wished to continue as a ministering angel.

"I wouldn't be in a hurry to try to get away, if I were in your place," said Tomlinson. "You'll only run into trouble if you get out of here."

There must have been something in the way he said it that seemed significant to The Flipper. After getting a few poorly chosen oaths out of his system, that gentleman announced his disinclination to insult his hands by permitting them to come in contact with the person of one who occupied in the criminal world the inferior station with which Tomlinson was identified. Those were not his exact words, but I have given the purport of his remarks.

Then Mrs. Belden indignantly repeated the story we had just heard from Tomlinson. The Flipper, with a sneer upon his countenance, listened patiently. When she had finished, he turned to Tomlinson and asked:

"What was the penitentiary you was in for burglary?"

Tomlinson pretended to be too proud to condescend to answer, but I thought the question bothered him.

"You ain't never been in no pen!" The Flipper sarcastically continued. "You ain't never got beyond a jail in a country town, you piker! What was the bank you burgled? Tell us that, will you?"

Mrs. Belden looked at Tomlinson as if she expected him to answer. I could see that he was worried.

"You never mentioned the name of the bank," she said. "There would be no harm in telling us that."

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but I can't. One of the burglars who were with me made me promise him on his dying bed that I would never tell."

It was evident that Mrs. Belden's confidence in him had begun to waver again. She said something about the ease with which he could secure credentials by writing to the warden of the penitentiary in which he had served his term.

This made The Flipper laugh. Walking up to Tomlinson, and snapping his fingers under his rival's nose, he said:

"You're a fine skat to be around pretendin' to be a burglar! You wouldn't burgle nothin'. Your picture ain't even in the rogues' gallery. You never had on a pair of handcuffs in your life!"

Tomlinson backed away, and remained silent. There could be no further doubt that he was an impostor. Mrs. Belden, looking at him with unutterable scorn, pointed toward the door and exclaimed:

"Go!"

#### IV

AFTER Tomlinson had departed, and The Flipper had been dismissed, the mistress of the haven gave way to emotion. Thinking to cheer her up a bit, I said:

"Mrs. Belden, there's no reason why we should let this interfere with our work. Even if Tomlinson is not a burglar, there will be no harm in letting him stay. He is a brand that ought to be snatched from the burning; and as long as we are in the brand-snatching business, why not save him? We might let him do chores for his board, if you don't feel like admitting him on the terms prescribed for burglars."

"Mr. Atherton," she sadly replied, "I can see very well that you don't appreciate or understand the sentiment behind this institution. This is not a place for the

encouragement of dishonesty. I should be false to my trust if I overlooked his treachery. If he had told me the truth in the first place, I might have forgiven him; but he has lied to me about his crime, and I have wept for him. How could I keep my self-respect if I allowed him to remain? He has betrayed my confidence. Oh"—there was a little catch in her throat—"I had such pride in him!"

I was trying to think of some argument to make in favor of Tomlinson, when we heard a tremendous disturbance from behind the barn. There were sounds of combat, and yells of "Help!" "Police!" "Murder!"

When Mrs. Belden and I reached the scene of the disturbance, the plain-clothes men who had been stationed around the haven had all our guests except one under arrest. Tomlinson had escaped. Nobody knew how he had managed to get away. He seemed to have just vanished.

It came out that there wasn't a real burglar among the fellows who had been caught. The Flipper had a police record as a lead-pipe thief, but the others were merely pickpockets, short-change artists, and petty crooks.

Figuratively speaking, Mrs. Belden's monument to the memory of her departed husband crumbled then and there. The crash was terrific, and in the ruin, as she sadly confessed to me, lay the gentle lady's fondest hopes and most dearly cherished aspirations.

Well, that's about all there is to the story, except that the rewards offered for Tomlinson amounted to seventy-five hundred dollars. He was wanted for robbing an express-car in Idaho and for blowing up a safe in New Jersey. There was also part of a term in a Pennsylvania penitentiary that they were anxious to get him to serve.

After Mrs. Belden and I had formally closed the Baldy Mowbray Home, and deprived her husband of a memorial, I lingered with her a little while in what had been the office. We discussed her intended trip to Europe, and naturally reverted to Tomlinson. When his name was mentioned she drew a long, sad sigh, and said:

"I shall never be able to forgive myself for wronging him as I did, but it will always be a satisfaction to me to remember that I was drawn to him from the first, and that I made many of his hours happy. He was my beau-ideal of a burglar!"

# MODERN ESSAYS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA  
UNIVERSITY

The Habit of Letter-Writing  
May Be Disappearing, but the  
Kindred Art of the Essayist  
Flourishes No Less than of Old  
in Great Britain and in America



"**T**HREE are gains for all our losses," so the poet told us years ago; and our own experience tells us every day that there are losses for all our gains. The latest modern improvements, about which we are wont to be boastful, have all to be paid for. The invention of the telegraph and of the telephone, local and long-distance, could not fail to discourage letter-writing; and there are those who fear that our grandchildren will be able to publish no correspondence of this generation which will delight them with its leisurely charm as we are delighted by the easy grace of the epistolary communications of our grandparents.

These despondent critics prefer to believe that in the twentieth century Mme. de Sévigné would be content to telephone her daughter twice a week, and that Horace Walpole would send Mann a few gossipy clippings from the London weekly papers, instead of expressing his own opinions about the passing show. And yet those admirable letter-writers, Lowell and Stevenson, lived at least twoscore years after the telegraph had begun to tick off its messages.

These same despondent critics are also prone to lament the disappearance of the

essay, which is so closely akin to the letter, and which may even be considered as a letter addressed not to a single intimate, but to many unknown friends. Not long ago, I overheard one of them bewailing the fact that nobody nowadays sits before his own hearth, and is thereupon moved to write about "A Wood Fire," or looks out of the window casually as a spring storm sweeps the streets, and thereupon plumps himself down at his desk to pen his rambling reflections on "A Rainy Day."

Now, it may be admitted that in this hurrying twentieth century, in the busy New World, we do not often find in our magazines papers on "Wood Fires" and "Rainy Days"; but was there ever a time when such papers were frequent? And it may also be urged that there never was a time when such papers were important. A wood fire is all very well as a theme, and so is a rainy day; but only a man of abounding human sympathy and of consummate literary art can make very much out of a topic so insignificant.

It was said of Swift—at least I think it was about Swift that the remark is recorded—that "he could write beautifully about a broomstick." No doubt he could,

EDITOR'S NOTE—Previous numbers of this series of talks upon current literary topics, by Brander Matthews, have been as follows: "Who's Who in Fiction" (March), and "Books on the Drama" (April).

and what of it? Fortunately for us, Swift found not a few subjects of a wider appeal, and did not waste himself often in lucubrations about broomsticks. Lowell, in his turn, could write beautifully about his "Garden Acquaintance" or in behalf of "Winter"; but he had a more stimulating purpose when he discussed "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

#### THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD ESSAY

The essential quality of a good essay is not to be sought in the writer's making something out of nothing, but in the commingled wit and wisdom, humor and good humor, with which he chats to us; his unknown friends, with all the freedom of the good talk whose flavor goes up the chimney. We ought to feel, as we read his paragraphs, that the essayist was writing from a full mind, and that we are enjoying the privilege of listening to a gentleman and a scholar—to employ the good old phrase so vitally significant. We ought to feel that he has something to say to us which he enjoys saying, and which he trusts we shall enjoy hearing. He is expressing himself and distilling the results of his observations and reflections on life, on men and women, on manners, and on books. He is giving us the seemingly spontaneous opinions of a man of the world, illustrating his precepts from his own practise and from his own reading. He has license to quote from the most recondite authors, if only the pearl he is rescuing is worthy of the setting in which he puts it.

"Some there are," said Ben Jonson, three centuries ago, "that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers; that write out of what they presently find or meet. . . . Such are all the essayists, even their master, Montaigne."

So far from being dead or even moribund in this first quarter of the twentieth century, the essay is as alive as ever it was, even if to-day it is not quite the same as it was yesterday. In Great Britain, as well as in the United States, it flourishes now as abundantly as it did a hundred years ago—which is not to say that it is very frequent even in this year of grace. But I think that on both sides of the Atlantic it is rather more flourishing than it was half a century ago; and my memory of our magazines goes back nearly fifty years.

In England the essay has had a revival of late, although the British essayists of

the twentieth century are a little lacking in the urbanity of their eighteenth-century predecessors. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, and the swarm of their minor imitators are fiercely strenuous; they want to keep us excited by a succession of swift explosions; they seek to startle with paradox, and they strive to coruscate with epigram. They might almost be likened to a knot of impatient little boys swinging packs of fire-crackers around their heads to explode in all directions. One of these minor imitators, after having sent forth volumes of miscellaneous papers on "Something" and on "Anything," followed these tomes with a third on "Nothing"—probably not more autobiographical than its two predecessors.

#### MODERN AMERICAN ESSAYISTS

The latter-day essayists over here in the United States are just as clever as their British cousins; but they seem to me saner and more cheerful. And cheerfulness is a part—and a major part—of the whole duty of man, and more particularly of man as an essayist. A doleful essay is a contradiction in terms; it is not a true essay; rather is it at best a dissertation and at worst a disquisition. Our American essayists have the buoyant optimism which is one of our most obvious characteristics, and which has seemed to some foreigners perilously near to fatalism. They have the hopefulness which belongs to a new people, to the men of a nation founded by pioneers. They are prone to discuss our own conditions, which is fit and proper, of course; and they disdain to wail in a minor key over the result of their inquisition into ourselves.

In the past few months half a dozen collections of essays by American writers have been published, varying in theme and varying in value, but every one of them having its interest and significance each in its own way. (There is even a seventh volume of essays recently issued here which I should dearly love to discuss—if I were not restrained by an indurated modesty.) These half-dozen volumes are "Genius and Other Essays," by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Time and Change," by Mr. John Burroughs; "The Provincial American," by Mr. Meredith Nicholson; "The American Mind," by Professor Bliss Perry; "Humanly Speaking," by Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, and "Americans and Others," by Miss Agnes Repplier.

Four of these six volumes contain essays, pure and simple; but two of them, the books of Stedman and of Mr. Burroughs, stray more or less outside the narrower limits of the essay as these are ordinarily circumscribed. The papers in Stedman's volume, garnered by the pious care of his granddaughter, are essays in criticism rather than essays at large. They discuss criticism itself and genius; they consider poets as remote from one another as Keats and Blake, Austin Dobson and Eugene Field; they weigh books as dissimilar as Mr. Kipling's "Seven Seas" and Professor Barrett Wendell's "Cotton Mather"; and they are all of them informed with the critical insight and phrased with the critical felicity which was always characteristic of Stedman, even in the occasional magazine contributions and the casual prefaces which he deemed less important than his larger and more constructive works on the American and on the Victorian poets.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN BURROUGHS

The collection of papers which Mr. John Burroughs has chosen to entitle "Time and Change" has a larger import than the literary articles garnered in Stedman's posthumous volume. Where Stedman dealt with the problems of literature, Mr. Burroughs deals with the problems of life—or rather with the great problem of life, the relation of man to nature, of humanity at large to the world in which it may wander for a scant threescore years and ten.

In other and earlier books, more especially in "Literary Values," Mr. Burroughs has already revealed his honest appreciation of authors as dissimilar as Emerson and Matthew Arnold; and in "Time and Change" he brings his acute critical sincerity and his imaginative insight to bear upon the position in which we find ourselves now that the geologists and the biologists have interpreted for us a few of the riddles of the past. If the descent of man was what the biologists tell us, and if the surface of the earth has come to be what it is through the working of the causes declared by the geologists, what do these things mean for us? How far had the ancestors of man advanced on the long road when this or that change took place on this globe which man likes to consider as made for his sole use?

It is in the answers he brings to these queries that Mr. Burroughs reveals his in-

sight; and it is in declaring these answers that he exercises his imagination. Although he writes in plain prose—a prose as pell-mell as one of the mountain streams of his beloved Catskills—it is as a poet that he sees the universe, and that he proves once more how a prose-writer may also possess the vision and the faculty divine.

What the men of science have been expounding to us for half a century he has here interpreted so that we are forced to perceive the meaning of these strange discoveries. A naturalist himself for sheer love of nature, he disclaims scientific training; but he has the clear intelligence to grasp what the scientists have declared, often with a chilly aridity; and he has the imagination to relate the results of their investigations and to make clear to us their hidden content. It is not too much to say that "Time and Change" is one of the most stimulating books which has been published by any American author in this opening century.

The remaining four volumes fall more completely within the more rigid definition of the essay. They deal with the manners of the moment rather than with man in his relation to eternity. They have the aroma of lively conversation, as the essay should have if it is to charm us—of good conversation, and not of mere chatter or of empty gossip—of good conversation that rises readily from the discussion of persons and of things to the discussion of ideas—of good conversation wherein the other man matches his wits with yours and brings forth the best he has from his stores of wisdom, compelling you to brace yourself for the friendly debate.

#### BLISS PERRY ON AMERICAN TRAITS

Professor Bliss Perry's "The American Mind" is a volume of connected essays, prepared to be delivered as a course of addresses, just as Emerson's essays had most of them begun by being lectures. Perhaps the title under which these addresses were delivered, "American Traits in American Literature," is more exactly descriptive of the author's intent than the title given to the volume in which they appear in print. Professor Perry has a wide acquaintance with Americans of all classes, both in books and out of them; and he brings to the analysis of our traits a keen intelligence, an understanding sympathy, and an honest desire for disinterestedness.

He tries to see us, not as others see us, but as we see ourselves. Who was it who asserted that a man's opinion of himself, if only he is clear-eyed and frank, is likely to be nearer right than the opinion of anybody else? And what is true of an individual is likely to be true also of a people. After all, we Americans are really better acquainted with ourselves than any foreigners can be; and we are better fitted than the most inquisitive alien to put ourselves to the question.

One friendly alien, after long residence here, has asserted that "the chief trait of the American people is the love of gain and the desire of wealth acquired through commerce." Another foreign observer, temporarily domiciled in the United States, has discovered that we have lately grown "more monarchical in our tendencies." Professor Bliss Perry cites these preposterous opinions, one British and the other German, with the calm contempt they evoke in every native. He has no difficulty in showing that they are absurd, if only because they ignore the fundamental idealism of the American people. He notes how difficult it is to decide offhand on the characteristics of the typical American.

"It would puzzle the experts in racial tendencies," he declares, "to find authentically the common denominator of such American figures as Franklin, Washington, Jackson, Webster, Lee, Lincoln, Emerson, and Mark Twain; yet the countrymen of these typical Americans instinctively recognize in the men a sort of largeness, genuineness, naturalness, kindness, humor, effectiveness, idealism—which are indubitably and fundamentally American."

Many other equally shrewd remarks might be quoted from these illuminating essays—none of them, perhaps, shrewder than this:

There is, in fact, conservatism in our blood and radicalism in our brains, and now one and now the other rules.

And delightfully felicitous is the anecdote of the Connecticut tin-pedler who was asked if he did a good business, and who responded:

"Well, I make a living selling crockery and tinware, but my business is the propagation of truth!"

One wonders what the alien observers would make out of that saying, instantly

understood by all of us who are native to this Western air.

#### A VOICE FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

Professor Bliss Perry is a Massachusetts man surveying the American mind from a vantage in New England, and Mr. Meredith Nicholson is an Indianian taking observations of the provincial American from a point in the middle West. Yet their outlook differs but little; and in Mr. Nicholson's essays we find the same shrewdness, the same humorous detachment, the same appreciation of American idealism that we have noted in Professor Perry's less fragmentary analysis. Perhaps, however, there is nothing quite so fresh in the New Englander's pages as the Indianian's account of the modest glories of Indianapolis. With the New England aspects of American life and character we were familiar enough before Professor Perry discoursed about them so cleverly; but provincial capitals of the middle West have not been hitherto celebrated with the intimate knowledge and with the honorable reserve that we discover in Mr. Nicholson's essay.

After all, New England is not the whole United States, although it sometimes allows us to suspect that this is its own belief. We are not likely, of course, to underestimate the contribution of New England to the civilization of the United States as a whole; and if we are ever tempted to forget the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the Pilgrim Mothers, their progeny are always here to jog our memories. But we of the middle States, and the men of the middle West also, feel an elevating pride in the contributions which our respective sections have made to American civilization; and it is well that the New Englander shall now and again be silent for a little space that the rest of us may have a chance to celebrate ourselves.

It is with the utmost discretion, and with no hint of boastfulness, that Mr. Nicholson talks about his own people, and about himself also in turn. These pleasant papers of his are not only agreeable reading for us now; they are valuable documents as well for the future historian of American social development.

#### A DAUGHTER OF PHILADELPHIA

This future historian will also be able to make his profit from "Americans and

Others," by Miss Agnes Repplier, who sets down her observations in Philadelphia, a city which has had in the past half-century less claim than Indianapolis to consideration as a literary center—although in the final years of the eighteenth century, and in the opening years of the nineteenth, Philadelphia was the nearest approach to a literary center that the then unliterary United States possessed.

In those remote days our criticism was hopelessly colonial, and Americans strained their ears to catch the echoes of British opinion; and Miss Repplier revealed herself a true Philadelphian by descent from this distant period in her earliest essays, wherein her attitude was still colonial. She was very deferential to the second-rate writers of the mother country, and she was prone to greet a very ordinary British goose as a swan of Avon. When the late Andrew Lang reviewed her earliest volume, he made the curious mistake of declaring that Miss Repplier was "nothing if not American"—a dictum which moved the late Henry C. Bunner to suggest that this characterization reduced the lady from Philadelphia to non-existence, and made her as though she had never been.

It is most satisfactory to be able to report that in the score or more of years since Miss Repplier commenced her work as an essayist she has repeated the adventure of Columbus and discovered America. She still quotes on occasion from British journalists unknown in America; who is the George Street, for example, from whom she borrows an uninspired remark in her otherwise interesting essay on "The Chill of Enthusiasm"? But this is only an infrequent lapse into her former forlorn condition of colonialism; and for the most part she has now her feet firm on the soil of her native land.

In an otherwise excellent essay on "The Mission of Humor," I discover that Miss Repplier has not grasped the useful distinction between humor, which is positive, and sense-of-humor, which is negative. Humor permits us to make a joke, and sense-of-humor helps us to take a joke even on ourselves.

I wonder if I should seem to be lacking in the sense-of-humor if I point out that the lady from Philadelphia has failed to comprehend aright a remark of my own. It appears that I once asserted that certain newspaper-writers here in New York had

"a wit not unlike Voltaire's," and the essayist says that I make "the comparison with the casual assurance which is a feature of American criticism." Now, I have the assurance, not casual in the least, but deliberate, to repeat my belief that the corroding and disintegrating wit of these New York journalists is "not unlike Voltaire's"—in kind, even if it is unequal to Voltaire's in degree. I maintain the exact accuracy of my remark, just as I should maintain the exact accuracy of an assertion that Miss Repplier's essays are "not unlike" Charles Lamb's—in kind, even if not in degree.

#### STILL ANOTHER AMERICAN ESSAYIST

It would be accurate, also, to assert that Dr. Crothers—whose volume of essays entitled "Humanly Speaking" is the last upon the list to be considered in this paper—has an attitude toward life not unlike that of Dr. Holmes. He inherits the traditions of the autocrat of all breakfast-tables; and he presents us in these pages with whim and fantasy, not unlike the display of those delightful qualities that Dr. Holmes proffered us in the three or four volumes of his tolerant egotism and garulous sympathy.

But in this latest collection Dr. Crothers is moved also to put his fellow-citizens under the microscope, to analyze the American temperament, and to discuss the noise we Americans make in the "unaccustomed ears of Europe." He takes a keen pleasure in pointing out—and even in proving by apt instances—that we Americans, so often denounced as being lawless and disrespectful of law, have really a far deeper veneration for the abstract idea of law than the British have.

It is perhaps more than a chance coincidence that four American essayists should be found simultaneously discussing American traits, and incidentally contrasting them with the traits of foreigners, more particularly with the traits of our British kin across the sea. Perhaps it is not a coincidence at all. Perhaps it is only added evidence that we Americans are eternally interested in ourselves.

And why not? After all, the American as he is may not be an unimportant topic for us to be interested in. Certainly these American essayists are interested in it; and they all of them succeed in making it interesting for us.

# THE SPRUCER

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "OIL AND WATER," "ON SHARK'S FIN REEF," ETC.

**R**OUGH, shaggy, and uncouth, yet clean-limbed as an athlete, the huge, red-shirted fellow glanced up suddenly at sound of the far, shrill cry that dropped into the forest stillness like a pebble into a quiet pool.

Into the bed-ticking bag that hung at his side he let fall the lump of amber gum that he had just dug from the bole of the spruce. Reflectively he drew at his cob, and listened.

"Eh? What *now?*" he muttered, his tone and words belying his outward appearance. "I didn't know there was a soul nearer than Dead River. What? Isn't there, after all, any way to be alone?"

A moment he waited, peering in the direction of the sound from his vantage-point of twenty feet up the trunk, but the cry was not repeated. With a grunt of disapproval he once more attacked the gum-seam with his stout blade, clinging to the spruce with the lineman's creepers strapped to his powerful legs, and holding one arm crooked round a limb.

"Extraordinary run of gum in these lowlands, that's certain," he soliloquized, prying off another lump as big as a robin's egg. "And with the raw stuff fetching seventy-five cents a pound, uncleaned, over at Burnt Stick Portage, I'll soon have enough ahead to winter me in the shack on Cobbossee. That's all I'm looking for, now. With the gum, and maybe a few skins trapped now and then—"

Once more the distant hail quavered through the woodland stillness of that Indian summer afternoon. Frowning blackly, the big man sucked in displeasure at his pipe. His ruddy, virile face wrinkled with bitter annoyance; an odd look filmed his large, rather deep-set gray eyes.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for half my season's pick!" he growled throatily. "I thought a country where I haven't

seen a newspaper in five months was far enough away. But men come everywhere. It's impossible to keep ahead of the fringe of the human tide for very long. Well"—and he knocked the dottle of tobacco from his pipe against the spruce—"well, if Five Lakes Reserve is really invaded at last, the sooner I hike north again, the better! I'll get free from men if I have to trek away up into Gaspé Peninsula, or cross the St. Lawrence and make for Anticosti! Surely there must be some place, somewhere—"

A third time the cry quavered down wind; and now a revolver-shot popped through the smoky stillness of the November wilderness.

The sprucer laughed oddly to himself.

"Lost, eh?" commented he, going on with his work. "Lost, and just awakened to the situation? I know! *Arrrh!* The city fool! As if any real man couldn't steer by the watercourses, or the sun, or the mossy northern sides of the trees, or by a hundred signs!

"Lost! Some weak little banker, broker, or what not—the very kind that hounded me and would have put me in a cage for fifteen years if they'd been able, what? Some tenderfoot without nerve, or wind, or even common sense—with nothing but twenty pounds of useless fat on his soft body—up here next to the real thing, where only *men* should come! Up here, trying to take life, a deer's life or a bear's, and now in mighty fine danger of losing his own! Well, it's no funeral of mine. Let the idiot go hang—or starve! It'll be one less of the pack, anyhow, thank goodness for that!"

Grimly exultant, wholly indifferent to the fate of the stranger a mile or so distant, the sprucer calmly continued his exploitation of the tree. When all its yield had been garnered and stored in the striped bag, he very deliberately climbed down,

digging his spikes deep into the harsh, red-lined bark. Twice more he heard the hail, and five more shots cracked at intervals; but though he could easily have answered, both with the power of his deep lungs and with the thirty-eight revolver tight-belted over his shirt of rough red wool, he kept a stubborn silence.

Only, as he took up his way again, trampling through the undergrowth of alder and moosewood in search of another likely spruce, he smiled vaguely to himself, and hummed in French—with fine voice and accent—the little air from “Carmen”:

*“Si tu m'aimes, je ne t'aime pas;  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!”*

The afternoon, now setting toward three o'clock, was absolutely nature's crowning perfection of the dying year. Low though the northern sun sagged, in that brief respite of summer's aftermath it still shone hazily warm over the forest world. A waiting calm shrouded the wild, so quiet and so pure that strife and pain and human wo seemed as they were not, and could never be. The brooding sky mothered the earth, lulling it to its approaching winter sleep. Somewhere, unseen by any eye, a woodpecker rippled its resonant roulade upon the drum of a hollow tree.

The sprucer laughed sneeringly to himself, as he strode on, master and comrade and good friend of the great North Woods.

“You fool!” he muttered once again. “Fool and coward! Any man who gets lost and dies in the forest, deserves to. Now—”

All at once he stopped short, motionless there among the Gothic woodland aisles, his feet soft-sunk deep in the pine-spills that carpeted the earth with russet.

“What? Eh, what?”

He gnawed his nether lip, staring in astonishment.

Again the cry had risen, much nearer now; and his trained ear knew, without any peradventure of a doubt, the truth.

“A—a woman?” stammered he. “What—a woman?”

## II

A MOMENT longer, yet only a moment now, he hesitated. Then, with a strange, mirthless laugh, bitter and hard with scorn, he drew his revolver.

Two sharp shots he fired, crackling, up through the forest roof. He slid the pistol

back into its holster, set his hollowed palms to his mouth, and gave tongue to a long, far-carrying cry. Next minute he was smashing through the brush, toward the unseen suppliant.

Guided by her cries, and answering now and then, he made rapid progress. Five minutes brought him to an oak ridge, carpeted with crisp, brown leaves and falling sharply to an interval through which a marshy stream meandered aimlessly.

He hailed again, a deep-lunged and melodious call. From beyond the stream he heard a crackle of undergrowth, and there came an answering cry. His quick eye saw the bushes move.

“Hold on; stay where you are!” he shouted. “You'll get mired if you come any farther! Hold on—I'm coming!”

A moment, and he was down in the flat, leaping from tussock to tussock of the coarse marsh-grass. Through the stream he plunged, unmindful that its chill waters splashed above his knees.

As he hauled himself up the farther bank, both hands grappling the willows through which he had to break a way, he saw a brown and red huddle crouched under a fir, on a little island in the marsh. He knew that he had found her.

“Be quiet—there's nothing to cry about!” he commanded sharply, as he strode, dripping, through the last covert, and stopped a few feet from the collapsed figure. “H-m!” thought he. “Nervous breakdown! Wood fever—they often take it that way, when they're lost for the first time!” Aloud, he repeated his command. “You're all right now,” he added, in a kindlier tone. “Just tell me where your camp is, and I'll take you there.”

The woman—she seemed little more than a girl—still made no answer. She was crying hysterically, with her face hidden in both her hands—the fine and shapely hands of a musician, albeit now badly scratched.

The sprucer frowned, and made a grimace of disgust. His keen eyes absorbed her gear—the high tan boots, rock-scraped and muddied, the torn canvas skirt, the crimson sweater all pulled and raveled by clutching thorns and brambles. For a moment his gaze rested on the dark masses of loosened hair that cascaded glossily over her shoulders; and as he looked, his eyes grew very hard.

“Come, come!” he exclaimed, with an

impatience that he could not conceal, for the girl really was unhurt. "Come, now, you've cried enough! It'll be getting dark here before long. If you've far to go, you'd better be up and at it. Where's your camp?"

"I—I don't know! Oh, what a fool I've been!" she managed to articulate. "I'm—awfully ashamed of myself. Please don't look at me! I never was lost in the woods before. I just paddled down the lake, you see, and then back again—and when I got there the camp was gone, that's all. That's the way it seemed. So I decided I must have gone the other side of the island, and—and I landed and tried to cut through the woods, and—and, I've been struggling through the most terrible places for more than two hours! I don't know where I am, or anything—and I'm ashamed of myself, terribly!"

The sprucer, his head jerked forward, his eyes narrowed, leaped and caught her by the wrist. At the first sound of her voice a singular look had swept across his face. As, brokenly, she had tried to tell the story—so familiar to him—of getting lost in the wilderness, the story always much the same, he had listened with fast-growing astonishment. A sudden tremor shook him. Then he knew the truth; he snatched her left hand from her face.

"*You?*"

The one word burst from between twitching lips. He went ash-gray. Standing there, gripping her wrist so tight that she half started up with a cry of fear and pain, he pressed his other hand over his eyes. For just the fraction of a second, he swayed.

The woman's exclamation died into a gasp as his hand fell and she saw his face.

"*Oh!*" she wailed, with a long rising inflection; a cry such as only a woman can utter at a supreme moment of life.

One moment she stared at him. She jerked her hand free; she tried to speak.

"*I—you—*" she stammered.

Her expression changed to a vast wonder. For a flicker of time she faced him, and their eyes met. Then he saw the blood leave her cheeks. She clutched futilely at the fir-boughs above her head.

"Here, here!" cried he. "*Don't faint!*"

Already she was reeling. He caught her just in time.

On the fir litter he laid her, and for a moment knelt there, gazing with inscrutable eyes. Then he laughed unsteadily.

"She's a woman, all right!" said he. "Still a woman, whatever else—"

### III

WATER from the stream, fetched in his tin cup, revived her. For a few moments after consciousness had returned, no words passed. She sat leaning against the fir, very pale, but quite calm. She did not, however, look at him, but kept her eyes upon the ground.

He studied her with a hard and narrow glance. The declining sunlight shot its lances obliquely between them, through the evergreen boughs, and very far overhead a few thin clouds idled to westward. A subtle chill was rising, as day grew old.

At last he spoke.

"If you'll tell me where your camp is—for I suppose you're with a party somewhere at the Carry—I guess I can take you back to where you left your canoe without tiring you much. Then I can point out your way. You're not half a mile from Seboois Lake. You must have been circling for two hours, that's all. This little brook here empties into the lake near Frenchman's Cove."

He pointed to southward.

"I thought the lake was the other way," she answered, listlessly.

"Yes, of course. That's how it happened; but I'll put you right. Once you get to the canoe and I give you your bearings, everything will swing round, and you'll be safe. You're at the Carry, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"Well, come on, then—that is, if you're able to walk now."

With an effort she looked at him.

"Is there any hurry?"

"It'll be getting dusk in an hour, or a little more. You must be going."

"Without any explanation? You're anything but petty, Harland. I can't believe you petty. One or two things I want to know, and have a right to know. Why did you go away? What are you doing here? What?"

"I'm gathering spruce-gum for a living—and forgetting," he made answer, ignoring the major question. "I like it better than Wall Street, and my absence relieves complications. That's reasonable, isn't it?"

"But they all said—the papers said—"

"Said I did it, eh? Exactly! That was

the precise impression I wanted to give! They all believed it, did they? Capital! And where did they locate me? Where was I reported from, and whither bound? No doubt there were clues enough—if they found half I left for them!"

She stared, wide-eyed.

"You mean to say," she questioned very slowly, "you purposely—"

He waved a protesting hand.

"Please don't! I don't care to discuss it, that's all. But this I'll say—I don't blame anybody for a minute. I don't blame the papers, or the authorities, or even—you! Because, with half a million involved—"

"Me! You don't blame *me*? Why, do you—did you think *I* believed it?"

His eyes narrowed.

"You mean to say—"

"Before Heaven, Harland, I never did! I don't now, and never would—no, not though you yourself swore you were the man!"

She leaned forward, clasping her hands so tightly that the rings cut the firm flesh. Her eyes gleamed, and on her cheeks two feverish spots of color began to burn.

He, standing there, pinching his shaven chin between thumb and finger, met her gaze steadily. For a moment silence drew taut between them. Then he spoke.

"Frances," said he, every word dropping cold and clear into her consciousness, "listen to me. You must go back, now, to the party at the Carry. You must not, positively must *not*, tell a soul about this—this accident—this meeting with a man now believed to be in Australia, a man now forming the keystone of an arch of safety for other men, some of them closely involved in your own happiness—"

"My happiness!"

"—and welfare. I'm in Australia, and they're safe. I'm dead. Don't revive me. Everything's settled. One chance word from you might—well—"

"Oh!" she cried suddenly, with a terrible intensity. Up she sprang, and faced him. "I know, now!" The lightning-flash of woman's intuition had shot through her brain, illuminating all. "Now I understand where all our sudden wealth came from! My father—"

He interrupted with a laugh, forced and harsh.

"I swear you're on the wrong track, Frances!" he protested. "Think anything

but that! Never that—*never!* No father of a girl like—like you—"

His voice failed him. He choked, and could not meet her eyes; for in that look he read that she had pierced his perjury. He saw more there, too; and at that sight his heart grew sick with longing and with pain.

She had gone pale again. Words trembled on her lips; she could not utter them.

"Come," said he at length, in a strange voice, which seemed to sound from far away. "Come, you must let me take you back to the lake now."

He was shivering as if with a chill. He knew the danger limit was at hand; he could bear no more. Their only safety lay in action.

"Come!"

Without another word he turned and began beating for her a path across the swamp-land, through the tangled thickets and the brush. She, moving as in a dream, silently followed.

#### IV

WHEN at length the lake opened wide before them, golden in the glory of that dying day, and when at last, with his woodsman's skill he had found the cedar canoe beached in a little cove near Heron Point, she woke.

"Harland!"

He only shook his head and pointed at the canoe.

"See that lone pine on this end of the island? Steer for that, then round it to the left—the left, mind—and you'll sight the tip of Moose Leap headland. That's only two miles. After you pass the headland, ten minutes' paddling will take you to the narrows—and you're at your camp. Understand?"

She gave no heed, but stood there peering out over the placid sheet of crystal with eyes that saw not.

The man, his brow beaded with little gems of sweat, though now the evening chill was coming fast, wrote it all down for her on a note-book leaf, laid the paper in the bottom of the canoe, and put a pebble on it.

"Get in," bade he. "Get in, and I'll give you a good start."

"Harland! Come with me—come back!" Her hand was clutching his arm now. In her face blazed a white flame of

passion. "Come back with me! I thought I loved you, once, but beside *this*, now that I know—"

"Impossible!"

"Do you love me?"

He made a strange sound in his throat, but gave no answer. He licked his trembling lips with a dry tongue.

"Get in," he stammered.

"Let me stay, Harland!" Her voice was one he never yet had heard. "Let them think me dead! Let me go into the wilderness, to your camp, your shack, your cave, whatever it is! I care nothing for a mumbled ceremony read from a book! Give me your ring—take mine—before God and in His sight let me be your wife!"

Still he answered nothing. He was panting like a spent runner, and terrible chills were shaking him from head to foot.

"Go!" he gasped with a supreme effort.

She clung to him; he could not break her grasp.

"Harland!"

"For Heaven's sake go, go, go!" He struggled with her fingers. "No—no kiss! You—I—"

Her breath, quick and hot, mingled with his; but their lips did not touch.

"Not now!" he choked; "but some time, when *he*—"

"When he is dead?"

"Yes!" His voice was only a whisper now. "When my coming can no longer—work ruin! When—"

He drew a plain gold ring from his little finger, and in exchange took hers.

"This means—forever!"

"Forever! And now—"

Into the canoe he lifted her, and put the paddle in her hand.

"Remember! Silence and—the ring!"

She did not look at him as the canoe, thrust out from shore by his powerful hand, cleft the golden waters of the lake in a long trail. She dipped the paddle, and made way.

No hail passed between them. She did not turn. No banal waving of the hand disturbed the sanctity of that last pledge.

Long after the tiny dot on the waters had rounded the point of the lone pine and vanished into nothingness, the sprucer stood there watching, gazing with eyes that looked unflinchingly into the setting sun.

But when the dark began to fall, and from the now leaden waters rose the first mist-wraiths of the night-time shroud, he turned.

He kissed the ring upon his finger, and with slow steps plunged into the wilderness, northward and away.

## SUNRISE AND SUNSET

YOUNG morning's breeze is playing in my hair;  
The sun as yet is hid behind the trees;  
And, drinking in great drafts of limpid air,  
I listen to the waking of the breeze.  
My eyes are fixed upon that distant line  
Whereon great amber-tinted argosies  
Float through the ether; and, by that same sign,  
My heart goes out with them to unknown seas.  
And what is woman's love? 'Tis come—'tis gone!  
Give me a giant's task, a wanderer's life,  
A place with those on whom the sun has shone,  
That I may take my part amid the strife!

The sun is setting in the crimson west;  
Oh, tender radiance of the coming eve!  
And as the light falls full on earth's bare breast,  
My youth returns, and I forget to grieve.  
Oh, give me love, a tender woman's love,  
That she may take my heart within her care,  
And give me peace, as in her flight the dove  
Floats gently home when soft the evening air.  
What, after all, are name and fame and gold?  
I seek a priceless gem beyond compare;  
The world is pitiless, the world is cold,  
And only love can make it bright and fair!

*Eden E. Greville*

# MYTHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

PICTURESQUE STORIES WHICH, THOUGH WIDELY ACCEPTED AS AUTHENTIC CHAPTERS OF THE NATIONAL RECORD, ARE EITHER PURE FICTION OR HIGHLY INACCURATE

BY HUBERT BRUCE FULLER

**I**N the three hundred years since the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Bay we have developed a distinctive American mythology. Many of the most picturesque stories of our early annals are purely apocryphal, while others are open to general suspicion. Tales once accepted as infallible are now regarded merely as interesting companion pieces to the lurid tales of the Olympian gods and the juvenile pleasantries of "Alice in Wonderland."

Perhaps the most interesting and romantic incident of our colonial days was the capture of Captain John Smith by the Indians in Virginia, in 1607, and his dramatic rescue by Pocahontas. According to the oft-repeated tale, Smith, having been captured by the redskins, was doomed to death by Powhatan, the chief of the tribe. After he had been feasted according to the manner of the Indians in preparing a victim for execution, two large stones were brought in. The captive was fastened in a reclining position with his head resting on the stones. The executioners stood with axes poised for the fatal stroke. It was the setting for a perfect melodrama, which Captain John Smith tells in the following language:

Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death; whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads, and copper.

The story is an entire fabrication, in-

spired by the monumental conceit of Captain John Smith. Smith returned to London shortly after escaping from the Indians, and in 1608 wrote and published an account of his American voyage under the title of "A True Relation." In this work he gave an entirely different account of his captivity among the Indians and his subsequent release, making no mention whatever of this dramatic incident.

Pocahontas really existed, for she married John Rolfe, an Englishman, and accompanied him to London. Here she created a sensation, was lionized by English society, and died in 1617. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, went back to America; and through him she was an ancestress of the famous John Randolph of Roanoke and other prominent Virginians.

In 1624 Smith published another account of his American experiences under the title of "General Historie of Virginia." In this volume, for the first time, appeared the story of his romantic rescue by the Indian maiden. Furthermore, the records of Smith's voyage, written by contemporaries, contain no allusion to the incident, which, had it occurred, must have been widely known.

In a biography of Captain John Smith, Thomas Fuller, a friend and contemporary author, says:

It soundeth much to the diminution of his deeds that he alone is the herald to publish and proclaim them.

Beyond question, the story was born of

Smith's conceit, his ambition to concoct a thrilling tale, and a desire to capitalize the interest aroused by the visit of Pocahontas to England.

#### WASHINGTON'S LEGENDARY HATCHET

No man in all of our history has been the victim and the beneficiary of such a series of grotesque fictions as George Washington. The century that has intervened since his death has woven a complete web of romance about his memory. We are all familiar with the story, told to us in our nursery days, that in his youth he chopped down one of his father's cherry-trees, and, when charged with the offense, replied:

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

This purely apocryphal incident originated in the imagination of his first biographer. At the close of the eighteenth century there lived an itinerant parson and bookseller by the name of Mason L. Weems. Upon the death of Washington, in 1799, Weems believed that a life of the first President, written in popular style, would prove a profitable venture. He set himself to the task of constructing such a volume.

Washington's younger years had been spent in sparsely settled Westmoreland County, Virginia, and little was known of his boyhood. Believing that a complete biography should not neglect the youth of its hero, Weems set about to evolve this portion of Washington's life from his imagination, supplemented by the few facts which could be verified. Biographers then subscribed to the rule of eulogizing popular heroes and vilifying fallen idols. Weems was a faithful exponent of this theory.

Some time before Weems undertook the preparation of his work, there appeared in London a small volume written by Dr. Beattie on the life of his son. In this book appeared the story of the cherry-tree, with the youthful Beattie as the hero. Weems adopted it bodily, credited it to George Washington, and included it in his book.

Other things in the same volume were equally untrustworthy; for example, the assertion that Washington in his younger days had thrown a silver dollar across the Potomac River at Mount Vernon — a feat which is manifestly impossible.

Weems's book, in spite of its manifest inaccuracies, had an enormous sale, and, together with the Bible, constituted the en-

tire library of many American homes a century ago. From such an author the people of this country have built up an entirely false impression of Washington. They have made him a demigod, and yet his reddish hair bespoke the fires of anger which frequently burst forth within him. He denounced General Charles Lee, at Monmouth, as a "damned poltroon." After receiving news of the ambush and defeat of General Arthur St. Clair by the Indians, in 1792, his anger was so intense that even his friends avoided approaching him for several days.

James Parton, author of the lives of Burr and Jackson, and one of the best-known of our earlier American biographers, at great trouble collected material for an authoritative biography of General Washington. Then, after gathering his notes, and realizing the manner in which Washington was deified by the people, he destroyed them with the statement:

"I could never write a biography of General Washington, consistent with my ideas of historical accuracy, that the American people would tolerate."

In the Friday afternoon rhetoricals of our boyhood days, a favorite number was the dramatic recital of "The Ride of Paul Revere." From this poem the American people have gained their impressions of the daring and picturesque adventure of the Boston engraver.

#### PAUL REVERE DID NOT RIDE TO CONCORD

On the night of April 17, 1775, Paul Revere, standing on the Charlestown shore, awaited the signal from the belfry of the North Church tower to tell him of the movements of the British. Out of the darkness across the water gleamed the rays of two lanterns. Putting spur to horse, Revere was off like a spectral form to spread the alarm "through every Middlesex village and farm," and to call the patriots to arms.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town  
He heard the bleating of the flock  
And the twitter of birds among the trees.  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown;  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,

Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

Longfellow's famous poem sacrifices historical accuracy to rime and meter. The truth is that Revere failed to reach Concord. At about midnight he delivered his message of warning to Samuel Adams and John Hancock at Lexington, where they had fled to avoid arrest. Here Revere was joined by William Dawes and Dr. Prescott, engaged on a similar errand, and the three started for Concord. They had gone but a short distance when Revere was captured by British scouts and taken back to Lexington a prisoner. Dawes and Prescott, however, escaped and reached Concord, to spread the alarm.

#### WHY DO WE CELEBRATE JULY 4?

There is endless confusion as to the exact date on which we should celebrate the Declaration of Independence. On June 7, 1776, in the Continental Congress, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved the adoption of three resolutions, the first of which was as follows:

That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

This resolution was briefly debated and its further consideration postponed until July 1. In the mean time a committee, headed by Thomas Jefferson, was appointed to draft a formal declaration, which was to be considered in case the resolution should be accepted.

Lee's resolution was adopted on July 2, after two days of debate. With this step the American colonies were definitely separated from Great Britain.

That the members of the Continental Congress regarded July 2 as the date of this separation, and the first day of our independence, is established by a passage in a letter written by John Adams to his wife on July 3:

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America. But the day is past—the second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by

solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forever more.

After the adoption of Lee's resolution, Jefferson's Declaration was at once taken up, and its consideration continued on the two following days, July 3 and 4. Debate on the report might have lasted indefinitely—for there was much diversity of opinion—but for a reason which Jefferson describes in his own way:

The weather was oppressively warm, and the room occupied by the deputies was hard by a stable, whence the hungry flies swarmed thick and fierce, alighting on their legs and biting hard through their thin silk stockings. Treason was preferable to discomfort.

And so, on the afternoon of the 4th of July, Jefferson's Declaration was adopted. On the 5th attested copies were sent to several assemblies, and on the 6th the document was printed in the Philadelphia papers.

However, the document was not signed on this date, except possibly by the president and secretary of the Continental Congress. On July 19, after all the colonies had assented to it, Congress ordered the document engrossed and signed by the members.

Most of the members attached their signatures to the instrument on August 2. In the interim the personnel of Congress had undergone many changes. Seven who signed were not members on July 4; and seven who were members on that date did not sign at all. McKean, of Delaware, did not sign until 1781.

The adoption of the Declaration, and not its signature, was regarded as the vital point. The names of the signers were not made public for more than six months.

Connected with the Declaration of Independence, history records that there was a spontaneous outbreak of enthusiasm in Philadelphia on July 4. The official celebration, however, was on July 8, when the Declaration was publicly read in the State House yard to a large meeting attended by members of the Continental and Provincial Congresses, the militia, and citizens of Philadelphia. It appears that on that day, rather than on July 4, the Liberty Bell was rung. No authority can be found for as-

sociating the ringing of the bell with the announcement of the adoption of the Declaration.

In fact, no boy stood impatient in the vestibule of the old State House waiting to signal his grandfather to "ring the bell" so soon as the Declaration was signed. Yet doubtless that old poem, "Ring the Bell, Watchman," has more profoundly impressed American sentiment than almost anything else that has ever been written.

Incidentally, the Declaration of Independence is generally misquoted. Almost every one thinks that it declares all men to be "free and equal." The actual words of the instrument are "that all men are created equal."

While General Burgoyne was beleaguered near Saratoga, on his northern invasion of the colonies, in 1777, he sent a detachment of five hundred men, under Colonel Frederick Baum, to seize the American stores which had been gathered at Bennington, Vermont. Near Bennington, on August 16, 1777, Baum was attacked by General John Stark, at the head of a body of Massachusetts and New Hampshire militia. As he led the assault, tradition says that General Stark called to his men:

"There they are, boys. We beat them to-day or Molly Stark's a widow!"

The fact that Mrs. Stark's name was not Molly or Mary, but Elizabeth, has not prevented the incorporation of this myth in our school histories.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ

One of the most interesting but untrustworthy chapters of American history is that which centers about the capture of Major John André, the unfortunate British officer who paid with his life for his part in the treason of Benedict Arnold. The halo of sentiment with which martyrdom has surrounded André is responsible for many of the inaccuracies in the story of his career in the British army, and of his subsequent capture by the Americans.

In the first place, André came of an ordinary, though wholly respectable English family. A clerk in a counting-house, and disappointed in love, his family purchased for him a commission in the English army. History fails to record any of his achievements on the martial field. His conquests were more of the ballroom than the battle-field. Possessing an attractive personality, he wielded a facile pen and

wrote clever verses. During the British occupation of Philadelphia he played a prominent part in the famous "mischianza" and other social gaieties. Here he became acquainted with "Peggy" Shippen, the second wife of Benedict Arnold, and thus began the correspondence which was to terminate in Arnold's treason and André's death.

When the American commander insisted upon a personal interview with a representative of the British army, General Clinton selected another officer, but Arnold insisted upon Major André. After meeting Arnold near Stony Point, on the Hudson, André, in disguise—which was a violation of Clinton's instructions—made his way back toward New York armed with a pass signed by the American general.

The territory between the American and English lines was known as the "neutral ground." This land had been harried alternately by the Cowboys, who robbed the inhabitants to the cry of "God save the King!" and the Skinners, who stole in the name of the Continental Congress. Both sides pillaged friend and foe alike. They were an utterly worthless element, governed only by the uncertain laws of perfidy and crime.

André was obliged to traverse this region in order to reach the English lines. I give the story usually accepted. As he approached Tarrytown, he was stopped by three members of the Skinners—John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams. Supposing that they were Cowboys, André said that he was a British officer. Perceiving his mistake, he denied the statement, claimed to be an American, and presented his pass signed by General Arnold.

The suspicions of the men being aroused, he was searched, and in his boots were found the incriminating papers which established the nature of his errand. He was immediately taken by his captors to the nearest American camp, and delivered to the proper officers.

#### THE TRUE STORY OF ANDRÉ'S CAPTURE

But this version of the incidents connected with André's capture is highly inaccurate. As a matter of fact, it appears that Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams were enjoying a game of cards, secluded in the bushes by the roadside, and awaiting the possible appearance of some unsuspect-

ing wayfarer. Five others of their band were watching the road from a near-by hill.

As André approached, Paulding emerged from his ambush, presented his musket, and ordered the stranger to halt. André announced that he was an English officer, and requested that he be permitted to proceed. One of his captors then seized his watch. Realizing his mistake, he took another tack and produced Arnold's pass.

"Curse Arnold's pass!" exclaimed one of the men.

"You said you were a British officer, and have no money!" declared another. "Let's search him."

They went through his clothes, but found nothing of value.

"He has money in his boots," said one of the Skinners. "Let's have them off and see!"

André's boots being removed, the incriminating papers were found. The highwaymen also searched his saddle. Seeing that their aim was to secure money, André asked his captors to name their sum to deliver him at the British outposts, at King's Bridge. Unfortunately for him, some previous captives, who had made a similar bargain for their liberty, had not kept their word. The highwaymen who brought them to the British lines had not only failed to secure the stipulated ransom, but had themselves been captured by rescuing parties, imprisoned, and flogged.

One of the Skinners replied to André's offer:

"If we deliver you at King's Bridge, we will be sent to the Sugar House, and you will save your money."

André then agreed to remain with two of the men, while the third journeyed to New York with a letter requesting payment of the ransom, which was to be one thousand guineas in gold. The highwaymen earnestly debated the question, but the memories of the Sugar House were too vivid. André's offer was refused, and he was taken to the commanding officer at the nearest American post.

This version of the capture was given by André himself, and so well was it corroborated by other incidents, and by his personal knowledge of the captors, that Major Benjamin Tallmadge accepted it as true. To Major Tallmadge was entrusted the custody of André pending his trial and subsequent execution.

In later years New York State voted a farm to Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams. Congress awarded each of them a pension for life, and a medal inscribed with the words "Fidelity" and "Vincit Amor Patriæ." At that time Major Tallmadge was a member of the House of Representatives from Connecticut, and in the halls of Congress he exposed the real motives of André's captors and opposed the bill to reward them. There can be no doubt that the three men were lawless highwaymen, that they despoiled André, and that their motive was robbery; but their accidental service to the Colonies was so great as to hide the miserable circumstances under which it was rendered.

#### THE EXECRATION OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

Of all the characters who have played a rôle in American history, none, perhaps, has been the victim of more malicious untruths than Benedict Arnold.

Jared Sparks, one of the leading biographical writers of the early nineteenth century, published a life of Arnold which is full of inaccuracies and bald misstatements. Following the partizan fashion of historical writing then prevalent, he denounced his subject's entire life, from childhood to old age. Arnold was then a victim of public execration, and only such a story could have been popular.

Sparks painted even Arnold's boyhood in the blackest colors, picturing the common pranks of youth as the guide-posts to future depravity. He accused the lad of the hideous crime of taking birds' eggs, and in such an incident he read the horoscope of future treason.

Despite the word of Sparks, Arnold came of a family of social standing and political prominence. His great-grandfather had been governor of Rhode Island; others of his ancestors had held prominent colonial offices, and his father was a prosperous merchant and trader of Norwich, Connecticut.

Sparks declared that after the close of the Revolutionary War, Arnold was treated with universal contempt and scorn in England. This is untrue. When he arrived in London he was presented at court, leaning on the arm of Sir Guy Carleton. Both the king and the cabinet frequently consulted him in regard to British relations with America. He was often seen walking with the Prince of Wales—afterward King

George IV—and the king's brother in the public gardens. It was indeed a curious spectacle to witness Arnold, still lame from wounds received at Saratoga while fighting against the crown, leaning for aid on the arm of the Prince of Wales.

Mrs. Arnold—the former Margaret Shippen, of Philadelphia—was received by the queen, and marked attention was paid her by the ladies of the court. A universal favorite, she was toasted as "the most beautiful woman in England."

Arnold engaged in the shipping trade, principally with the West Indies. He also had business interests at St. John's, and in other sections of Canada, where he received a grant of land from the government. The ruin of commerce wrought by the Napoleonic wars seriously impaired his fortune. He died in London in 1801, in somewhat reduced circumstances, though not in such dire poverty as his traducers have claimed. His widow received a pension of five hundred pounds a year.

The persecutions of historians have pursued even Arnold's sons. Sabine, in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," says of Arnold's eldest son, also named Benedict:

Benedict was an officer of artillery in the British army, who, it is believed, was compelled to quit the service.

The fact is that the younger Arnold, while serving as an officer of artillery in Jamaica, in 1795, received a severe wound in the leg, which resulted in his early death. Another son, Edward Shippen Arnold, served as a lieutenant and paymaster in the Bengal cavalry. He died in Dinapur, Bengal, in 1813.

Still another son, Sir James Robertson Arnold, served as an officer in the British army for more than half a century. He was presented with a sword for bravery on the field of battle, was knighted by William IV, and at the time of his death, in 1854, was a lieutenant-general and an aide to Queen Victoria.

Two other sons also served with distinction in the English army. A grandson, the Rev. Edwin Gladwin Arnold, was a clergyman of the English church, and is recorded as having inherited the family estates in England and Canada. Despite these facts, historians have repeatedly declared that Arnold's family soon disappeared from sight.

So great is the general execration in which Benedict Arnold has been held in the United States, that the American people have seemed eager to swallow any story of his infamy and misfortune invented by the writers of an earlier day. Yet with the possible exception of Nathanael Greene, the Revolution produced no more brilliant soldier than the unfortunate Arnold, to whose memory there stands a vacant niche in the battle monument on the field of Saratoga, where his bravery turned back the invading Britons in the decisive engagement of October 7, 1777.

#### A FAMOUS JEFFERSONIAN FICTION

Popular histories relate that on the morning of March 4, 1801, Thomas Jefferson rode on horseback to the Capitol, and hitched his steed to a near-by post while he went in to take the oath of office as President of the United States. The tale has been repeated a thousand times to illustrate the democratic simplicity of an inauguration which contrasted strongly with the almost regal ceremonies incident to the installation of General Washington and John Adams.

This pleasing bit of fiction seems to have originated in the vivid imagination of one John Davis, an Englishman, who was at the time traveling in America.

It was the custom then, as it is now, for foreigners to visit the United States, and, after the most superficial investigation, to return home and write their impressions of America. Davis, in his "American Travels," declared that he was present at the inauguration of our third President; that Jefferson rode to the Capitol on horseback, and, after fastening his horse to the palings of a neighboring fence, sauntered into the Senate chamber. The story was copied in the newspapers of the day, was ridiculed by the Federalists and applauded by the Republicans, and in time became a part of our folk-lore.

As a matter of fact, it appears that Davis was not in Washington at the time of Jefferson's inauguration, and that his story must have been purely a figment of the imagination. An accurate account of the ceremony of March 4, 1801, can be found in a despatch written at the time by Edward Thornton, who was then *chargé d'affaires* at the British Legation in Washington, to Lord Grenville, foreign secretary under Pitt. From this and other authentic sources

William Elery Curtis draws the following account:

At the time of his inauguration, Jefferson was living at Conrad's boarding-house, which still stands on New Jersey Avenue, not far from the Capitol, in the same rooms he had occupied during his term as Vice-President, and from there he was escorted to the Capitol by a battalion of soldiers on foot, while a salute of honor was fired by a battery from Alexandria. He walked between Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury, and Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, the only members of President Adams's Cabinet who had the decency to remain in Washington. The retiring President, in childish pique and to the humiliation of his friends, before daylight on inauguration day fled like a fugitive by carriage to Baltimore to avoid the disagreeable duty of assisting at the installation of the man who had defeated him.

As a solace to those who may regret the shattering of idols, it may be added that during his administration President Jefferson rode on horseback rather than in a carriage. The *Evening Post* of April 20, 1802, says:

He makes it a point, when he has occasion to visit the Capitol, to meet the representatives of the nation on public business, to go on a single horse, which he leads into the shed and hitches to a peg.

This was a decided contrast to the regal custom of Washington, who, as President, always rode in a beautiful state coach with coachman and footman in uniform, preceded by liveried outriders. Small wonder that under Jefferson the aristocratic Federalists were wont to shake their heads dolefully, to refer to the "Jacobins and miscreants" in power, and to bemoan the decadence of the times.

#### OTHER FAMILIAR MYTHS

General Robert E. Lee is generally understood to have surrendered to Grant under an apple-tree at Appomattox Court House. Every one has heard the lines with

which Roscoe Conkling began his speech placing Grant in nomination for a third term as President, in 1880:

He hails from Appomattox  
And its famous apple-tree.

The apple-tree story is more picturesque than veracious. In his "Personal Memoirs," Grant himself disposes of the tale in the following language:

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The story of the apple-tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon-road, which at one point ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment, with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that.

The terms of surrender were made in the house of a Mr. McLean at Appomattox Court House.

Even the famous story of the Charter Oak, at Hartford, is open to serious question. Though impossible of disproof, historians have begun to reject it as a probable product of some ingenious imagination.

The providential appearance of Colonel William Goffe, the "guardian angel of Hadley," and his rescue of that town from the attacking Indians, said to have taken place in 1675, is another incident now generally consigned to the realm of romance. A legal maxim declares the difficulty of proving a negative fact; but the story of the fortuitous rescue of Hadley by the venerable Goffe seems to have had no contemporary authority. It was first proclaimed in 1764, ninety years later, and was copied by our earlier historians without investigation of its truth or falsity.

#### AT THE END OF DAY

OH, love, good night! The deepening shadows blend  
With daylight's gold; the silvered moonbeams wend  
Their way to light our world till dreams descend.

Oh, love, good night! And may life's shadows blend  
With youth's bright sun till evening falls, and then  
Love's glory light thy pathway to the end!

Wanda May

THE  
STATE TEACHERS  
COLLEGE OF COLORADO  
Greeley, Colo.

-10-

THE STAGE



RUTH ST. DENIS IN HER JAPANESE DANCE PLAY, "O-MIKA"

From a photograph by White, New York

GOOD ACTING IN A WORTHY PLAY

D RIFTING quietly into town, with the handicap of an ill-chosen name and the report of a previous collapse on the road, "The Five Frankforters," redolent of lavender and "old home week," proved to be a charming play, in spite of its lack of big scenes and striking plot. In a sense, this story of the Rothschild family is of the "Little Women" type, having to do with four brothers instead of sisters, and with the ages advanced to middle life. Most of the action takes place against the modest background of *Frau Gudula's* home in the ghetto of Frankfort-on-the-Main, from which, for old association's sake, she refuses to move, even after her sons have grown to be a financial power in Europe. The theme is that oft-strummed one of parental ambition in conflict with a daughter's plea that love, not position, should dictate her choice of a husband.

Adapted by Basil Hood from the German of Carl Rössler, the comedy was played in London last spring, but promises to be more of a success here by reason of the fine cast the Shuberts have supplied. For "The Five Frankforters" is far from actor-proof. Its frailty of plot and delicacy of atmosphere make the piece depend, for its success, mainly upon the manner of its presentation.

Genuine inspiration, no less, picked Mathilde Cottrelly for the mother who refuses to be a party to her son *Solomon's* plan to enoble the family by marrying his daughter to an impecunious duke. For years this Viennese actress played musical comedy here, first in German and then in the vernacular, finally passing to character parts in drama. As *Frau Gudula*, she is a German *grossmutter* to her finger-tips. Humor, pathos, pride of family, and strong mother love are the warp and woof of an impersonation that stands out cameo-like at a period when such acting is rare.

Edward Mackay serves capitally as the duke. It is indeed refreshing to see the fellow kept respectable and good to look upon, showing that *Charlotte's* preference

amusingly set forth by Edwin Emery. As the ambitious *Solomon*, from Vienna, Frank Losee scores by subduing any tendency to overact. A newcomer to Broadway, Alma



GRACE FILKINS IN "THE LOVE LEASH," A NEW PLAY BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON  
AND EDMUND BREESE

*From her latest photograph by Mishkin, New York*

for her cousin *Jacob* is the genuine work of that little blind god, for whose ways there is no accounting. *Jacob* fares equally well at the hands of Pedro de Cordoba, formerly of the New Theater, and latterly in "The Master of the House," while his *Uncle Anselm*—the comedy relief, as it were—is

Belwin, makes a pretty and well-mannered *Charlotte*.

Faithful reproductions of the Frankfort of 1822 are the interiors of the house in the Judengasse, which the old lady declares her two grandchildren have transformed into a lovers' lane. The tall box-hedge in the



FRANCES STARR, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN THE PLAY OF DUAL PERSONALITY,  
"THE CASE OF BECKY"

*From her latest photograph by Gould & Marsden, New York*



HELEN WARE, STARRING IN PAUL ARMSTRONG'S NEW PLAY, "THE ESCAPE," WHICH MAY BE CALLED  
A DRAMATIC STUDY IN EUGENICS

*From her latest photograph by Sykes, Chicago*

duke's garden, reaching almost to the flies, forms an effective contrast for the intervening set. The critics united in a chorus of praise for "The Five Frankforters," and it may attain the vogue of that other Ger-

the quintet being made up by a youth of a younger generation.

In New York the original Rothschild names are retained for the sons of Mayer Anselm, founder of the dynasty. Here, too,



GRACE GEORGE, STARRING IN A REVIVAL OF SARDOU'S "DIVORÇONS"

*From her latest photograph*

man offering of fourteen years ago, "At the White Horse Tavern."

When "The Five Frankforters" was produced in London, a reviewer wrote:

'Discreetly, the family name of Rothschild is not mentioned, and alterations have been made in the appellations of the four brothers,

the mother, who was *Naomi* in London, is *Gudula*; *Rachel* becomes *Charlotte*, and *David*, the grandson, *Jacob*.

#### A CHAT WITH TWO TINY HEROINES

Little Viola Dana, who plays the name-part in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," is not

afraid to be seen without her make-up. I had an appointment to interview her at the Hudson Theater two hours before the matinée began; and as we went up to her

heard of Mrs. Taliaferro's agency for child actors. I was in 'The Littlest Rebel' when it was a vaudeville sketch, and I was *Céleste Bergeret* in Augustus Thomas's play, 'The Model,' at the Harris Theater last fall. Oh, of course you wouldn't remember that, because I used my real name, Viola Flugrath. When I came to this piece they said that 'Flugrath' was too hard for people to pronounce, and made up 'Dana' for me to use.

"How I came to be *Gwendolin* is partly accident, I guess. You see, Mabel Ta-



VIOLA DANA, PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN  
"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

dressing-room she halted on the stairs to call down "More lights, please!" to a man by the switchboard. She can't be more than fifteen, but she seems older as one listens to her talk. Her long stage experience has given her a view-point not in the least that of a child.

"Of course, children will like the play," she said with a naïveté that was irresistible. "There is a great deal in it that they won't understand, but they are sure to enjoy the bear and the hobby-horses and the king's English."

She added, however, that she did not regard "The Poor Little Rich Girl" as belonging in the category of juvenile plays.

"By dancing," she answered to my query of how she got her start in theatricals. "I was born in Brooklyn, and began to dance with my sister when we were very young. Through friends we secured engagements at clubs and entertainments, and in this way



MARY PICKFORD, WHO IS THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL IN  
"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

Taliaferro was first picked for the part. She rehearsed it for a while, but dropped out, and Mr. Hopkins looked around for some child to take her place. And where do you suppose he found me? In a moving picture. Wasn't it fortunate for me that the Edison



LOLITA ROBERTSON, WHO IMPERSONATES THE MONEY-LOVING WIFE IN EUGENE WALTER'S NEWEST PLAY, "FINE FEATHERS"

*From a photograph by White, New York*



GEORGIA O'RAMEY, IN THE STOCK COMPANY FOR ONE-ACT PLAYS AT NEW YORK'S NEWEST THEATER,  
THE PRINCESS

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

people flash the names of the actors on the screen, so that he knew whom he should ask for? When I was told that Mr. Hopkins wanted to see me, I hadn't the least idea what it could be about, but went down to his office, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Tully. You know Mrs. Tully is Eleanor Gates, who wrote the play. Well, they looked me all over, and then asked me to take off my shoes and stand up against the wall, while they measured, to see if I was any taller than Miss Taliaferro. Luckily I turned out to be an inch or so shorter."

Viola's younger sister is now with the "movies," and is also one of the two understudies for *Gwendolyn*.

"Having an understudy is the best way to keep an actress well," she assured me with her most grown-up air. "I don't dare to put my hand to my head, or to say that I am tired, for, of course, I simply love to act. I shouldn't mind in the least if we gave a matinée every day. But then this is an unusually interesting piece. Even after all these weeks of hearing them, I always want to laugh when the people making up *They all talk in concert*, as they do after the first act. At rehearsals we just couldn't wait for that Robin Hood's barn scene, where we all dash out on the hobby-horses."

Viola did not express any ambition to play *Juliet*. She seems wholly absorbed in *Gwendolyn*.

"I think 'The Poor Little Rich Girl,'" she told me, "will be like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It will live on and on, and every child-actress will want to play in it, just as they all used to want to be *Little Eva*."

Mary Pickford, another child-heroine of New York's winter drama, also referred to the Harriet Beecher Stowe piece when I went to call upon her.

"When I was less than five years old I was taken to see 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I insisted that the *Little Eva* was too big for the part, and felt that I could have done much better myself. This was in Toronto, where I was born. One of mother's friends was stage-manager of a stock company. One night he happened to remark that it was difficult to find children for the plays that required them, and suggested that possibly my sister and myself could help him out. Mother was scandalized. She had the old-fashioned notions about the playerfolk, and only after he had introduced her to the ladies and gentlemen of the company would she give her consent.

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"Well, I played in 'Bootles's Baby' and 'In Convict Stripes.' I was the girl in 'The Silver King' and the boy in 'East Lynne.' After a while we came to New York, where I went to school, and here the luckiest thing of all happened to me. I got into the 'movies.' Yes, that's the work I like best. And why shouldn't I? You rehearse for perhaps one day, instead of four or five weeks, and there is no terrible worry about whether the play is going to succeed or fail. Then you travel about the country in automobiles, and go to California, Cuba, and all sorts of interesting places. You draw a salary fifty-two weeks in the year, and have all your evenings to yourself, so that you can go to the theater as much as you like. Do you wonder that I hope the 'talkies' won't be a success?"

"How about your future?" I inquired. "Aren't you ambitious to act some big rôle?"

"No, not in emotional drama," she answered. "What's the use? The public doesn't care for that sort of thing any more, and if people don't think enough of what you do to come in crowds to watch it, I can't imagine any other reason for doing it. Light comedy would please me best; but to my mind, after all, the 'movies' are the most satisfying. There is a fascination about the work that never palls."

"What, with no real audience to play to when you are posing?" I reminded her.

"Yes, indeed," came back the prompt reply. "For in the 'movies' you have something a great deal better. You can be your own audience and watch yourself act. I have not yet got over the joy of sitting out in front and seeing myself walk about the screen!"

When you recall that Mary Pickford, the heroine of "A Good Little Devil," was with David Belasco half a dozen years ago as *Betty* in "The Warrens of Virginia," you may know that she isn't so young as she looks. Nevertheless, her grown-up state in the last act of her present play marks her first appearance in other than a child's part.

#### A GHOST THAT WILL RUN

The cry of the day in stageland is for novelty, for some new sensation, and yet there is nothing managers are so fearful of putting their money into as something out of the ordinary. A case in point is "The Ghost Breaker," which for several years was peddled up and down Broadway

to almost every prominent firm. Written by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard, it got once as far as announcement by Cohan & Harris, who changed their minds, however, and decided not to produce a piece that seemed to defy classification.

Maurice Campbell, its present sponsor, dodged the issue completely by declining to label it at all, but I should say that "The Ghost Breaker" is nearer romantic farce than anything else. For any one who needs genuine recreation, and wishes to be taken completely out of himself, I can think of no play better than this four-act thriller, in which H. B. Warner, one time *Jimmy Valentine*, and for a brief while *Blackbird*, is now being starred.

At one point in the fourth act the women in the audience contribute excitement of a type I have never seen in a theater before. Repeatedly feminine spectators have sprung from their seats with cries of warning to the actor on the scene, in absolute forgetfulness that it is all a matter of counterfeit presentment.

With action bulking so big in the piece, "The Ghost Breaker" will never take any prizes for technique or fine writing. Things happen too fast to allow time for that. They start at five o'clock in the morning, when Warner, as *Warren Jarvis*, of Kentucky, forces his way into a New York hotel room occupied by the *Princess Maria Theresa*, from Spain. *Jarvis*, who has an inherited feud on his hands, has just found and shot at his man, and the police are after him. The princess, having a speaking acquaintance with feuds on her own account, offers to protect him if he will become her vassal.

Without a very clear conception as to what he is letting himself in for, *Jarvis* agrees, and is sent aboard the Lusitania in one of the princess's trunks. We find him there in act two, also her cousin, who, of course, wants to marry her, and is the villain in the proceedings. But this old stuff is so deftly coated with comedy that we swallow it without a wince.

In contrast with *Cousin Carlos*, the princess finds *Jarvis* a real man. She commissions him to clear her castle in Aragon of the ghost that is supposed to haunt it. There is a pretty scrimmage on the stairs of a Spanish inn for the third-act thrill, and then comes the great scene in the castle. This is played in semidarkness, with frequently expressed wishes from *Jarvis's* black servant, *Rusty*, that he were back

home in Kentucky. His master has a hair-breadth escape from plunging through a trap into the moat below. Then two suits of armor on a dais up-stage loom out with their glint of steel in the gloom; and it is when one of these suddenly takes on the semblance of life, and lifts a long sword directly above *Jarvis*, whose back is turned, that pandemonium breaks out in the audience.

Of course, the ghost proves to be the rascally cousin, who presently tears his way out from behind a picture, where a sneeze has betrayed him to be hiding. Equally of course, *Jarvis* is accepted for a husband by the princess. We are not expected to inquire how the difference in rank is adjusted, or how *Jarvis* continues to bluff the police after returning home with his bride. "The Ghost Breaker" is preeminently a play of action for the moment, not one for subsequent dissection.

Mr. Warner easily fills all the requirements of the hero. He came here from London just half a dozen years ago to serve as leading man for Eleanor Robson—now Mrs. August Belmont—in "Merely Mary Ann." Of the two authors, Paul Dickey is an actor, at present in vaudeville, and Charles W. Goddard is editor of the Sunday magazine section of a New York daily.

#### HOW MISS PAVEY CAME TO BE JO

William A. Brady is the biggest plunger in the managerial ring. He plunged to success with "Little Women" in the purely domestic realm, and he plunged to failure with "The Painted Woman" in the field of wild romance. For two nights only this latter piece, a hodgepodge of the Spanish main and the roaring forties, held the stage of the Playhouse. Then the Alcott piece returned to add three weeks to its all-winter run, pending the rehearsals of Mrs. Brady (Grace George) in "Divorçons."

Two companies are playing "Little Women," which promises to become as much of a classic on the stage as it has between book-covers. Mr. Brady is planning to send it to England the season after next.

"And here's a strange admission to make," said Marie Pavey, the creator of *Jo*, when I called at her hotel for a chat. "I had never read the story before I played the part. But this didn't seem to make any difference to Jessie Bonstelle, who engaged me for the rôle.

"Besides that, Miss Bonstelle,' I protested, 'I have always played emotional parts. How can you expect me to be a tomboy?'

"'You can do it, I'm certain,' was her reply.

"'Why don't you do it yourself?' I inquired.

"'If I only had your long legs, I would!' she laughed.

"I had made her acquaintance while she was managing the Shubert stock company in Wilkes-Barre. How did I begin? In rather a peculiar way. I was born in Grand Rapids, but we were living in Chicago when I decided to study singing at the Conservatory of Music. I was not a member of the Hart Conway School of Acting, attached to the college; but learning that visiting companies sometimes called on the school to send them people to fill in with, I decided to get behind the footlights just once, to see what it was like. So I put in a request to be considered on the available list.

"As it happened, Kelcey and Shannon were about to give Clyde Fitch's 'The Moth and the Flame' in Chicago, and needed extras for the wedding scene, so I was sent along with the others. And then the unexpected happened. The woman who played the wife—a part of some twenty-five pages—fell ill; and to my utter amazement, for I was only seventeen, the stage manager asked me to take it. Of course, I didn't refuse, and later, when they offered to keep me in the rôle for the road, I teased my parents until they agreed to let me go. I played for the remaining half of the season, and by that time was so bitten by the acting bug that I determined to keep on, in spite of the fact that the same job wasn't open to me after the summer vacation.

"I came to New York, and began a canvass of the possibilities. Some one had told me not to go to the same office too often looking for a job. Acting on this advice, I went into the Actors' Society, preferred my request, and then said:

"'I am not going to call again. Here is my address. If there is anything in my line, you can let me know.'

"With that I walked out as grand as you please. Maybe I wasn't surprised when the next day came a card asking me to see Bert Coote, who wanted a woman for his vaudeville act, 'Supper for Two.' I

got the post, and remained with Mr. Coote two seasons. Then, for the sake of the training, I went into the two-a-day stock, beginning at the Standard in Philadelphia. I couldn't afford to be particular about the house, because I was particular about the position, declining to play anything but leads.

"From Philadelphia I went to another stock theater in Omaha, one where they gave two bills a week, so you see it meant work. Perhaps it was this that sent me to bed with a fit of illness that kept me there for ten weeks, but the silver lining to that cloud was the fact that it left me free to accept Miss Bonstelle's offer for *Jo*.

"Please don't forget to say that I am devoted to dogs. I don't know whether you would call this a manly trait or not. If it is, it was the only thing about me like *Jo* until I set about getting into the skin of the part as it was handed to me to learn. For I carefully refrained from reading the book until after I had played the first performance."

#### TWENTY YEARS AGO AT THE EMPIRE

Why Charles Frohman, in celebrating the twentieth anniversary of his Empire Theater, should have revived the second instead of the first play produced there, is easily answered. While "Liberty Hall" may not have been as appropriate for the purpose as "The Girl I Left Behind Me," it was more expedient in other respects. Mr. Frohman had John Mason under contract, and as "The Attack" failed to prove a knockout, the R. C. Carton comedy suggested itself as a stone with which two birds might be killed. Even if Mr. Mason did not look the age of Henry Miller when the latter played *Mr. Owen* two decades ago, he would be still more unsuited to the frontier and military atmosphere of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The latter play—the first to be acted on the Empire stage, where it ran from January 25 to August 19, 1893—is wholly American both in locale and authorship. David Belasco and Franklin Fyles—the last-named, recently deceased, was for many years dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*—wrote it expressly for the Charles Frohman stock company, which had previously been playing at Proctor's Theater on West Twenty-Third Street.

There were four acts, each with a different set, and seventeen principals. In those

days, casts of four and five people were unheard of. Real music by living players was furnished between the acts under the baton of William Fürst. Twenty years ago you got your money's worth in scenery, players, and accessories, and if memory serves me, there wasn't nearly so much lamenting over "hard times" in the theater world then as now. Of course, actors' salaries had not been boosted to their present figures, and, by the same token, there weren't so many idle actors.

Harking back to "Liberty Hall," critical comment on the recent revival was not enthusiastic, although the audiences seemed to enjoy the Dickensy atmosphere of this English play by the author of "Lord and Lady Algy." Plays age rapidly, and the process has been swifter than ever during the last two decades, which have swept away soliloquies and asides and given us in exchange motor-cars and telephones.

John Mason brought with him his Norwegian leading lady—a clever actress, to be sure, but temperamentally unsuited, one would think, to the part of the ultra-English *Blanche Chilworth*, originally acted at the Empire by Viola Allen.

#### THE NEW IN FIASCO, THE OLD IN HIT

A new opera by John Philip Sousa is to be set down among the season's innumerable failures. "An American Maid"—originally called "The Glassblowers"—lasted just two weeks at the Broadway Theater, where seventeen years ago Sousa's "El Capitan" carried De Wolf Hopper on the top wave of prosperity for months. But the book for the Hopper piece was written by Charles Klein, and lent itself with peculiar readiness to the march king's tunes. Leonard Liebling's libretto for "An American Maid" showed the tyro hand throughout; only here and there did it really succeed in inspiring Sousa to work worthy of himself.

The opening act was enough to wreck the production. Imagine real Sousa airs, airs of the kind we expect from this master of martial music, sung to the background of an upper Fifth Avenue drawing-room! The scene in the glass-works, too, with its purely business conflicts, smacked more of John Galsworthy drama than of Sousa melodies. Only in the last act, laid in Cuba during the war of 1898, did the composer have a chance at his old form, and then it was too late to save the thing.

In contrast to Sousa's failure, genuine pleasure was given by the revival of Millöcker's "Beggar Student," with De Wolf Hopper as *Ollendorf* and real singing by the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company.

#### BROADWAY'S ONLY STOCK COMPANY

After all, although it is the policy of the new Princess Theater to produce one-act "thrillers" after the style of those done at the Antoine and the Grand Guignol in Paris, it was a strictly American product in the opening bill that caused the audience to sit full of horrors. The management seeks to exculpate itself from any responsibility in the matter by printing this note on the program:

It has been decided to discourage the attendance of any except mature theatergoers.

Whether the innocent miss and the callow youth are to be refused admission at the door, deponent saith not.

A transcript of the persons and scenes in "Any Night" will pretty nearly tell you its whole story, which left the people in front gasping from more than the smoke fumes at its close. Here they are:

- A Policeman
- A Street-Walker
- A Young Man
- A Young Girl
- A Hotel Clerk
- A Porter
- An Old Man
- A Fireman
- Scene 1*—Entrance to Raines Law Hotel.
- Scene 2*—Hotel Office.
- Scene 3*—The Bedroom.
- Time*—Any winter night.
- Place*—Any large city.

The play was written in high colors, yet with keen truth to life, by Edward Ellis, a comedian who created *Blackie Daw* in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Performed originally at an actors' club by and for men only, this "life study" should certainly establish Mr. Ellis as a playwright of ability. The effect of such high-spiced fare on the public, however, is problematical. The critics were not of one mind in this respect. For instance, the *Times* said:

One may reasonably question whether the occasional counterfeit presentation of the conditions "Any Night" presents will be more potent to stop them than the actuality which is constantly in evidence.

The *World* dismissed the playlet briefly as being merely "prurient," while the *Globe*, on the other hand, came out boldly with the assertion that "only the hypocrite, the narrow-minded, the moral coward could object to it, for it is done with sincerity and truth."

Four plays form the bill at the Princess, which is about the size of the Little Theater, and which is operated with the only high-class stock company in New York, affording the ten people composing it a rare opportunity for cultivating versatility. Holbrook Blinn, the director of the organization, plays the policeman in "Any Night," and is a British officer who dreads the plague in "Fear," the French piece. Harrison Ford, who is a native, *Chanda*, in the latter, becomes, in the other, the young man who saves himself, leaving the girl whom he has enticed into the place to perish amid the flames. Willette Kershaw, the heroine in Stanley Houghton's Oscar Wilde imitation, "Fancy Free," is the consumptive street-walker in the Ellis play, which affords Mr. Ellis himself a chance to enact an old man, he having been a young one in "Fear." Georgia O'Ramey is the operator in "The Switchboard," a telephone skit by Edgar Wallace, wherein the other members of the company, behind a black drop, supply the voices on the wires, which she is supposed to hear.

#### THE LONDON SEASON

Of the English plays produced in the West End during the theatrical year now nearing its close, "Drake," at His Majesty's, and "Doormats," written by Hubert Henry Davies for Gerald Du Maurier, at Wyndham's, had the longest runs, each lasting from early autumn until Easter. But it is to a Welsh version of a Belgian comedy, "Little Miss Llewelyn," that the first prize for endurance must be awarded. This initial offering of the managerial partnership between Hilda Trevelyan and Edmund Gwenn, two capable players from Charles Frohman's London roster, started at the Vaudeville on August 31, and ran for more than six months. Miss Trevelyan originated in London Maude Adams's part of *Maggie Wylie* in "What Every Woman Knows," and the London *Stage* predicted last September that "Miss Llewelyn" gave promise of becoming a Welsh "Bunty"—apparently, in view of what has fallen out, no rash prophecy.

"The Girl in the Taxi," in a musical version which was short-lived in New York under another name, has occupied the London Lyric from September 5, while "The Dancing Mistress," a typical George Edwardes Gaiety show, has held the boards at the Adelphi from October 10.

Post-Christmas productions fell speedily by the wayside, with only a month's run for the Weedon Grossmith farce, "Ask Quesbury," and but little longer lease of life for Arthur Bourchier in "Trust the People." At the Prince of Wales's, "Esther Castways" lasted a bare six weeks; Ibsen's "Pretenders," at the Haymarket, only a month. The last-named has been replaced by "The Typhoon," the Japanese piece played in New York last spring, while China is represented at the Duke of York's by another American importation, "The Yellow Jacket."

At the New Theater, "Bought and Paid For" appears to have made good, and so does "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" at the Queen's. George Broadhurst, by the way, author of the former, is British by birth, as is Charles Klein, who is about to take up his residence in England for the purpose of writing two new plays.

If the American invasion appears formidable on the side of the legitimate, the brand of the States is set heavily upon the vaudeville playbills. Although the names of such British literary lights as J. M. Barrie and Max Pemberton appear in the list of authors for "Hullo, Ragtime!" the *revue* at the Hippodrome, the novel features that cause this to be the biggest draw in London are "lifts" from the Winter Garden, on Broadway. Mr. Pemberton has already written another similar piece, which, with American music, an American producer, and the closely imitative title of "A Ragtime Revel," replaces grand opera at Hammerstein's abandoned house on Kingsway.

Meanwhile Douglas Fairbanks is headed across the Atlantic for the Palace with his capital one-act playlet by John Stokes—now one of the Princess Players—called "A Regular Business Man." Mr. Fairbanks's vibrant Americanism, and the speed with which this comedy of bluff rushes along, ought to make it a favorite with the Londoners, who want their stage Yankees to be what Americans are at home—or, at least, what English people think they are.

Matthew White, Jr.

# LIGHT VERSE

## THE FOOD TROUBLE

FOOD with which we should be sated  
Firstly is adulterated.

In the face we cannot look it,  
For no cook will come to cook it.

Then we bolt, though we may rue it,  
For we have no time to chew it.

'Tis in vain that we would try it,  
For we have no cash to buy it.

Down our throats we cannot sling it;  
Waiters strike, and will not bring it.

With futility we eye it;  
Faddists say we ought to diet.

Small indeed our chance to know it,  
For the farmers will not grow it.

Therefore no one need be skeptic  
Why the nation is dyspeptic!

*McLandburgh Wilson*

## THE MONOPOLIST

THE law is plain, the law is clear—  
Monopoly's a rank offense;  
No loophole of escape is there  
In any part of its intents.  
It says, "Thou shalt not do this thing!"  
Just as the ten commandments do—  
Yet to it I defiance fling.  
Dear Phyllis, when I think of you!

Who, gazing in your wondrous eyes,  
And noting there love's mysteries  
But would at once monopolize  
Their beauties, 'spite of law's decrees?  
Who, noting in your merry laugh  
Such thrills as for all woes atone,  
But would the outlaw's bitters quaff  
That he might call them all his own?

Who ever heard thee softly sigh  
For taste of young Love's honeyed pelf,  
But all the statutes would pass by  
To gain those soft sighs for himself?  
Who'd sit by thee one moment in  
Some moonlit and sequestered spot,  
But such a total sweet to win  
Would shatter all the laws we've got?

Not I, fair Phyllis! Let the laws  
Of sha'n't and shall say what they will,  
And threaten me with prison's jaws,  
My lawless ways I'll follow still;  
In spite of their provisions clear,  
Upon my quest I'll still persist  
Till of thy glories I appear  
A blest, confessed monopolist!

*Blakeney Gray*

## THE COUNTRY GOES TO TOWN

THE Country walked to town, and what did  
she find there?  
Not a bird nor flower, the trees forsaken  
were;  
The folk were hurrying to and fro in every  
lane and street;  
You scarce could hear your neighbor for the  
racket of their feet.

She could not see the sun shine for dust about  
the sky;  
She could not hear the winds call, the walls  
went up so high;  
And even when the night came to brush aside  
the day,  
She found the garish city lights were driving  
it away.

"Then what have you got here?" the Country  
asked the Town;  
"There's not a green leaf anywhere, the world  
is bleak and brown;  
I haven't seen a red cheek or heard a woman's  
laughter;  
I'm going back to Bird Land, but won't you  
follow after?"

The Town rode to the country, and what did  
she find there?  
Just a lot of emptiness, with wild flowers  
everywhere.  
The birds were screaming overhead, the sun  
was on her face;  
The fences were untidy and the brambles a  
disgrace.

"Then what have you got here?" the Town  
cried in her scorn;  
"I haven't met a four-in-hand or heard a  
motor-horn.  
It'll cost a pretty penny to restore my riding-  
clothes,  
And my beauty is nigh ruined for the freckles  
on my nose!"

"What have I got here? Just azure hills and peace,  
Green moss and green fern on roads that never cease;  
And if my heart grows weary of such pleasures as these,  
There's a baby who comes romping through the nursery of the trees!"

*Lloyd Roberts*

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#### AN IRISH IDYL

AS I stood amid the bracken, as I stood  
amid the fern,  
I could hear the merry bicker, the blithe bicker  
of the burn.  
Bees were hummin', softly hummin';  
"She's a comin'! She's a comin'!"  
With a little spurt of laughter called the brook  
at every turn.

"Watch her! Watch her! Watch her! Watch  
her!" cried a curlew overhead;  
An' I knew that it was Norah by the trippin'  
of her tread;  
An' a gentle wind a croonin'  
In the silence of the noonin'—  
"Dare you kiss her? Dare you kiss her?" were the saucy words it said.

Sure, it stirred the heart within me, did that tauntin' of the wind,  
For the selfsame heart I mentioned was a sort of darin' kind;  
When she came within my reachin'  
There was no pause for beseechin',  
For I kissed her, an' I kissed her, an', faith,  
Norah didn't mind!

*Sennett Stephens*

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#### THE WITCH

THE rain is pelting on the roof,  
The wind is roving free;  
It tears the attic shutter off,  
And branches from the tree.  
The upper rooms are cold and still,  
The hallway dark and drear;  
I tread the creaky stairs, and seek  
The kitchen's warmth and cheer.  
  
There smoke and steam from bubbling pot  
Arise through stifled air;  
They frost the window, wreath the clock,  
And float along the stair.  
The fagots burn with scarlet blaze;  
A dusky form steps forth  
And chants a weird, forgotten lay,  
And stirs the foaming broth.  
Now low at first begins the tune,  
Like waters flowing by;  
Then louder, louder through the room  
It rises shrill and high:

"Did you ebber see a wile goose sailin' on de ocean?  
Did you ebber see a wile goose sailin' on de ocean?  
De wile goose's motion am a berry pretty motion.  
De wile goose he holler, an' he beckon to de swaller;  
De wile goose he holler, an' he beckon to de swaller;  
Wif a google-gaggle, google-gaggle, google-gaggle goller!"

The black form turns, with ladle poised;  
Its eyes flash like the sun.

"Is dat you, honey? Fetch a bowl;  
Dis gumbo soup am done!"

*Roberta Crosby*

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#### A RIVER OF THE SOUTHWEST

YEP, the Gila is a river, on the Arizony map,  
Yet to find it in the summer takes a right smart sort of chap;  
Jest a half a dozen puddles—not a trickle in between;  
If the Gila is a river, it's the meanest ever seen!

The water of the Gila, well, it's usual pretty clear,  
Barrin' specimens of spiders and perhaps a half a steer;  
But jest you taste that water! It would make a coyote shy;  
No, the Gila ain't got water, it's got suds and alkali!

And the manners of the Gila ain't like any I've heerd tell;  
You walk your hoss along it—is there water? Not a smell!  
But you hear a *slosh* behind you, as you're diggin' in the mud,  
And the Gila ain't no river, it's plumb near a second flood!

Once again it ain't no river when the freshet has gone by;  
It's a half a mile of gumbo, where the critters bog an' die.  
Then it's snake 'em out an' dig 'em out, ride till your legs is numb;  
No, the Gila ain't no river, it's a mile of fly-stick-um!

But it's when you're lost up-country, at five hundred in the shade,  
An' the cactuses swim wabbly in the waves the heat has made,  
When your brain is like a furnace an' the buzzards lower fly,  
Then the Gila is a river, an' you make it or you die!

*Hunter Passmore*

# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY JOHN GRANT DATER, OF THE MUNSEY EDITORIAL STAFF

## STOCK EXCHANGE SEATS

**A**N accurate index of the state of business in Wall Street from month to month and year to year is furnished by the price of memberships in the New York Stock Exchange. The value of a seat is governed to a large extent by what a member can make out of it in dollars and cents, and that varies as the spirit of speculation and the volume of trading varies. It is simply an application of the law of supply and demand.

In prosperous times, when buying and selling orders are pouring in upon the financial district, the stock-brokers appear to be rolling in riches. As a class, they are improvident—the “biggest spenders” in the community—and from their lavishness of living many persons gain the impression that the easiest and most direct route to a fortune is to become a broker and execute commissions at one-eighth of one per cent—twelve dollars and fifty cents per hundred shares. Accordingly, stock exchange seats become fashionable, and in times of activity their values enhance.

But to make your fortune as a stock-broker is not so simple as it seems to the uninitiated. The work on the floor itself requires special adaptability, a keen and alert mind, quick action, and accurate judgment; and many a man has joined the exchange only to realize speedily that he has mistaken his vocation. Aside from that, competition is keen. Every broker cannot get a slice of the “big business” that is given out by the “important interests.” It is a slow and difficult process to secure many active accounts and build up a large and profitable commission business.

Moreover, prosperous times do not last forever. Uncertainty takes the place of confidence with more or less regularity. When that happens, the community loses its desire to speculate, and the stock-brokerage busi-

ness is bereft of its glamour and attractiveness. A deadly dulness settles upon the market. Commissions fall away, but expenses continue, and these are heavier now than ever before, for in recent years Wall Street has raised its fixed charges, or cost of doing business, to very high figures. The broker also has his living expenses, and it is mighty hard for a “big spender” to economize.

So it happens, when the public holds aloof from Wall Street, that stock exchange seats lose their popularity, and are offered for purchase in increasingly large numbers. As a result, the price of memberships decline.

The privilege of joining the New York Stock Exchange is appraised at a much lower figure now than for many years past—which is only another way of saying that Wall Street is in the dumps. Toward this unhappy situation numerous factors have contributed, among which may be noted the activities of the Federal government in enforcing the Sherman Antitrust Act; countless investigations by Congressional committees; political uncertainty; unrest of labor; the high cost of living; monetary disturbances springing from the Balkan War abroad and excessive demands on capital for new financing everywhere; and, last but not least, the agitation for the reform of the exchange itself.

In March last, a seat was sold for \$41,000. This seems like a large amount to pay for the mere privilege of doing business on an exchange; but actually the price is the lowest at which a membership has been transferred during the present century. It is \$34,000 under the highest price recorded last year, and it is no less than \$54,000 below high-water mark—\$95,000, at which price several seats sold during 1905 and 1906.

If you apply a decline of \$54,000 to the eleven hundred brokers who make up the

membership of the New York Stock Exchange, it will appear that in recent years Wall Street has sustained a loss of \$59,400,000 in the value of exchange memberships alone. It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to put this down as an actual money loss, for only a limited number of seats changed ownership at the maximum figure, and only one has been sold at the minimum of \$41,000.

But the enormous shrinkage does entail losses of varying amounts upon practically every broker who has joined the exchange since 1900. Even though they still hold their memberships, brokers who acquired them at the higher prices feel that they have suffered loss through depreciation, in the same way that one regards his investments as showing a loss if they decline in market value. Furthermore, an exchange membership establishes a basis of credit for a broker, and sometimes money is borrowed on it from fellow members, much as one obtains a loan on collateral security. In consequence, a severe decline may wipe out the entire equity a broker has in his seat, and the loss is actual; as it is also if the broker is forced to sell his membership at the depreciated figure.

When one million shares or more change hands in a single stock-market session, Wall Street is busy. In fact, the term "million-share day" is used as a unit descriptive of great speculative activity. This is a tremendous volume of business to crowd into five hours. Taking an average price per share of one hundred dollars, it represents transactions aggregating one hundred millions of actual money and credit.

There have been no million-share days in the stock-market thus far this year. There were but five such during 1912; and naturally one associates the decline in membership values with the contraction of business.

The relationship between the price of memberships and the activity of the speculative market is fairly well illustrated by the following figures, showing the number of million-share days and the high and low prices at which New York Stock Exchange seats have sold during a series of years:

	Million- Share Days	High Price of Seats	Low Price of Seats
1898	none	\$29,750	\$19,000
1899	28	40,000	29,500
1900	23	47,500	37,500
1901	119	71,000	48,500
1902	41	81,000	65,000
1903	12	82,000	51,000

	Million- Share Days	High Price of Seats	Low Price of Seats
1904	56	81,000	57,000
1905	105	95,000	70,000
1906	118	95,000	78,000
1907	42	83,000	51,000
1908	41	80,000	73,000
1909	51	94,000	73,000
1910	24	91,000	65,000
1911	12	73,000	68,000
1912	5	75,000	55,000
1913 (to April 1)	none	53,000	41,000

Although there have been no million-share days thus far this year, it is unlikely that 1913 will pass without developing some sessions of great activity. Four of last year's million-share days, for instance, occurred after the November elections, and were characterized by a decline in security prices which was not a cheerful feature, in view of the increased activity.

While million-share days will undoubtedly return to Wall Street, and some of them will be marked by improving, not declining prices, there is a growing belief that the entire security market is becoming less speculative than in former years, and many persons believe that the tendency will continue for at least some time to come. Legislation, both Federal and State, that has gone toward safeguarding the investor by controlling security issues, supervising corporation management, and the like, has worked in the direction of restraining speculation; and a closer supervision over the exchange itself is likely to restrict it still further. In time, however, it will develop again; and unless the entire character of the New York Stock Exchange is altered by legislative enactment, when the million-share days return, the value of seats will recover.

#### WHEN STOCKS ARE CHEAP

FROM the lowest prices at which they sold in March, stocks have rallied a trifle. It is not impossible that they may improve still further by the time this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers, although there can never be any assurance as to which way a market will swing. We do not believe, however, that any changes which may occur in the near future, whether up or down, are likely to be extensive enough to alter our conclusion that standard stocks are worthy of an investor's careful consideration at this time.

Whether securities are cheap or dear is very much a matter of individual opinion, for the standards of investment yield are variable and relative, not unalterable or fixed. One man may be content to employ his funds at one rate of interest, and another may expect more. Although of late investors have been demanding more for their money than in the past, the financial district has always held stocks to be cheap when standard, dividend-paying railways were selling to yield about six per cent on an investor's money.

A difference of from one-half to one per cent is recognized as existing legitimately between good railway and good industrial issues. In consequence, when the preferred shares of seasoned industrials yield about six and one-half to seven per cent, they, too, are regarded as cheap.

The depression in the security market has carried many meritorious issues to levels even more attractive from the investor's point of view than the approximate standards mentioned above. Below we give a list selected from among railway and industrial properties whose shares are selling on an attractive basis. We cannot say that these issues may not temporarily sell lower; but, if so, they will be even more attractive to one making a new investment. All these issues have sold very much higher than at present, and they will probably do so again some day.

The list follows:

#### *Railroads*

	High, 1912	March 29	Decline	Dividend	Yield
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.....	111 1/4	102 5/8	9 1/8	6	5.85
Baltimore and Ohio.....	111 1/4	101 1/8	10 3/4	6	5.93
Brooklyn Rapid Transit.....	94 3/4	88 3/4	6	5	5.65
Chesapeake and Ohio.....	85 5/4	72 1/8	13 1/8	5	6.93
Illinois Central.....	141 1/8	122 1/2	18 5/8	7	5.72
Norfolk and Western.....	119 1/4	106	13 1/4	6	5.67
Northern Pacific.....	131 1/2	117 3/4	13 3/4	7	5.94
Pennsylvania.....	126 1/4	118 3/4	7 1/2	6	5.05
St. Louis Southwestern pfd.....	80 5/8	74	6 5/8	5	6.75
Southern Pacific.....	115 1/2	101 1/4	14 1/4	6	5.92
Southern Railway pfd.....	86 7/8	80 5/8	6 1/4	5	6.21
Union Pacific.....	176 3/4	152 3/4	24	10	6.55

#### *Industrials*

American Agricultural Chemical pfd.....	104 1/4	96	8 1/4	6	6.25
American Cotton Oil pfd.....	99 1/2	95 1/2	4	6	6.28
American Smelting and Refining pfd.....	109 3/8	103	6 3/8	7	6.80
Central Leather pfd.....	100 1/2	93 1/4	7 1/4	7	7.52
Corn Products Refining pfd.....	89 1/2	66	23 1/2	5	7.57
Pressed Steel Car pfd.....	103 3/4	97	6 1/4	7	7.21
United States Rubber 1st pfd.....	116	106 1/2	9 1/2	8	7.51
United States Steel pfd.....	117	107 5/8	9 1/8	7	6.49
Virginia-Carolina Chemical pfd.....	122 3/8	107 5/8	15	8	7.45

Of course, we cannot guarantee that these companies will in every instance maintain their present dividends. That depends upon their earnings, and the maintenance of earnings is controlled by contingencies which no man can foresee. But most of the railways in the accompanying list have paid dividends for many years, and their earnings recently, with the exception of Illinois Central, have been generally satisfactory.

The industrials include preferred issues of companies which have weathered many storms and will weather many more. We do not believe that any one who buys any of these securities outright, for cash, around prevailing prices, will have occasion for regret—even though some issues are those of companies involved in Federal litigation.

We have also selected a list of bonds, not as a group typical of a gilt-edged investment, though some of the issues conform to an excellent standard, but to illustrate the very high interest basis upon which many bonds of prominent railway and industrial properties are now selling.

We do not advise the purchase of bonds netting as high as six per cent, or more, for a woman or a dependent person; but a business man who can assume a risk might employ a portion of his surplus funds to advantage in some of these high-income-yielding issues. By a proper diversification—which might be obtained by taking on some issues paying five or five and one-half per cent in connection with others paying

more—a yield approaching six per cent might be secured without undue hazards.

There is, of course, a possibility of profit through the enhancement of bonds selling at a discount which is always considered in a so-called speculative investment.

The following is the list:

Railroads	Price	Yield
Oregon Short Line, guar. ref. 4s of 1929.....	89	5
Carolina, Clinch. & O. 1st 5s of 1938.....	99	5
Wheeling & L. Erie cons. 4s of 1949.....	80	5.20
Wabash 2nd gold 5s of 1939..	95½	5.30
Chi. Gt. West. 1st 4s of 1959..	76	5.30
Cleve., Cin., C. & St. L. deb. 4½s of 1931.....	90	5.375
South. Ry. develop. 4s of 1956	77½	5.375
Mo., Kan., & Texas 1st and ref. 4s of 2002.....	75	5.40
St. Louis S. W. cons. gold 4s of 1932.....	79¼	5.80

Kan. Cy., Ft. Scott & Mem. ref. 4s of 1936.....	74	6.125
Mo. Pac. coll. loan 4s of 1945..	70¾	6.125
Chi. & Alton 1st lien 3½s of 1950 .....	60	6.25
Den. & Rio Grande 1st ref. 5s of 1955.....	80	6.375
Chi., Rock I. & Pac. coll. tr. 4s of 2002.....	62	6.40
St. L., Rocky Mt. & Pac. 1st 5s of 1955.....	77	6.625
Seaboard Air Line adj. 5s of 1949 .....	72	7
Industrials	Price	Yield
Indiana Steel 1st 5s of 1952... 100		5
Armour & Co. 1st R. E. 4½s of 1939.....	90	5.08
Liggett & Myers 5s tempo.....	98½	5.10
P. Lorillard Co. 5s tempo.....	98½	5.10
N. Y. Dock 1st 4s of 1951....	83	5.125
Corn Prod. Ref. 5s of 1934....	92	5.625
Int. Paper Co. cons. conv. 5s of 1935.....	87	6.05
Beth. Steel 1st & ref. 5s of 1942	83	6.125

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THIS department will pay no attention to anonymous communications. The names of readers making inquiries will not be disclosed, but they should be sent to us, together with the writer's post-office address, as an evidence of good faith. Answers will be made either in the magazine or by letter, at as early a date as possible. In some instances delays are unavoidable, owing to the time consumed in making careful investigations.

Letters of inquiry should be addressed to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE (Financial Department). Whenever possible, they should be accompanied by prospectuses and any correspondence which may have passed between readers and the promoters of propositions promising unusual returns to investors. Such material will be returned, if desired. Prospectuses give information, or alleged information, which is frequently essential in prosecuting investigations. Moreover, many doubtful projects are unknown in large cities, the vendors of the shares confining their offerings to residents of small places, counting upon the supposed gullibility of such persons.

Write proper names clearly. Life is too short to permit a busy man to waste time over bad handwriting.

### A DOUBTFUL SUGGESTION

Allow me to offer for your consideration and opinion the following idea of a new form of security:

Why not combine in a mortgage bond the safe investment features of a good first-mortgage bond and the

speculative feature of common stock, now generally used as a bonus? The bond to be in all respects the same as any regular five-per-cent coupon bond, except to have the additional proviso in the text that it participates equally with the stock in any dividends declared from surplus earnings, after fixed charges and cumulative preferred stock dividends have been paid?

C. W. S., Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

In its report to Congress on the capitalization of railways and the issuance of their securities, the Hadley Committee pointed out that there is a very general failure in this country to recognize the difference which exists between bonds and stocks. Our correspondent appears to have fallen into the popular error of regarding these instruments as similar in character, whereas there is a wide structural divergence between the two. A share of stock is an evidence of proprietary interest in a company; a bond is an evidence of the company's indebtedness.

Admittedly, there is ample opportunity for confusion over the status of stocks and bonds; for countless corporations have secured their capital through sales of bonds, the stock, purporting to be "full paid and non-assessable," having been given away without consideration. In addition, there are all sorts and varieties of bonds, and many things called "bonds" which, strictly speaking, are not bonds at all—such as mere promissory notes, and contracts or agreements to pay a lump sum at a future date in return for a smaller sum paid in instalments.

The difference between an absolute first-mortgage bond, such as this correspondent

mentions, and the stock of a company, is about as great as exists between two men, one the owner of property, and the other a person who has loaned money upon it. In a business firm, the owner would occupy the position of a partner; in a corporation, that of a shareholder. The other is a creditor, and has no vested interest in the property whatever. If, as in the case of a corporation, the indebtedness is represented by bonds, the status of the holder does not change; he is not a partner in the company, but a creditor.

A corporation borrows for a definite period of time at a fixed rate per cent, and we doubt if an enterprise would attract very many partners or shareholders under the arrangement suggested by our correspondent. In prosperous years, if the company should be temporarily successful, it would actually be paying more to its creditors in the way of interest and profits than in ordinary years. The persons who are entitled to these benefits are the shareholders. No doubt the bondholders would approve such a plan, but it is not likely that the enterprise would make much progress, and it is not likely that the shareholders would relish paying the additional sums to the creditors.

Speculative possibilities are by no means unusual attachments to collateral trust and debenture issues. A well-known type of security, possessing such features, is the "convertible" bond, which was discussed last month (page 134). There are also "profit-sharing" bonds and "participating" bonds of minor companies, real-estate concerns, mines, and various more or less hazardous undertakings, which are forced to offer unusual inducements in order to secure any money at all. Such issues are speculative, and many of them are worse than that.

We do not recall a single instance where an important corporation has brought out a first-mortgage bond with the speculative attachment, though many of the foremost railroad companies have utilized the convertible bond to attract capital in times of necessity. The Oregon Short Line, a subsidiary of the Union Pacific, authorized a "participating" bond about a dozen years ago, but it was a collateral trust issue secured by Northern Securities stock. It had but a brief existence, for when the Northern Securities Company was put out of business the bond was retired at par.

A first-mortgage bond with speculative trimmings would not rise to the dignity of a high-grade investment. It would retain all the characteristics and occupy the position of a speculative security. We have no idea that we are likely to see many bonds of the type suggested by our correspondent, and we do not believe that a company issuing such a security is destined for a long career. It

could not grow in resources if it had to divide its surplus earnings with its creditors, and it could never attain a high credit if its first-mortgage bonds were speculative.

A corporation can make its junior liens more or less speculative without losing caste; but it cannot impair or dilute its first mortgage and survive.

#### THE AMERICAN LINSEED COMPANY

I bought sixty shares of American Linseed Company preferred in 1900, at \$6. It is now selling in the vicinity of \$26, and I would like to know if in your judgment it would be better for me to sell the stock and pocket my loss, or Micawberlike, to wait for something to turn up.

When I bought these shares the company was paying dividends, and I received one, or perhaps two, quarterly payments. During all these years the concern has continued in business, and it sends me its reports regularly, but no dividend checks.

This company was organized in 1898, and was said to control eighty-five per cent of the linseed oil industry of the country. The intervening interval has been one of great prosperity. Oil has advanced continuously, until the price is now more than double what it was in 1900. Other concerns have gone ahead, but this one seems to stand still, if it is not going back. What ails it?

J. C. M., Worcester, Mass.

We cannot assume the responsibility of advising this correspondent upon such a question as that of selling or holding his American Linseed shares. To sell them now would entail a considerable loss, whereas, if he retains them, the shares may improve in price. He would never forgive us if we advised him contrary to the next movement of the stock in the market; and the question is one which an individual must decide for himself. The old proverb that "he who makes his bed must lie in it" applies with peculiar force to the man who makes a poor investment.

Nothing better illustrates the importance of buying good securities than the experiences of this correspondent with his Linseed preferred shares. We have made a calculation of what he has lost by locking up his money in a dead stock. His shares cost him \$3,360. Compounding interest upon this at four per cent, we find that the total of interest for thirteen years, added to the principal, amounts to \$5,594.65. Against this, the present value of his stock, at \$26, is only \$1,560. He could have left his money in a savings-bank and have been better off than he is to the tune of \$4,034.65.

We hope this presentation will not distress J. C. M. No doubt he has considered it many times. We employ it merely to emphasize the waste which arises from having one's money locked up in non-dividend-paying securities.

As to the American Linseed Company we cannot say much, and it is not necessary to do so, for our correspondent who made the unfortunate investment in the preferred shares has outlined the case fairly. The company was hastily shoveled together in the crazy days of industrial trust promotion, back in

1898. In their greed of gain, the owners of constituent properties placed excessive valuations upon their factories. Animated by the same spirit, the promoters took over the plants at exorbitant prices, with the idea of passing the burden along to the investing public. The company was capitalized for \$50,000,000, half common and half preferred, of which \$16,750,000 each is outstanding.

Many of the plants acquired were useless, or could not be operated advantageously, and these were closed down. Good-will figured in the early balance-sheets to fully one-half the capitalization, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the promoters did not supply adequate working capital for the enterprise. It became necessary to suspend dividend payments and provide the company with cash. Then there were some disastrous efforts to control the market for flaxseed by maintaining the price artificially, or speculating in the commodity. The company seems also to have had bad luck over its supplies of raw material through drought and insect pests.

Whether the results would have been any better if the corporation had had a different management in the early days, it is of course impossible to say. It was handicapped from the start by the structural defects which entered into the organization, and it would have had hard sledding in any event. The company has shown surplus earnings for a series of years, and it is possible that in time it may be able to make some return to the preferred shareholders, who were duped and tricked in the beginning.

#### THE GENERAL FOUNDERS COMPANY

A salesman came through this section a short time ago, offering stock of the General Founders Company for sale at \$20 a share. The par value is \$10, and it pays dividends of sixteen per cent, so I would get eight per cent on my money if I buy the shares. He says the stock was bought up five or six years ago by some men. Now they want to sell it, thinking that by distributing it around they can increase their business.

I have \$300 in the bank at three and one-half per cent, and if this stock is as good as the drummer says, I am thinking of drawing \$200 out of the bank to buy ten shares. You may think this is a small amount to ask about, but I have very little money, and so I must be very careful how to invest it.

I would like to have you tell me something about the General Founders Company, and if the stock is a good investment.

W. W. Sandusky, Ohio.

If a stock paying dividends of sixteen per cent is an entirely desirable one, it will not be necessary to send out drummers in order to sell it. The mere fact that traveling salesmen are peddling General Founders Company stock throughout the country shows that there is no established market for these shares. That, of course, is one very undesirable feature. If a man pays good money for a stock, he ought to buy one that he can sell if he has occasion to use his money.

Aside from the fact that General Founders stock has no market for resale, there are other features about it which render the shares undesirable for investment. One of these is the character of the concern itself. The company was organized in South Dakota with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000. Its earnings are derived from contracts, one of which was given to Frederick Apps to act as general agent for the Michigan State Life Insurance Company throughout the United States. This was assigned by Mr. Apps to the Founders Company. Afterward he became president of the Michigan State Life Insurance Company, which granted the contract.

Prior to this interesting arrangement, Mr. Apps was president of Frederick Apps & Co. That concern had a contract to act as agent for another insurance company, the Missouri State Life. Apps & Co. sold \$65,000 of preferred stock to the public, and issued common stock to Mr. Apps and his associates in return for the assignment of this agency contract with the Missouri concern. With cash derived from sales of its own stock, the Founders Company purchased the common shares of Apps & Co. at double their par value. It will be seen that there is a curious interlocking arrangement between the concerns.

Best's "Life Insurance Reports," which is the authority on the subject, speaks of these developments as "schemes of high finance," and adds:

The General Founders Company put out a statement as of December 31, 1911, which indicated that it had raised by the sale of its stock to the public about \$570,000, besides a further large amount by selling so-called "bonds"; that practically all these great sums had been dissipated, and that it had been paying unearned dividends.

We advise our correspondent to keep his \$200 or \$300 in the bank at three and one-half per cent until he can hit upon a more attractive security than General Founders stock. It may pay sixteen per cent per annum now, but it does not appear to have much except life-insurance agency contracts as assets, and no one can safely predict whether it will continue to pay that rate, or any rate whatever.

#### ANOTHER TROPICAL PLANTATION

Enclosed you will find the prospectus and literature of the Associated Tropical Plantation Company, whose headquarters are in Kansas City. The concern is developing a banana plantation in Mexico, and makes some big promises. Do you think it is likely to succeed? To me it seems too good to be true.

I would also like to ask your opinion as to the soundness of the common stock of the Chicago and Northwestern and the Illinois Central Railroad. Both of these stocks have been selling at low prices lately, and I have been advised to buy them, but they would not give the return promised by the banana plantation.

D. R. S., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Chicago and Northwestern and Illinois Central stock will not give as large a return

as that promised by the Associated Tropical Plantation Company, but there is a radical difference between an actual performance and a promise. The two railways are among the best properties in the United States. They have paid dividends for many years, and in all probability they will continue to pay them for many years to come. At 121 for Illinois Central, and 132 for Northwestern, these stocks return respectively 5.79 and 5.30 per cent on the money invested.

Of course, no one in his sane senses buys real estate without first seeing the land and ascertaining that the seller has a clear title to the property he is offering. We know no way in which one may assure himself that the Associated Tropical Plantation Company is as represented in its stock-selling literature, except by journeying to the remote fastnesses of Mexico, inspecting the plantation himself, and counting its banana-trees. We never heard of the concern until recently, but it seems to be a farming-on-shares proposition.

After reading its literature, I am surprised that the Associated Tropical Plantation Company should wish to part with any of its property at all. The land-selling circulars make it appear so valuable, and the property pays for itself so speedily, that the promoters cannot hope to become half so wealthy by putting their money into anything else. But those concerned in this proposition are philanthropists. They are anxious to enrich others, particularly hard-working Iowa medical men, many of whom have written me about this most wonderful scheme.

The company has put a price of \$200 an acre on its property. If you buy one acre, however, you get three, and you pay for them on easy terms, or rather they pay for themselves. This unique arrangement is made possible by pure and unadulterated philanthropy. The purchaser pays \$10 down in cash and \$6 per acre a month. The plantation, according to the literature, is already yielding abundantly. The buyer has the entire product of his acre at his disposal for the first year. The concern has apparently reduced tropical farming to an exact science, for it knows that the value of a crop from one acre will not be less than \$400. The company is so certain that this will be the yield, even in the very first season, that it enters into a contract to take the crop at that valuation in payment for two additional acres of land.

Thereafter fortune comes to the lucky purchaser, and comes quickly. The stock-selling literature says:

It is estimated that in three months more the dividends from the three acres will more than pay up the unpaid balance, making him finally the owner of three acres, for which he has only paid out in actual cash the original ten-dollar payment and monthly payments of six dollars for say fifteen months, or a total of \$100; and thereafter he

will receive the net proceeds of half the crop on three acres, or not less than \$600 a year.

The Associated Tropical Plantation Company is said to hold five thousand acres. The literature says that the land is "cleared, planted, and actually bearing." As each acre produces bananas worth \$400 annually, I assume the concern already has the snug income of \$2,000,000 to share with worthy persons. Ordinary promoters would grab all this for themselves, but not the philanthropists of this enterprise. They go out of their way to employ salesmen, and to pay them commissions, in order to find persons to enrich. All that is required of the beneficiary is to buy a few acres—a mere pretense, of course, for in return for a few dollars the company gives you a fortune.

As our Fort Dodge correspondent says, it seems too good to be true.

#### "TRUST" STOCKS AND LAWSUITS

I am enclosing a cutting from the Manchester *Guardian* relative to the suit brought by the United States government against the American Thread Company under the Anti-Trust Law. I have been a large holder of the preferred shares of this company from the outset, and I would like to know how the litigation will affect my shares.

I. N. S., Birkdale, England.

I would appreciate any information you can give me on the International Harvester Company. Judging from past records, it would seem to be an attractive investment. Of course, the company is now involved in a lawsuit with the government; but the American Tobacco Company, which has emerged from such a suit, has doubled the dividend on its common stock, and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which recently was involved in government litigation, has also been doing something handsome in the dividend line. So it would seem that the suit against the Harvester Company could not be used as a strong argument against it; but I would value your opinion.

J. T. McC., St. Charles, Ill.

It is a matter of deep regret that we cannot foretell the future, but the gift of prophecy has been denied us, and we are frank enough to admit it. We do not know how any lawsuit instituted by the government against the industrial corporations under the Anti-Trust Act will terminate, and we do not believe any one can determine a matter of that kind.

Not knowing whether the government or the companies will win, and not knowing what the court decree may be should the suits go against the corporations, we cannot tell how the shares of the American Thread Company, or the International Harvester Company, or any other concern, may be affected by dissolution suits. Nor, indeed, can any one else.

We may say, however, that we do not believe that any real values will be destroyed. Our English correspondent has held his preferred shares in the American Thread Company from its organization, and we see no good reason why he should sell them now. In several instances—two of which are specified by our other correspondent—the effects of antitrust litigation has not been harmful to

the shareholders of the companies concerned, but to the contrary.

Upon the other hand, it is neither prudent nor good business policy to "buy into a lawsuit." There is a flaw in the title of every industrial corporation against which the government institutes dissolution proceedings; and this should impel caution. Because Standard Oil and American Tobacco shares advanced after the companies were disrupted, it is not well to jump at the conclusion that the stocks of other companies will advance if the judgments go against them. Union and Southern Pacific shares declined sharply following a verdict favorable to the government.

All this points to the conclusion that there really is no way of determining in advance the outcome of an antitrust suit, or its effect on the securities of the concerns involved in litigation. The companies mentioned by our correspondents are important undertakings. Their business has been profitable under the form of organization to which the government has taken exception. It was profitable, too, before the combinations in alleged restraint of trade were formed; and in all probability it will remain so if those combinations are swept away. The process, however, would involve a change in organization, and an interval of uncertainty for investors.

#### AMBITION COLODO FINANCIERS

I am enclosing a prospectus of the United Savings and Investment Company of Grand Junction, Colorado, which is a new organization. I would like to know your opinion of it as an investment.

M. W., Chicago, Ill.

If the promoters of the United Savings and Investment Company of Grand Junction, Colorado, sell enough six-per-cent preferred stock to procure the necessary funds, they will endeavor to carry out an ambitious scheme, which they outline in their prospectus. The company has an authorized capital of one million dollars, half preferred and half common stock; but the promoters entertain no very high idea of the common, for they offer most of it as a free gift to persons courageous enough to buy the preferred shares.

The project which the promoters have in mind is the organization of what may be termed a general store for investment odds and ends. Among the business possibilities mentioned in the prospectus are the manufacture and sale of real-estate debenture bonds, the purchase and disposal of municipal securities, the buying and selling of country bank stocks, and the creation and vending of "saving certificates." There is to be a brokerage business, both for real estate and for securities attached to the enterprise. The concern also will buy and sell real estate and "every good security," not otherwise mentioned, for its own account.

There is to be an "application of a building-and-loan principle" to the enterprise. In addition, the company expects to profit largely from an exodus which it anticipates among certain citizens of Grand Junction. Of this unusual source of income, the prospectus says:

A great many people come to this country for their health, and when it does not benefit them they seek other locations. Such people often sell their property and take purchase-money mortgages for the balance of the purchase price. These draw seven or eight per cent interest, and can often be bought at a very profitable discount. It is believed that the company can make from ten to twelve per cent on its money, with perfect safety, by systematically pursuing this business.

It is novel in our experience for an undertaking to base an estimate of its prospective profits upon the fact that a great many people find they cannot live in its neighborhood, and are forced to make heavy pecuniary sacrifices to get away. The climatic conditions may be as described, but we should think the residents of Grand Junction might object to the reflection cast upon the place, particularly as they are trying to attract settlers. To promise a large revenue arising from sacrifice sales of property suggests depopulation.

It will be time enough for us to express an opinion on the preferred stock of the United Savings and Investment Company when the company procures its capital, demonstrates that it is a going concern, and shows some of the results of its varied activities in a balance-sheet. So far as the prospectus is concerned, there is no evidence of the company's having either capital or assets, and its ambitious schemes seem all in the air.

It really amazes one, at times, to read how many things a promoting group agrees to perform with other people's money. It is scarcely necessary to say that stock offered for sale to procure capital, in order to engage in some contemplated undertaking, is a mighty long way off from ranking as an investment.

#### OHIO MUNICIPAL BONDS

Will you kindly advise me why Ohio municipal bonds only bear about four per cent interest, while municipal bonds of Southern and Southwestern States bear about six per cent interest?

I understand that Ohio bonds are non-taxable; but if this is the case, it seems there would be no sale for Ohio bonds outside the State of Ohio. I am inclined to believe there are other reasons for the difference in the rate of interest.

W. E. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

By the provisions of a new statute, bonds issued by Ohio communities since January 1 last are taxable. Prior to that date Ohio municipal issues were tax-exempt within the commonwealth. The situation created by the new law is peculiar, in that a municipality may have outstanding old tax-exempt issues and new bonds subject to taxation.

Ohio municipals immediately set about adjusting themselves to the new conditions, and issues like those of the city of Cleveland,

which under the old order sold on a four-per-cent basis, sell, under the new order, on a basis of about four and one-half per cent. It seems a fair assumption that Ohio municipalities will have to pay more for their money hereafter, but a more attractive interest yield will probably result in a broader and more general market for their bonds.

A rigid enforcement of the personal tax in Ohio imparted greater value to the exemption of municipal bonds in that commonwealth than almost anywhere else in the United States. Individuals, trust estates, and institutions within the State bought public securities to avoid taxation, and this contributed to the low interest rates of such bonds. Aside from that, however, Ohio has good laws as to municipal borrowing, debt limitations, and the like, which established a deservedly high credit for its municipalities.

Many factors enter into the determination of municipal credit, precisely as they enter into a determination of individual credit. Money is worth more in some sections of this country than in others, and it will always cost one borrower more than another to secure funds. It is precisely the same with municipal borrowers. Some communities have a better credit standing than others. Their issues may be governed by better laws; they may be more advantageously situated, or wealthier, or better administered. Moreover, the class and character of the residents, the nature of the local industries, the purposes of the loan, all play a part in the matter.

For these reasons comparatively new and sparsely settled communities in the South, Southwest, and West have to pay six per cent, or even more, for money, where old-established communities borrow for less. The fact that most Southern and Southwestern municipal bonds are not legal investments for trust and savings funds in Northern and Eastern States also limits the market for them to some extent; so that interest rates have to be higher to attract buyers.

#### LOW-PRICED STOCK SELDOM CHEAP

Do you consider Denver and Rio Grande common and preferred stocks good investments at the present market price?

C. R. O., San Francisco.

However desirable Denver and Rio Grande common and preferred may become, they are not good investments at the present price. Under prevailing conditions they are not investments at all, but speculative counters. The common stock has never paid a dividend, and no disbursements on account of the preferred stock have been made since January, 1911.

In buying non-dividend-paying shares, the purchaser not only locks up money without interest, but deprives himself of a return

which otherwise he might obtain from a savings-bank or from a loan. As the money employed in buying such stocks yields nothing whatever—that is, unless they can be sold at a profit—their purchase can only be regarded as a speculative transaction.

From their present level these stocks may advance, or they may decline, and we cannot undertake to say which way they may turn. If a man must speculate, we believe that in the long run he will fare better by confining his operations to good, standard, dividend-paying issues than by buying poor or indifferent shares.

Because it is quoted in small figures a stock it not necessarily cheap. It sells for a small amount because there is something the matter with the property, or because its earnings are poor.

#### A WORTHLESS GIFT

Enclosed you will find a certificate for a thousand shares of Commonwealth Mining Company stock, and a circular explaining the enterprise. I found them in my mail this morning, and I was about to consign them to the waste-paper basket, when it occurred to me that they might be of service to you. I think I know the value of the shares, but is the method of planting them original?

K. V. G., Washington, D. C.

Our correspondent's waste-basket would have been a most proper receptacle for the thousand shares of stock he sends us, but ours will serve as well. The Commonwealth Mining Company, chartered in Arizona, is not a mine, but a "prospect" in Boulder County, Colorado, upon which the promoters claim to hold an option.

The promoters seem to have sent out stock certificates broadcast over the country, to the amount of one million shares, par value one dollar, distributing them like handbills, in the hope, apparently, that some of them may stick, and thus provide the generous donors with funds. These gentlemen assert that if they get sufficient money, they will exercise their option and engage in development work.

Commonwealth Mining Company stock is described on the certificates as "full paid and assessable," and in these last two words, you find the Ethiopian in this particular wood-pile. The accompanying circular gives notice that an assessment of one per cent has been levied upon the shares. The holder of a certificate calling for a thousand shares must therefore pay ten dollars to give his stock any validity. There is nothing, however, to prevent the recipient from throwing it away.

The promoters' literature further states that not more than two per cent of the par value of the shares can be levied as an assessment in any one year. If the concern succeeds in planting a million shares, a two-per-cent assessment would provide a neat little income for "mine development" of twenty thousand

dollars annually, and shareholders might be called upon for like contributions or "assessments" for years.

This method of planting valueless stock has been tried many times with varying success. Occasionally such shares get into the hands of deluded persons, who think they possess some value, and actually pay assessments upon them. The most amusing things about the plan are the letters which the promoters write to men who have thrown the worthless truck away. They try, of course, to create an impression that the prospective victim has retained something of value, and on occasion they may possibly extort a few pennies from credulous souls; but he must be very simple indeed who would pay any attention to such communications.

#### ALARMED BY THE INCOME TAX

Will you kindly explain to me the income tax? Does it mean that the persons having money in savings-banks amounting to \$5,000 or over will have to pay taxes on it at the rate of one per cent? Or does the bank pay the tax? Or is the bank exempt and the private individual taxed instead?

I do not understand the accounts I have read of the tax. In one place it says the tax will take the place of the corporation tax, and in other places it speaks of private individuals. I have always supposed that money in savings-banks was not taxable.

J. F. P., Boston, Mass.

The precise form of the proposed income tax is not known at this writing. In consequence, it would be profitless to enter upon a lengthy discussion of provisions which may not be incorporated in the measure when it becomes a law. But a savings-bank depositor has no reason to feel any apprehension regarding it, for the tax will apply only to incomes, and will not affect bank deposits and security holdings except as they produce a taxable income.

It is not surprising that our correspondent should be confused over the published reports of the proposed tax, for they vary widely, and differences of opinion exist in Washington as to the form it will assume. The most general prediction has been that the rate of tax would be one per cent, and that incomes under \$5,000 a year would be exempt; but there have been other suggestions, one of which proposes a tax on all incomes amounting to \$1,000 a year, arranged upon a graduated scale, which starts at one-half of one per cent per annum and runs to four per cent, the high rate being assessable upon incomes of \$100,000 or more.

If the arrangement should be for a one-per-cent tax on incomes above \$5,000, a person whose income was \$6,000 would pay a tax on \$1,000, or \$10 annually; one whose income was \$10,000 would pay a tax of \$50 annually. A deposit of \$5,000 in a savings-bank at four per cent produces \$200 annually, and this amount would not be taxable unless the total

income of the depositor was above the limit of exemption.

#### FOUR SPECULATIVE BONDS

Will you kindly give me an opinion of the bonds mentioned in the enclosed list? They all bear interest at five per cent, and are selling at low prices. Are they desirable for investment purposes?

J. A. E., Boston, Mass.

The list of securities submitted by this correspondent include the following:

	PRICE.	YIELD.
St. Louis and S. F. general mortgage ss of 1927	79	7.30
Western Pacific ss of 1933	82	6.60
New York, Sus. & Wes. general mortgage ss of 1940	87	5.95
Denver and Rio Grande first and refund- ing ss of 1955	80	6.37

The income yield on the above bonds is so large that under normal conditions one would have to dismiss all of them on the ground that their purchase would be an exceedingly hazardous venture; but in considering them now one must give heed to an altered investment situation.

All railway bonds are ruling at the lowest prices in years. With many issues legal for savings-bank and trust investment selling upon a basis of four and one-half per cent, the above speculative issues are not very far out of line from their relative position in the market.

Of course, these bonds do not constitute a high-grade investment, and they would not be desirable for a woman or a dependent person. A business man, however, could lay out surplus money in a far poorer issue than the New York, Susquehanna and Western general mortgage five-per-cent bond, which is the best of the list. The entire group is speculative. As to the element of desirability for a speculative purchase, the others range about as follows—first, Denver and Rio Grande; second, Western Pacific; and third, St. Louis and San Francisco. The latter is regarded as hazardous.

#### THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN

As an owner of some Chicago Great Western common and preferred stock, I would like to ask if there are any prospects of this property becoming a dividend-payer?

H. J. P., Waterbury, Conn.

There are no immediate prospects of dividend payments on Chicago Great Western preferred stock, and the chances of any disbursement on the common, of course, are even more remote.

The company has an authorized capitalization of \$96,000,000, of which \$45,246,913 common and \$41,021,402 preferred are outstanding. During the last fiscal year it earned a surplus of only \$183,600 over its interest charges and rentals of \$2,323,000. The company has done somewhat better in this respect

recently. Thus for the seven months ended January 31 earnings were \$761,577 gross and \$505,500 net.

The first-mortgage four-per-cent bonds of the company have been selling around 75, at which they return about five and one-half per cent. There is no prospect of dividends upon a railway company's stock when its first mortgage bonds are selling upon such a high interest basis.

#### IN SEARCH OF SAFETY

I have \$2,000 to invest and I want a stock that one can cash in, in case of need, without loss. What would you suggest?

T. S., Jamestown, N. Y.

If our correspondent wants a stock salable under any and every condition and circumstance, he will have to confine his selection to a relatively limited number of high-class issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Even these stocks fluctuate in price, however. We cannot guarantee them against possible declines, and "cashing in" at such a time might involve loss. We know no way of guarding against such contingencies.

Of course, a stock may enhance in price, as well as decline, and our correspondent may be able to sell out at a profit; but we cannot foretell whether a stock will be up or down when its owner wants to dispose of it, and we do not know any one who can give that assurance.

The only suggestion we can offer this correspondent is that he should confine his operations to good, dividend-paying, marketable issues. Or, if he does not intend to insist upon the word "stock," but wants any form of security that will offer him the greatest possible degree of immunity from loss, let him put his money into a couple of bonds of the highest class—United States government three-per-cent, for instance, which are quoted slightly above par.

#### SOUTH AMERICAN BONDS

I am a constant reader of your magazine, and take an especial interest in your Financial Department, always regretting that we have no such excellent medium for advising investors here in Norway. Noting from an answer to a Swiss correspondent, in a recent issue, that you sometimes reply to foreigners' inquiries, I should value your opinion of the following bonds advertised by a Norwegian broker:

- Six-per-cent Buenos Ayres loan at 101.
- Six-per-cent Province Santa Fe at 97.
- Six-per-cent Caja de Credito Chile at 52.
- Eight-per-cent Banco de Hyp. de Chile at 57.

Regarding the two last, I am aware from the price that they cannot be considered safe investments; but if they regularly yield six and eight per cent a year, one might run a risk of buying some. Is there any risk of losing the money totally, and how would I get the interest cashed?

G., Bergen, Norway.

In addressing an inquiry to us from far-away Norway concerning properties in equally far-away Argentina and Chile, our Bergen

correspondent pays a compliment to our supposed omniscience. In consequence, we very much regret that we cannot aid him; but we acknowledge certain limitations, and we confess that we cannot answer his questions.

Even if we were presumptuous enough to express an opinion upon securities issued in remote regions, on information drawn from foreign statistical publications, it would be somewhat risky for us to undertake to decide just what securities he has in mind. In no instance has he described the bonds sufficiently to enable us to identify them beyond all question. There are several Santa Fe provinces in Spanish-American countries, and there are many Buenos Ayres loans.

South American financing is confined almost entirely to London and Paris. It should be possible for our Norwegian correspondent to ascertain the character of the loans and the standing of the two Chilean institutions through inquiry in those cities. The financial and commercial relations of England and Norway are intimate, and it should not be difficult for him to ascertain a source from which he would be likely to get the information he desires.

#### A DEFUNCT WIRELESS CONCERN

Can you give me any information regarding the Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, of which I own fifty shares? I have received no reply to my letters addressed to them. Is the company defunct?

W. C. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company is as dead as Julius Caesar. Not only is the concern defunct, but those chiefly concerned in the swindle, Cameron Spear and Frederick Collins, the supposed inventor, are in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, serving sentences of five and three years respectively for fraudulent use of the mails in selling the stock.

Our correspondent will find a reference to this concern, and to the alleged plan of the promoters to combine several other companies, in an article entitled, "Wireless and Worthless," which appeared in our issue for June of last year, on page 424.

#### A GOOD PUBLIC-UTILITY BOND

Would you consider Chicago Railways Company consolidated mortgage five-per-cent bonds, series A, a good, safe, permanent investment?

C. K. S., Richmond, Ky.

The consolidated mortgage bonds of the Chicago Railways Company have an excellent standing among public utilities, and are regarded as a desirable investment issue. Their permanency seems assured by various arrangements and agreements entered into between the company and the city of Chicago. Recent quotations have been around 95.

# JOAN THURSDAY\*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," "THE BANDBOX," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

**J**OAN THURSBY, discharged from the New York store in which she has been a sales-girl, determines to try for a chance on the stage. She is inspired by the example of Lizzie Fogarty, once of the stocking-counter, now established on the vaudeville boards as Mazie Dean, one of the "Dancing Deans."

When Joan announces her plan, her father—a thrifless newsdealer, who wastes his scanty earnings in betting on horse-races—turns her out of her home, a shabby East Side flat. She resolves to seek help and counsel from Mazie Dean; but at the address that Mazie has given her—Mme. Duprat's, 289 West Forty-Fifth Street—no one answers her ring at the bell. She does not know which way to turn, but she is befriended by Matthias Gaunt, a lodger at Mme. Duprat's, who gives her his room for the night, while he himself goes to a hotel. In the morning, when Gaunt returns to the house, he finds that the girl has gone, leaving a note of thanks. Later, Joan comes back to Mme. Duprat's, and, finding Mazie Dean, engages a room there, hoping to find some opportunity of realizing her theatrical ambitions.

Gaunt, meanwhile, visits his aunt, Mrs. George Tankerville, at Tanglewood, her country place on Long Island, and becomes engaged to her husband's sister, Venetia Tankerville. But the engagement is abruptly terminated by Venetia's elopement with another admirer, Vincent Marbridge. Gaunt can find consolation only by immersing himself in work upon his play, "The Jade God," which is soon to be produced.

Joan—whose theatrical acquaintances call her "Thursday," instead of Thursby—is nearly at the end of her small resources when she falls in with Charlie Quard, a vaudeville actor who needs a girl partner in a "sketch." This leads to a brief experience in vaudeville, which ends disastrously, owing to Quard's insobriety. Joan is again befriended by Matthias Gaunt, who employs her as an amanuensis, and gets her a small part in "The Jade God." The expected production of the play is abandoned, however, owing to lack of financial backing.

Joan's association with Gaunt ripens into love, which she impulsively declares, and to which he responds with sudden ardor. They become engaged, and now Joan's ambition is to fit herself for a higher social sphere as Matthias's wife.

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## XXV

**A**T this time Helena Tankerville figured to Joan as an impeccable model of tact, distinction, taste, and gentlewomanliness. To be as Helena summed up the girl's fondest aspirations.

She began to be very guarded in her use of English. So far as her means permitted, she eschewed the uniform style of costume to which the women of New York are largely prone. She dressed her hair differently, and upon no superstructure but its own. She spent long hours manicuring, and practising the minor niceties of the feminine toilet.

Paradoxically, with the obtuseness char-

acteristic of a certain type of imaginative man, Matthias appreciated and was grateful for the improvement in her without realizing it objectively. What pleased his sensitive tastes he accepted as normal expressions of innate good breeding; what jarred, he glassed with charity. It was inconceivable that he should love any woman but one instinctively fine; and he endowed Joan with many a grace and many a virtue that she didn't possess.

This very implicit assertion of his, that she was all that the mistress of his heart should be, incited her to more determined efforts to resemble all that by birth and training she lacked. It was some time before she grew restive under the strain of it all.

\* This story began in the December (1912) number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"I had a talk with Rideout to-day," he observed during dinner one evening about a fortnight after the disbanding of "The Jade God" company. "He's dickering with Algerson—thinks the thing may possibly come to a deal before long."

"How do you mean?" Joan inquired, with quick interest.

"Algerson is trying to buy Rideout's interest in the play—at a bargain to himself, of course. Rideout is hanging on for a better offer but he's hard pressed, and I rather think he'll close with Algerson within a few days."

"Who's Algerson?" Joan asked after an interval devoted to ransacking her memory for some echo of the name.

"He runs a chain of stock companies out on the Pacific coast, and now he's anxious to branch out into the producing business."

"And if he gets 'The Jade God,' when will he put it on?"

"Can't say—haven't seen him—not supposed to know he's interested as yet; though of course they'll have to come to me before the deal can be ratified."

"But you'll consent, of course?"

"Rather! Especially if Algerson will take over Rideout's interest as it stands. It provides for pretty good royalties, and as a prospective bridegroom I'm very much interested in such sordid matters!"

Joan traced a meaningless pattern on the cloth with a tine of her fork; glanced surreptitiously at Matthias; remembered that toying with one's table implements wasn't good form, and quietly abandoned the occupation.

"I wonder—" she murmured abstractedly.

"You wonder what?" Matthias prompted, when she failed to round out the thought.

She laughed uneasily.

"I was just wondering if—if he gets the piece—Algerson would give me a chance at my old part!"

"Not with my consent," said Matthias promptly. "You know I don't want you to stick at that game."

"But I'm tired of doing nothing," she pouted prettily.

Matthias shook his stubborn head.

"Besides," he added quickly, "Algerson will probably try the show out in one of his stock houses before he goes to the expense of organizing a separate production. I

mean, he'll use some of the people who are already on his salary lists, and won't engage any outsiders until he knows pretty well whether he's got a success or a failure on his hands."

"You think he will produce out West?"

"Probably."

"And will you have to go?"

"I don't know. I sha'n't unless I get some guarantee of expenses. Although—I don't know—perhaps I ought to. Wilbrow and I are the only people who know how the thing ought to be done, and Algerson most certainly won't pay what Wilbrow asks for making a production, and his expenses to the coast and back besides. It would be a shame to let the thing go to smash for want of intelligent supervision."

"Then you may go, after all?"

"I can't tell until something definite is arranged. I'll have to think it over."

Joan sighed.

A week elapsed before the subject came up again.

Matthias had been out all day. Joan, with no typing to engage her, had sought surcease of ennui with a book and an easy chair in the back parlor; but the story was badly chosen for her purpose. A sensation of the hour, it pretended to hold the mirror up to life of the stage; in reality it showed only its lighter and feverishly romantic side, cunningly seasoned with a dash of sexual intrigue.

Instead of soothing the girl, the book excited anew her ambition for the applause and adulation that are the portion of a successful actress. Its heroine, like herself, had in the beginning been merely a girl of the people, little, if at all, better equipped for the struggle to the top. Joan could see no reason why she herself should not rise with a rapidity as wonderful, given but the chance now denied her through the unreasonable prejudice of her lover.

And in time the book lay open and neglected on her lap, while her thoughts engaged mutinously with this obstruction to her desires, seeking a way to circumvent it without imperiling her conquest.

She was proud and sure of her power over Matthias, but she realized that she didn't as yet wholly fill his life. There were in his nature reticences which her imagination might not plumb; and until these should be made known to her, by chance, or by the confidence only to be engendered by the long, slow processes of

intimate association, she hesitated to join issue with his will.

And yet she was continually restless and discontented. Sometimes she felt that the old order of uncertainty and stifled longings had been better for her soul; that she couldn't much longer endure the tension of living up to the rigorous standards of Matthias and his kind; that she might even be happier as the object of a passion less honorable and honest than that which he offered her.

But never before this day had she admitted so much to herself, even in her most secret hours of egoistic self-communion.

Matthias came in briskly, in a glow of high spirits, shortly before sunset; and immediately, as always, her every doubt and misgiving vanished like mists in the morning glow of his love.

Throwing hat and stick upon the couch, he went directly to her chair, knelt beside it, gathered her to him. She yielded with a sedate yet warm tenderness, perhaps the more sincere to-day because she was conscience-stricken in the memory of her late disloyalty of thought.

Something of her fond gravity and gentleness penetrated and sobered his own mood. He held her very close for many minutes.

When he drew back at arm's length to worship her with his eyes, she turned her head aside quickly, but not quickly enough to deceive him. He was instant to detect the glimmer of tears in her long lashes, the childish tremor of her sweet lips, and again he drew her to him.

"My dearest one!" he whispered, with infinite distress and solicitude. "What is it? Tell me!"

"Nothing," she breathed brokenly in return. "Nothing—only—I guess—I'm a little blue—lonely without you, dear. I'm afraid I need either to be at work or—with you always."

"Then be comforted, sweetest girl; the time won't be long, now—I believe it in my very soul."

"Till when?" She leaned back in her chair, examining his face with eyes that shone with the infectious fire of his confident excitement. "Till when? What do you mean? Something has happened!"

"You're right," he laughed exultantly. "Two big things have happened to me to-day. Wylie has accepted 'To-morrow's People.' We signed the contract this after-

noon; he's to put it on about the first of the year."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"And that's not all. Algerson has bought Rideout's contract, and is to produce 'The Jade God' in Los Angeles, as soon as it can be got ready."

"Dearest!"

There was an interval.

"Only," he said presently, "it's going to mean a little real loneliness for you, dear—not more than a few weeks—"

"Why?" she demanded sharply.

"Because I've promised Algerson to superintend the rehearsals. I couldn't well refuse. You know how much it means to us, dear heart!"

"When do you leave?"

"Monday night."

"And you'll be gone, altogether, how long?" Joan persisted tensely.

"With good luck, about a month. If we strike a snag, of course, I may have to stop over a week or so longer. It's hard to say."

"Then I'm to be left here—alone—with nothing to do but wait—perhaps more than a month?"

"I'm afraid so, dear. It's for both of our sakes. So much depends—"

"Matty!" Placing her hands on his shoulders, Joan held him off. "Take me with you," she pleaded earnestly.

"Think a moment, sweetheart. You must see how impossible it is. For one thing, it wouldn't—oh, it's all very well to say 'Conventions be hanged,' but—it wouldn't look right. We're not married."

"Take me with you, Matty," she repeated stubbornly.

He shook his head.

"And, fairly and squarely, dear, I can't afford it. Even if we were married, I'd have to leave you here."

For a moment longer the girl kept her hands upon his shoulders, exploring his face with eyes that seemed suddenly to have been robbed of much of their girlishness.

"Very well," she said coldly.

Releasing him, she sat back and averted her head. Matthias got up, distressed and perplexed.

"You can't mean that your love for me won't stand the strain of a few weeks' separation, Joan?"

She made no answer. He shrugged, moved to the work-table, found a cigarette, and lighted it.

"Surely you can wait that long—"

"I'll do my best," she interrupted almost impatiently. "If it can't be, it can't. Don't let's talk any more about it."

"I'd give a good deal to be able to arrange things as you wish," he grumbled. "But I don't see—"

She was silent. He paced the worn path on the carpet for a few moments, then turned aside to his desk, and stood idly examining a little collection of correspondence which had been delivered in his absence. One or two letters he opened, skimmed through without paying much attention to their contents, and tossed aside. A third brought from him an exclamation:

"Hello!"

"What is it?" Joan inquired indifferently.

"What do you say to running down to Tanglewood over Sunday?"

"Tanglewood?"

"My aunt's home—down at Port Madison, Long Island, you know. She has just written, asking us. It would be rather fun. Would you like to go?"

A blunt negative was barely suppressed. Curiosity made her hesitate.

"I've got nothing to wear," she said uncertainly.

"Rot! You don't need anything but shirt-waists and skirts. There won't be anybody but you, Helena, George Tankerville, and myself." Matthias leaned over the back of her chair and caught her face between his hands. "It'll be a splendid holiday for us, before I start. Say yes, sweetheart!"

Joan turned up her face to his, lifting her arms to encircle his neck. She nodded consent as he bent his lips to hers.

## XXVI

At times Joan more than half seriously questioned the actuality of some of the new phases of existence to which her love-affair introduced her. Some of her experiences seemed beyond belief, even to an imagination stimulated by inordinate ambition and further excited by incessant novel-reading and theater-going.

On the Friday following the receipt of Helena's invitation, she spent the entire morning shopping, squandering the aggregate of three weeks' savings with a delicious abandonment to extravagance that is possible only to a woman of supremely confident to-morrows. The hundreds she

was to be able one day to disburse as thoughtlessly never afforded her one-half the pleasure that accompanied the expenditure of those sixty hoarded dollars. Aside from the rent of her room, her association with Matthias had saved her nearly every other expense of daily life.

Among other things, she purchased a simple evening frock eminently adapted to her needs. A tolerably faithful copy of a foreign model, it had been designed to fetch a much higher price than the twenty-five dollars that Joan paid for it at an end-of-the-season bargain sale. She tried it on before deciding, and had the testimony of the department-store mirrors that it was wonderfully becoming to her years and style of beauty. And it was the only garment of its kind that she had ever owned.

As she hurried, tardily, to keep an appointment with Matthias for lunch, she told herself that she would never know greater happiness. She could not rid her mind of that wonderful frock and of the figure she had cut in it, posing in the dressing-room.

But after luncheon — over which they lingered until they were almost solitary in the restaurant—with some hesitation, and having assured himself that there was not even a waiter near at hand, Matthias fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket. Having produced a small, leather-covered case, he passed it across the table.

"I'd meant to keep it till we got home," he said with an awkward smile. "But I don't think I can wait!"

Joan opened the box, and drew the longest breath of her life. Her heart seemed to leap and then stand stock-still for a full minute before she grasped the magnificence of his present—her engagement ring!

Then and there the girl lost all touch with the rough verities of life. Throughout the day, and until she lost consciousness in bed that night, a sensual enchantment held dominion over all her being.

Nor was the great adventure of the visit to Tanglewood of a nature calculated to dissipate that glamour — save, perhaps, in one untoward circumstance which, wholly unforeseen, could not have been provided against.

A woman less shrewd and intelligent than Helena Tankerville, and one as violently opposed to the match, might have planned that short week-end visit to influence and discourage the girl rather than Matthias. But Helena knew that contrast

would have the desired effect only upon the man, to whom its significance would be in inverse ratio to the emphasis given it.

So, with infinite tact and thoughtfulness, Joan's way was made smooth for her from the moment when she alighted from the train at Port Madison until the moment of her leave-taking; and this without the least suggestion that any special consideration was being shown her. The smallness of the party sanctioned informality. George Tankerville's obtuse kindness of heart, which permitted him to see nothing in the stratagems of his wife other than a desire to make the girl feel thoroughly at home, facilitated matters immensely.

Joan was spared the embarrassment of a maid—was, indeed, given no cause to believe that there was any such servant attached to the establishment. Suffered to unpack her modest effects and dispose of them herself, she received at Helena's hands the indispensable service of "hooking up." Her unpretentious, pretty frock was by no means overshadowed by Helena's, or by the unceremonious dinner coats of the men. The simplicity of the evening meal put her thoroughly at her ease. Her recent but rather thoroughgoing acquaintance with restaurant ways and waiters robbed the attentions of a butler of their terrors.

Nor was it, possibly, altogether a matter of chance that caused a neighbor to telephone an after-dinner invitation to Helena and Tankerville to run over and make up a table at auction; so that Joan was left alone with her lover to become familiar with the charms of Tanglewood.

It was not until the first hours of a still and splendid September Sunday that her sense of wonder was quite ravished by the place, its foreign and luxurious atmosphere, the half-wild loveliness of its grounds, the perfection of its appointments, and the rare beauty of its location. Then the sense of unreality resumed full sway over her perceptions. She seemed to move and have her being in a strange, new world of romantic and iridescent witchery.

Helena was at pains to leave her no time for doubts or analysis. They motored in the morning to the South Shore and back, and after luncheon took the Enchantress for a short spin up the Sound, returning for tea upon the terrace.

Tankerville and Matthias were bickering amiably about the most attractive routes

overland to the Pacific. Helena, with binoculars at the balustrade, was pretending an extravagant interest in the maneuvers of two small yachts far in the distance. In the breathing-space thus cunningly contrived, she was ransacking a rather extensive fund of resource for some subject which should prove a common ground of interest between herself and her guest.

Joan, in the depths of a basket chair, while seeming smilingly to attend to the light banter of the men, was deeply preoccupied in consideration of her extraordinary sensation of comfort and security in this exotic environment. She was deliciously flattered by appreciation of her own ease and adaptability. The conclusion seemed inevitable that, somehow, strangely, nature had intended her for an existence such as this, she felt so thoroughly at-home.

The terrace was aflood with the golden glow of the westerling sun—the season being so far advanced that there was no discomfort in its warmth. The Sound, still and vast, shone like an aquamarine; the cup of the sky bending over it was flawless sapphire, banded at its rim with an exquisite shade of amethyst. Ashore, the wooded slopes were tinted with the first touch of autumn's ruddy fingers.

In the stirless, suave, and aromatic air hung an impalpable and ineluctable hint of melancholy.

From landward, with unusual resonance in the deep quiet of that hour, sounded the long, dull whine and the deepening purr of a motor-car.

Helena lowered the glasses, turned an ear to the sound, and came slowly back to the tea-table and Joan. Her faint smile, together with a slight elevation of her delicately darkened brows, indicated surprise.

Engrossed in their argument, Matthias and Tankerville gave no heed to the impending visitation.

Resentfully, Joan detached her attention from the diamond that Matthias had given her, and tossed aside a cigarette which she had been pretending to like because Helena smoked quite openly, and it must consequently be the smart thing to do.

Undoubtedly the car was stopping on the drive. Helena moved a few paces toward the house, paused, waited. A woman's laugh with an accent of cheerful excitement came to them. Joan saw Helena start, and noticed Matthias break off a sentence in the middle and swing round in his chair.

Immediately a woman swept through the doorway to the terrace, a light dust-wrap streaming from her shoulders. A man followed, but him Joan hardly noticed. The woman absorbed all her interest, even though it was an interest compounded of jealousy and hostility. She was unquestionably the loveliest creature Joan had ever seen. Motionless, staring, the girl sat transfixed with distrust and poignant envy.

With a cry of wonder—"Venetia!"—Helena ran to greet these unpresaged guests. Meeting, the two women indulged in an embrace almost theatrically perfunctory. The commonplaces of such situations were breathlessly exchanged:

"My dear, such a surprise! How well you are looking!"

Helena disengaged, turned to the man, extended a hand.

"Well, Mr. Marbridge," she said, with a light note of reproof in her laughter.

At this, with a brightening smile, he bent over her hand, saying something inaudible to Joan, who was watching the meeting between Matthias and Venetia Marbridge.

He held both her hands, and she permitted him to retain them for a longer instant of silent greeting than Joan thought necessary; but this circumstance alone betrayed whatever constraint was felt by either.

A smile, vague, and perhaps not without a touch of tender sadness, touched Venetia's lips and eyes. Matthias returned his twisted and indefinitely apologetic grin.

"More than ever charming, Venetia!"

"Thank you, Matthias!"

If there were any hint of challenge in her tone or her straightforward eyes, Joan did not detect it.

## XXVII

GEORGE TANKERVILLE submitted with open resignation to the embrace of his sister.

"I suppose I've got to stand for this," he observed with philosophy. "Do you mean me to infer that you're humble and contrite?"

"Not in the least!" Venetia retorted defiantly.

"Oh, very well," said he. "That being the case, I extend to you my belated blessing. How did you leave things on the other side?"

"Much as usual—by steamer."

"When did you get back?"

"Last Monday."

Venetia became openly aware of Joan. Matthias interposed.

"Miss Thursday—my fiancée. Joan, this is Mrs. Marbridge."

"Truly?"

The shock told. She had been playing off a painful *contretemps* prettily, but this announcement dashed Venetia. Momentarily she hesitated, her scarlet lips apart but inarticulate, her widening eyes of violet a shade darker, with—if possible—a pallor deeper even than the ivory tint that was the most striking attribute of her beauty. But the check could have been apparent only to the initiate, or to a strongly intuitive intelligence.

"I am so glad!" she cried with sincerity. "So glad for both of you!" Impulsively she caught Joan's hands, drew the girl to her. "May I, my dear? We're to be great friends, you know!" She kissed her. Then, swinging round, she called gaily: "Vincent! Such news! Do come here at once!"

Marbridge turned a face strongly marked with the inquiry of his heavy, lifting eyebrows. His glance embraced Joan with kindling interest. With Helena he approached, his heavy body rolling a little, in spite of the elasticity of his stride.

"My husband, Vincent Marbridge. Vincent, this is Joan Thursday. She's engaged to Matty. Isn't it wonderful? And aren't they both fortunate? And isn't she pretty?"

Marbridge's unctuous and intimate smile accompanied his reply:

"Yes to all—twice yes to your last question." His warm, strong hand closed over Joan's diffident fingers. "My heartiest congratulations to you both! Ah, Gaunt, how are you?"

The hands of the two men touched and fell apart; but this clue was wasted upon Joan. She stood silently abashed and sullen with recognition of her own inept awkwardness in contrast with the amiable aplomb of these agreeable people, with whom good breeding was a cult, the practise of the art of self-possession its first rite.

To Marbridge she stammered:

"Pleased to meet you."

Having uttered that unpardonable banality, she immediately felt her face burning, and was almost ready to faint for sheer embarrassment.

It was Helena who, pitiful for the *gaucherie* of the girl, saved the situation

by raising the issue of tea. Venetia demurred. They were, it seemed, visiting friends in Southampton; had driven over only for a call of a moment; would be delayed for dinner if they tarried.

Marbridge settled the question, however, by dropping solidly into a chair and announcing that there he was, and there would stay, pending either tea or a high-ball. Venetia, unable to disguise a flash of resentment, showed her back to her husband and devoted herself to George Tankerville. As Helena summoned a servant, Marbridge hitched his chair closer and instituted a rather one-sided conversation with Joan.

Again in her basket chair, her knees daintily crossed in imitation of a pose mentally photographed from the stage, Joan experienced a renewed consciousness of her attractions, and with it regained a little ease. It could scarcely be otherwise under the brazen stare that Marbridge bent upon the girl. His admiration was unconcealed, and to Joan the sweeter, at first, since it was diverted from his wife.

But insensibly it began to affect her less pleasantly. She grew sensitive to an effect of strain in the atmosphere, made up in equal parts of Venetia's indignation, Matthias's annoyance, and Helena's suave but futile attempts to interpose and distract the interest of Marbridge to herself.

Moreover, there was a confusing and disturbing element of familiar and personal significance in the man's undeviating and gloating gaze. Truly impudent in the older sense of the word, it hinted an understanding so complete as to be almost shameful. Worse, it evoked a real if unspoken response from the girl. Unwillingly she admitted the existence of a bond of understanding between herself and this man whom she had never seen before, more true and intimate than that which her association with Matthias had inspired, than any she had ever known.

For a time she fought against this impression, in a bewilderment that made her responses witless and hesitant. Then, suddenly encountering his eyes—actually against her will—she was stricken dumb and breathless by comprehension of their intent. In effect, they stripped her. Bodily and mentally they made her naked to this man.

Nor was this the sum. For the merest fraction of a moment Joan felt herself answering. In her bosom was a strange

oppression, strangely troubling and sweet. In her own eyes shone a kindling light, sympathetic, shameless.

It was instantly quenched, however. Distress and affronted modesty incarnadined her face, veiled her eyes. Almost unconsciously she turned away.

Indistinctly Joan saw the white face of Venetia, set and hard, with a scornful lip for her husband. Shifting to view the object of his admiration, it showed no change of expression. Her voice cut incisively through his lazy, drawling accents.

"This is quite impossible!" she said coolly, consulting a jeweled watch on her slender, gloved wrist. "If we stay another instant we shall be unforgivably late. But"—to Helena—"thank you so much, dear, for wanting us to stop. Vincent, I am going!"

She moved slowly toward the house. Marbridge kept his seat.

"Nonsense!" he expostulated. "Plenty of time. Tea's just coming, and I'm dying the death of a dog with thirst!"

"I am going," Venetia repeated in an uninflected voice.

His dark face darkening, Marbridge glanced to Helena, to Tankerville, ignored Matthias, looked back to Joan. He gained as little encouragement from her, since she would not again meet his gaze, as from his host and hostess. With a movement of his heavy shoulders and a chuckle, he heaved himself out of the chair.

"Oh, all right!" he called indulgently to his wife. "Coming! All women are crazy, anyhow," he confided to the others. "You've got to let 'em have their own way. So—good night! I hope I'll have the pleasure of seeing you all again soon."

He extended a hand to Helena—who gave him cool finger-tips—and paused before Joan.

"*Au revoir*, Miss Thursday!"

The girl was unconscious of the proffered hand. Her eyes averted, she murmured a good night.

His smile broadening, Marbridge turned to Matthias; received from him a look that was as good as a kick; gave back a grin of graceless effrontery; and, swinging, linked arms with Tankerville.

"Come along, George—take a look at our new car. She's a wonder!"

Civilly playing his part, Tankerville submitted to be drawn off in the wake of Venetia.

They disappeared—Marbridge gabbling cheerfully—into the house.

Joan uncurtained her eyes. Her lover, with a face of thunder, was looking toward his aunt. She made a slight negative motion of her head, with an admonitory flutter of one hand. A servant with a tray was drawing near. Matthias answered her with a gesture of controlled wrath; turned to the balustrade; and stood there staring straight into the angry sunset glow.

On the drive a motor snorted, snored, drew away with a whine that died off into the distance.

Throughout the remainder of Joan's visit the incident was not once referred to; but it had had its curious and disturbing effect upon the girl. She remembered it all very vividly, reviewed it with insatiable inquisitiveness. She had a feeling, which she resented, of having witnessed a scene fraught with significance indecipherable to her.

### XXVIII

A LITTLE after the hour of four on Monday afternoon, Joan emerged from that riotous meander of hideous wooden galleries, ramps, passages, sheds, and vast, echoing caves of gloom, which in those days encumbered the site of the new Grand Central Station. With a long breath of relief, she turned westward on Forty-Second Street.

She walked slowly and without definite aim, yet she had never felt so keenly the quickness and joy of being alive. Her idle fancy invested with a true if formless symbolism her escape from that amazing labyrinth of shadows to the clear, sweet sunlight of the clamorous, busy street. It was as if she had eluded and cast off convention and formality, the constraint of a settled future, and the strain of aspirations to be other than as nature had fashioned her. She was free again with the enchanting ease of being simply natural.

Within five minutes she had said good-by to her betrothed. Her lips were yet warm with their parting kiss, her eyes still moist—and so the more bewitching—with the facile tears through which she had watched the last car of his train draw out of the station.

He was not to be back within a month; more probably his return would not occur within five or six weeks.

She was contrarily possessed by two opposite humors—one approximately satu-

rated with an exquisite melancholy and a sense of heroic emotions adequately experienced; the other, of freedom untrammeled by restrictions of any sort.

Overruling her faint-hearted protests, Matthias had left her the sum of six weeks' wages, or allowance, in advance, by way of provision against emergencies and delays. Joan had this magnificent sum of one hundred and fifty dollars intact in her pocket-book. It was more money than she had ever seriously dreamed of possessing at one time. Temporarily, at least, it represented to her imagination—sober as she ordinarily was in consideration of money matters—wealth almost incalculable.

It thrilled her tremendously to contemplate this tangible proof of Matthias's unquestioning trust and generosity. At the same time, it irked her with a gnawing doubt of her worthiness. For continually there skulked in the dark backward of her consciousness the knowledge that only lack of opportunity restrained her from active disloyalty to his prejudices.

Though she had disguised it from him, and even in some measure from herself, she knew that love had not quenched, but had quickened, her ambition for the stage. The fact that she was desired by one man had only stimulated her longing to be desired inaccessible—beyond the impregnable barrier of footlights—by all men.

She wondered how far her strength and faithfulness would serve her to resist, were opportunity to come her way during the absence of Matthias, when distance had sapped the strength of his influence, and loneliness had lent an accent to her need for occupation and companionship.

Furtively she closed her left hand, until she could feel the diamond in his ring, turned in toward the palm beneath her glove, as if it were a talisman.

Turning north on Broadway, she breast-ed the full current of the late afternoon promenade. Where the subway kiosks encroach upon the sidewalk, in front of what had been Shanley's restaurant, there was a congestion of pedestrians. Joan was obliged to move more slowly, crowded from behind, close on the heels of those in front, elbowed by a thin rank of wayfarers bound in the opposite direction.

Abruptly she caught sight of Wilbrow, approaching. Almost at the same instant he saw her. Momentarily his eyes clouded with an effort of memory; then he placed her,

his lantern cheeks widened with an ironic grin, and he lifted his hat with elaborate ceremony. Joan flushed slightly, smiled brightly in response, and tossed her head with a spirited suggestion of good-humored tolerance.

In another moment, wondering why she had done this, she realized that it had been due simply to subconscious valuation of the man's interest—in the event of her ever deciding to try her luck on the stage again.

Crossing at Forty-Third Street, she turned again northward on the sidewalk, in front of a building given over almost entirely to the offices of theatrical businesses—a sidewalk blackened the year round with groups of actors sociably "resting." One of these groups, as Joan drew near, broke up at the urgent suggestion of a special policeman detailed for the purpose; and a member of it, swinging with a laugh to "move on," stopped short to escape collision with Joan. Then he laughed again in the friendliest fashion, and offered his hand. She looked up into the face of Charlie Quard.

"Well!" he cried heartily. "I always was a lucky guy! I've been thinking about you all day—wondering what had become of you!"

Joan smiled and shook hands.

"I guess it wasn't worrying you much," she retorted. "If you'd wanted to, you knew where to find me."

Quard needed no more encouragement. Promptly ranging alongside and falling into step, he continued the argument.

"That's just it," he said. "I knew where to start looking for you, all right, but I was kind of afraid you might be in when I called, and I didn't know whether you'd snap my head off or not."

"That's likely, Mr. Quard," the girl countered amiably. There was a distinctly agreeable sensation to be derived from this association with a man upon whom she could impose her private estimate of herself. "What was it made you want to see me all of a sudden?"

"Then you ain't sore on me?"

"What for?" she inquired, evading his question with transparent guilelessness.

"Oh, you know what for, all right! I'm sore enough on myself not to want to talk about it."

"Well," said Joan indifferently. "I guess it's none of my business if you're such a rummy you can't hold a job. Only,

of course, I don't have to stand for that sort of nonsense more than once."

"You said something then, all right!" Quard's tone was one of self-humiliation. "I can't blame you for feeling that way about it. But le' me tell you an honest fact—I ain't touched a drop of anything stronger'n buttermilk since then—so help me Klaw & Erlanger!"

"Why?"

"Well, I guess I must have took a tumble to myself. Anyhow, when I got over the katzenjammer, I thought the whole thing out and made up my mind it was up to me to behave for the rest of my life."

"Is that so?" Joan asked, pausing definitely on the corner of Forty-Fifth Street.

"I know I can," Quard asserted convincingly. "Believe me, Joan, I hate the stuff. I'd as lief stake myself to a slug of sulfuric. No, on the level, I'm booked for the water-tank route for the rest of my natural!"

"I'm awful glad," observed the girl maliciously. "It's so nice for your mother. Well, good afternoon!"

"Hold on!" Quard protested. "I'll walk down to the house with you."

"No, you won't, either," Joan returned promptly.

"Why not?"

"I don't want you to."

"Oh, you don't!" he murmured blankly, pulling down the corners of his wide, mobile mouth.

"So sorry," she parroted. "Good afternoon, Mr. Quard!"

She was several steps away before the man recovered from this unexpected rebuff. Then, with a face of set intent, he gave chase.

"I say, Miss Thursday!"

Joan acknowledged with a secret smile this sudden change from the offhand manner of his first addresses.

"Miss Thursday, eh?" she said to herself; but halted none the less. "Well?" she added, aloud, with evident surprise.

"Look here—listen!" insisted Quard. "I got to have a talk with you."

"What about?"

"Oh, this is no good place. When can I see you?"

"Is it quite necessary, Mr. Quard?"

He wagged a serious head at her.

"That's right. What are you doing to-night?"

"Oh, I got an engagement with some friends of mine," she said, with a spontaneous mendacity that surprised her.

"Well, then, when?"

"Oh, I don't know. You might take your chances. Call round some time—in two or three days."

"And I got to be satisfied with that?"

"Why not?"

Quard shook his head helplessly.

"I'd like to know what's come over you!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

The temptation to lead him on was irresistible.

"You've changed a lot since I seen you last. What you been doing to yourself?"

She bridled.

"Maybe it's you that have changed. Maybe you're seeing things different, now you're sober!"

Quard hesitated an instant, his features drawn with anger.

"Plenty!" he ejaculated abruptly.

As if afraid to trust himself further, he turned and marched back to Broadway.

Smiling quietly, Joan made her way home. On the whole, the encounter had not been unenjoyable. She had not only held her own; she had condescended with striking success.

Later, she repented a little of her harshness. It had been hardly kind, if Quard was sincere in his protestations of reform. A little tolerance might have earned her an evening less lonely.

### XXIX

THAT same evening was spent, after a dinner which proved unexpectedly desolate, lacking the companionship to which of late she had grown accustomed, in the back parlor—to which Matthias had left her the key—and in discontented efforts to fix her interest on a novel. Before ten o'clock she gave it up, and climbed to her room, to lie awake for hours in mute rebellion against her friendless position in the world.

She might, it was true, have kept a promise made to her lover just before his departure, to look up and renew relations with her family. But the more she contemplated this step, the less it attracted her inclination. There would be another row with the old man, most likely, and—anyway, she told herself, there was plenty of time. Besides, they would want money, if they found out she had any; and while a

hundred and fifty was a lot, there was no telling when she would get more.

Eventually she fell asleep reviewing her meeting with Quard and turning over her hazy impression that it wouldn't hurt her to be less stand-offish with him.

In the morning she settled herself at her typewriter in a brave spirit of determination to keep her mind occupied with the work on hand—and incidentally to rid her conscience of it—until the feeling of loneliness wore off, or, at least, until the reality of it became a trifle less unpalatable through familiarity. But not two pages had been typed before the call of the sunlit September day proved seductive beyond her will to resist. A much-advertised *promenade des toilettes* at a department-store claimed the rest of the morning; and after lunch she "took in" a moving-picture show.

Again her evening was forlorn. Theaters allured, but she hardly liked to go alone. In desperation she cast back to the friends of the old days. After rejecting her one-time confidant and collaborator at the stocking-counter, Gussie Innes—who lived too near home, and would tell her father, who would pass it along to Joan's father—she settled upon one or two girls, resident in distant Harlem, to be hunted up, treated to a musical comedy, and regaled with a narrative of the rise and adventures of Joan Thursby until their lives were poisoned with corrosive envy.

But the first mail of Wednesday furnished distractions so potent that this project was postponed indefinitely, and passed out of Joan's mind, never to be revived. It brought her two letters manufacturing an event of magnitude in the life of a young woman who had yet to write her first letter, and who had thus far received only a few scrappy and incoherent notes from boy admirers.

There was one from Matthias, posted in Chicago the morning before. Her first love-letter, it was read hurriedly, even impatiently, and put aside in favor of a fat manila envelope whose contents consisted of a typewritten manuscript and a note in a sprawling handwriting:

FRIEND JOAN:

I hope you are not still angry with me and sorry I got hot under the collar Monday only I thought you might of been a little easy on me because, I am strictly on the Water Wagon and this time mean it.

What I wanted to talk to you about was a Sketch I got hold of a while ago you know you picked the other one only that was punk stuff compared with this I think. Please read this and tell me what you think about it if you like it, I think I will try it out soon, if its any good its a cinch to cop out Orpheum time for a Classy Act like this.

Your true friend

CHAS. H. QUARD.

P. S. of course I mean I want you to act the Womans part if you like the Sketch, what do you think?

"Well!" commented the girl. "Of all the gall! I wonder what he thinks I am, anyway?"

Her tone, however, was not one of immitigable resentment.

She examined the manuscript, whose blue cover of theatrical convention bore a title—"The Lie"—with an explanatory line, "A Play in One Act," and the name of the author. The name was strange to Joan, and she promptly put it forever out of memory.

A little conscience-stricken and irresolute, she put down the play, took up Matthias's letter, and read it again.

It was a characteristically affectionate, confidential, and hopeful communication, well and tersely phrased; but throughout this second reading she found her interest in it quite perfunctory. Her attention was distracted by consciousness of the unread manuscript and its potential value to her ambition.

At length, a little impatiently, she turned again to "The Lie."

Its twenty-one type-darkened pages told a story which, even to an amateur judgment, was intensely and unusually dramatic, culminating in a scene of surprising strength. The author had wasted no time angling for "laughs," or on any point not vital to his purpose. From the first line the action was swift and certain. Of its five characters only two were "principals," and of these the woman's rôle was the stronger and more important.

Joan read the abbreviated melodrama again and again—but only once from the standpoint of the audience. After the first reading she was always the woman, fighting for her happiness, which was founded upon a lie, and was eventually saved by another lie. She saw herself in every situation, and heard her own voice uttering every impassioned and anguished line in the rôle of the wife.

Quard, of course, meant to play the blackmailer. Joan conceded that the part was admirably fitted to his robust and florid personality.

It was afternoon before she realized the flight of the hours.

She turned back to Quard's note, and reread it, a trifle disappointed that he hadn't suggested the hour when he would call for her answer.

Adjusting her hat before the mirror, preparatory to going out to lunch, she realized that there was no longer any question of her intention, as between Quard's offer and the wishes of Matthias. Regardless of consequences, she meant to play that part—but on her own terms, on conditions dictated by herself.

In the act of drawing on her gloves she hesitated. For a long time she stood fascinated by the beauty and luster of the diamond on the third finger of her left hand. It was a stone of no impressive proportions, but one of the purest and most excellent water, of an exceptional brilliance. It meant a great deal to the girl, whose ingrained passion for such *bijouterie* had, prior to her love-affair, perforce been satisfied with the cheap, trashy, and perishable stuff designated in those days by the term "French novelty jewelry."

Subconsciously she was sensitive to a feeling of kinship with the beautiful, unimpressionable, enigmatic stone. It seemed as if their natures were complementary. Actively she knew that she would forfeit much rather than part with that perfect and entrancing jewel. With nothing else in nature, animate or inert, would it have been possible for her to spend long hours of silent, worshipful, sympathetic communion.

Did she persist in the pursuit of her romantic ambition, she might come to a pass of cleavage between herself and her lover. It was more than likely, indeed. She knew the prejudices of Matthias to be as strong as his love, and this last no stronger than his sense of honor. Tacitly, if not explicitly, she had given him to understand that she would respect his objections to a stage career. He would not forgive unfaith—least of all, such clandestine and stealthy disloyalty as she then contemplated.

The breaking of their engagement would involve the return of the diamond. Intolerable thought!

Staring wide-eyed into her mirror, she saw herself irresolute at crossroads. On

the one hand were Matthias, marriage, the diamond, a secure and honorable future; on the other, Quard, "The Lie," disloyalty, the loss of the diamond, uncertainty—a vista of grim, appalling hazards.

She had four weeks—probably six—perhaps eight—in which to weigh the possibilities of this tremendous and seductive adventure. "The Lie" might fail; and then Matthias need never know!

### XXX

As she drew near to Longacre Square, Joan saw Quard detach himself from an area railing, against which he had been lounging in front of a vacant dwelling, and cross the street to intercept her. Having anticipated that he would waylay her in some such manner, if he didn't call at the house, she was not surprised at this maneuver; but she was a little surprised, and not a little amused, to see him throw away his cigar as they drew together, and lift his hat. Such attentions from him were distinctly novel—and satisfying.

Complacent, and at the same time excited beneath a placid demeanor, she greeted him with a cool little nod.

He grinned broadly and nervously.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't happen along soon."

"Is that so?" she returned blandly.

"Mind my walking with you?"

"No-o," the girl drawled.

"Of course, if I'm in the way—"

"Oh, no—I'm just looking for some place to lunch."

"Well, I'm hungry myself. Why not let me set up the eats?"

"All right," she assented indifferently.

"Bully! Where'll we go?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Anywheres you say."

"Well, Rector's is right handy."

"That suits me," Quard affirmed promptly; but a sidelong glance discovered a look of some discomfiture on his handsome, boldly featured face. "I guess you got my letter, all right?" he pursued, as they crossed to the eastern sidewalk.

"Oh, yes," Joan replied evenly, after a brief moment meant to indicate an effort of memory.

"What'd you think of the piece?"

"Oh, the sketch! Why, it seems very interesting. Of course," Joan added in a tone of depreciation, "I didn't have much time—just glanced through it, you know—"

"I was sure you'd like it!"

"Oh, yes; I thought it *quite* interesting," said the girl patronizingly.

She seemed unconscious of his quick, questioning glance, and Quard withdrew temporarily into a suspicious but baffled silence.

In the pause they crossed Forty-Fourth Street and entered the restaurant. It was rather crowded at that hour, but by good chance they found a table for two by one of the windows. A captain of waiters—probably thinking that he recognized her—held a chair for Joan and bowed her into it with an *empressement* that secretly delighted the girl and lent the last effect to Quard's bewilderment.

"Please," she said gravely, as the actor knitted expressive eyebrows over the menu, with the captain suave but vigilant at his elbow—"please order something very simple. I hardly ever have any appetite so soon after breakfast."

"I—ah—how about a cocktail?" Quard ventured, relief manifest in his smoothed brow.

"I thought you—"

"Oh, for you, I mean. Mine's iced tea."

"I think," said Joan easily, "I would like a Bronx."

And then, while Quard was distracted by the importance of his order, she removed her gloves, and, with her hands hidden beneath the table, slipped off Matthias's ring and hid it away in her wrist-bag. She looked about the room the while, with a boldness which she could by no means have commanded a month earlier in such surroundings.

Distrustful of her cocktail, when served, for all her impudence in naming it, she merely sipped a little and let it stand.

The mystery of the change in her worked a trace of exasperation into Quard's humor. He eyed her narrowly.

"I guess you ain't lost much sleep since we blew up!" he hazarded abruptly.

"What *ever* do you mean?" drawled Joan, who knew quite well.

"You look and act 's if you'd come into money since I saw you last."

"Perhaps I have," she said, with provoking reticence.

"Meaning, mind my own business," he inferred morosely.

"Well, now, what do you think?"

"I—well, I'd be sorry to think what some folks might," he blundered.

Joan's eyes flashed ominously.

"Suppose you quit worrying about me! I guess I can take care of myself."

"I guess you can," he admitted heavily. "Excuse me."

"That's all right—and so am I." Joan relented a little. "I have come into some money—not very much." Her gaze was as clear and straightforward as if her mouth had been the only authentic well-spring of veracity. "I got it honestly. Let it go at that."

"That's right, too." His face cleared, lightened. "Let's get down to brass tacks. How about that sketch?"

"Didn't I tell you it seemed very interesting?"

He nodded with impatience.

"But you ain't said how my proposition strikes you. That's what I want to know."

"You haven't made me any proposition."

"Go on! Didn't you read my note?"

"Sure I did; but you only said you wanted me for the woman's part."

"Ain't that enough?"

She shook her head with a pitying smile.

"You got to talk regular business to me. I ain't as easy as I was once. I know the game better, and I don't need a job so bad. How much will you pay?"

He hesitated.

"Thirty-five dollars," he said, reluctantly naming a figure higher than that which he had had in mind.

"Nothing doing!" said Joan promptly.

"But look here—you're only a beginner—"

"It's lovely weather we're having, for September, isn't it?"

"I'd offer you more if I could afford it, but—"

"Have you heard anything from Mazie since she left town?"

"How much do you want, anyhow?"

"Fifty—and transportation on the road."

He whistled guardedly and incredulously. Then he changed his manner, bending confidently across the table.

"Listen, girlie; I'd do anything in the world for you—"

"Fifty and transportation!"

"But I had to pay that guy that wrote this piece fifty for a month's option. If I take it up, I got to slip him a hundred more, and twenty-five a week royalty as long as we play it. There's three others in the cast, besides you and me. David'll want fifty, at least, and the thief thirty-five, and

the servant twenty-five. There's a hundred and thirty-five already, including royalty. Add fifteen for tips and all that—a hundred and fifty; fifty to you—two hundred. The best I can hope to drag down is three, and Bosker'll want ten per cent commission, leaving only seventy for my bit; and I'm risking all I got salted away to try it out."

He paused with an air of appeal to which Joan was utterly cold.

"It's a woman's piece," she said tersely. "If you get a sure-enough actress to play it, she'll want a hundred at least, if she's any good at all. You're saving fifty if you get me at my price."

This was so indisputably true that Quard was staggered and temporarily silenced.

"And"—Joan drove her argument shrewdly home with unblushing mendacity—"Tom Wilbrow says it's only a question of time before I can get any figure I want to ask, within reason."

Quard's eyes started.

"Tom Wilbrow!" he gasped.

"He rehearsed me in 'The Jade God' before Rideout went broke. I guess you heard about that."

The actor nodded moodily.

"But I didn't know you was in the cast. Look here! Make it—"

"Fifty or nothing."

After a moment's pause, Quard gave in with a surly "All right!" At once, to hide his resentment, he attacked the food before him with more force than elegance.

Joan permitted herself a furtive and superior smile. The success of her tactics was wonderfully exhilarating—even more so than the prospect of receiving fifty dollars a week, when she would have accepted fifteen rather than lose the opportunity that Quard offered her. She had demonstrated clearly and to her own complete satisfaction her ability to manage men, to bend them to her will.

There was ironic fatality in the accident which checked this tide of self-congratulatory reflection.

From some point in the restaurant behind Joan's back, three men who had finished their lunch rose and filed toward the Broadway entrance. Passing the girl, one of these looked back curiously, paused, turned, and retraced his steps as far as the table. His voice of spirited suavity startled the girl from a fugitive dream of power

tempered by policy, of ambitions achieved through the adulation of men.

"Why, Miss Thursday, how *do* you do?" he said.

Flashing to his face eyes of astonishment, Joan half started from her chair, automatically thrust out a hand of welcome, and gasped:

"Mr. Marbridge!"

Quard looked up with a scowl. Marbridge ignored him, having in a glance measured the man and relegated him to a negligible status. He had Joan's hand and the knowledge, easily to be inferred from her alarm and hesitation, that she remembered and understood the scene of last Sunday, and was at once flattered and frightened by the memory. His handsome eyes ogled her effectively.

"Please don't rise. I just caught sight of you, and couldn't resist stopping to speak. How are you?"

"I," Joan stammered, "I'm very well, thanks!"

"As if one look at you wouldn't have told me that you were as healthy as happy, and more charming than both! You are—eh—not lonesome?"

His intimate smile, the meaning flicker of his eyes toward Quard, exposed the innuendo.

"Oh, no, I—"

"Venetia was saying only yesterday that we ought to look you up. She wants to call on you. Where do you put up in town?"

Almost unwillingly, and knowing in her heart that truth was not in this man, the girl gave her address.

"And, I presume, you're ordinarily at home around four o'clock in the afternoon?" She nodded instinctively. "I'll not forget to tell Venetia. Two eighty-nine West Forty-Fifth, eh? Right, oh! I must trot along. So glad to have run across you! Good afternoon!"

Regaining control of her flustered thoughts, Joan found Quard eying her with odd intentness.

"Friend of yours?" he demanded with a sneer and backward jerk of his head.

"Yes—the husband of a friend of mine," she replied quickly.

The actor digested this information grimly.

"Swell friends you've got, all right," he commented, not without a touch of envy.

"Now I begin to understand! What's Marbridge going to do for you?"

"Do for me? Mr. Marbridge? Why, nothing," she answered blankly, in a breath. "I don't know what you mean."

"That's all right, then; but take a friendly tip, and slip him the high sign the minute he begins to talk about influencing managers to star you. I've heard about that guy, and he's a rotten proposition—grab it from me. He's Arlington's silent partner, and you know what kind of a rep Arlington's got!"

"No, I don't," Joan challenged sharply. "What's more, I don't care. Anyway, I don't see what Arlington's reputation's got to do with my being a friend of Marbridge's wife!"

"No more do I," grumbled Quard; "not if Marbridge believes you are."

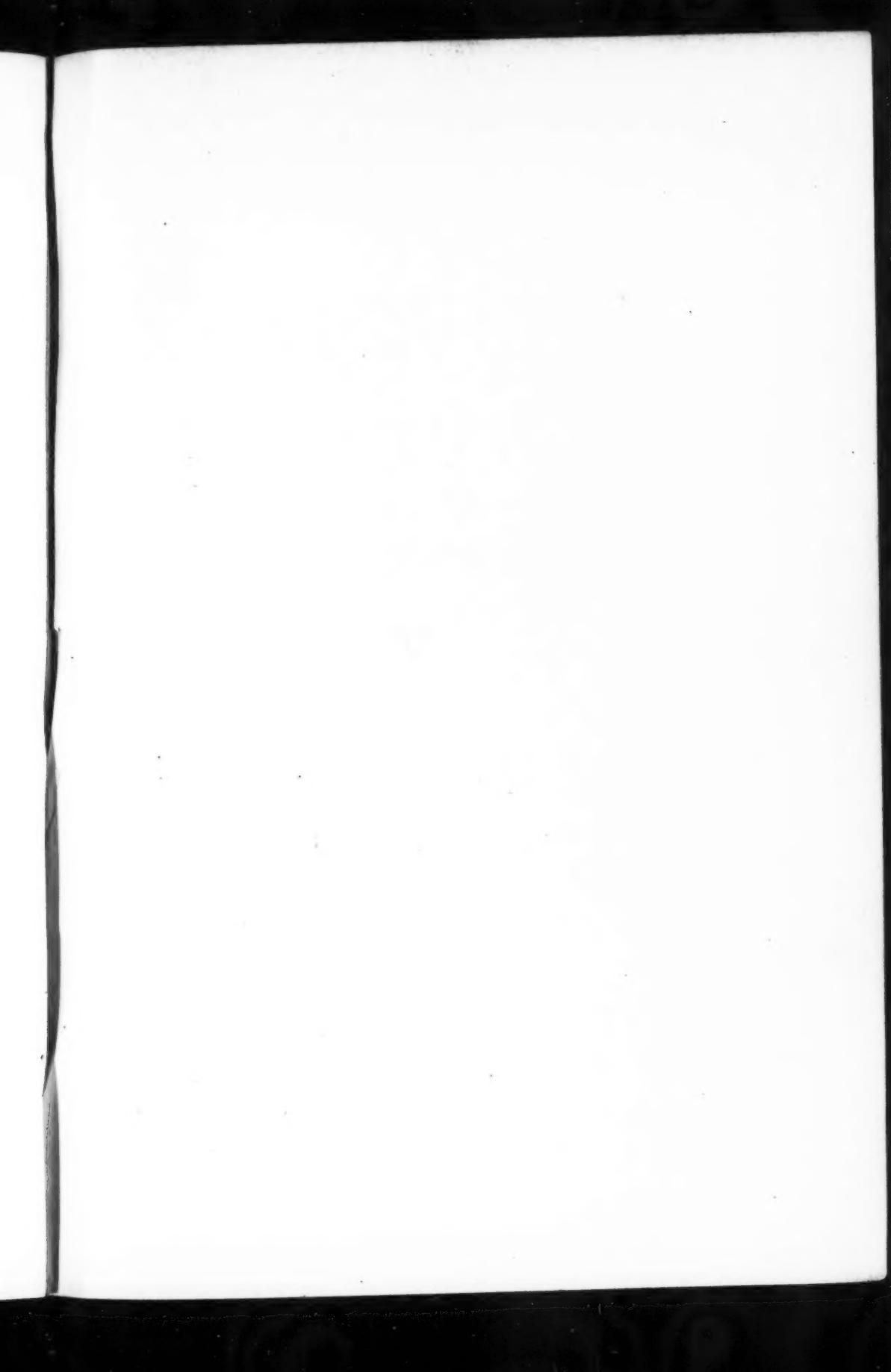
(To be continued)

### THE SLAVE-DRIVERS

THERE'S a load to bear and an end to gain,  
And a weary, weary way to tread;  
And ever anew must the languid brain  
Press on to its work in the aching head;  
Yet ever we fondle our thraldom's bands,  
For the hands that drive are the tiny hands.

There's a height to climb and a hope to hold,  
And a life to crown with a duty done;  
There are dreams to be lived and kind tales told,  
And a laugh to be heard in the April sun.  
There's a faith enriching the barren lands,  
And the hands that lift are the tiny hands!

*George Foxhall*





I WAS INTENT ONLY UPON AVERTING MURDER—YES, MURDER, FOR I BELIEVED THAT VINTON  
WAS EASILY EQUAL TO IT

*Drawn by P. J. Monahan*

(See complete novel, "The Flying Courtship," page 427)